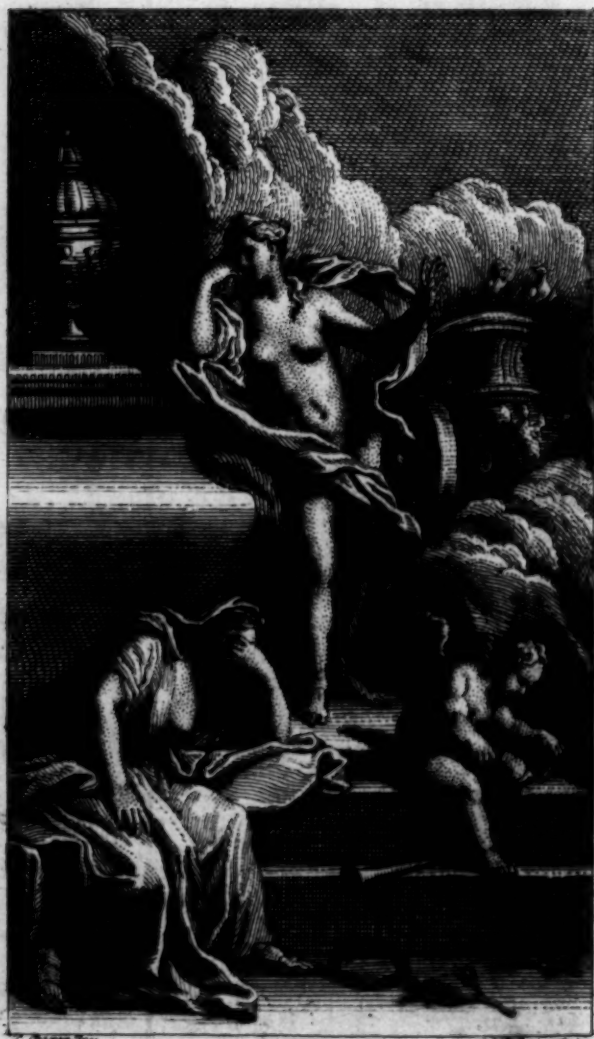
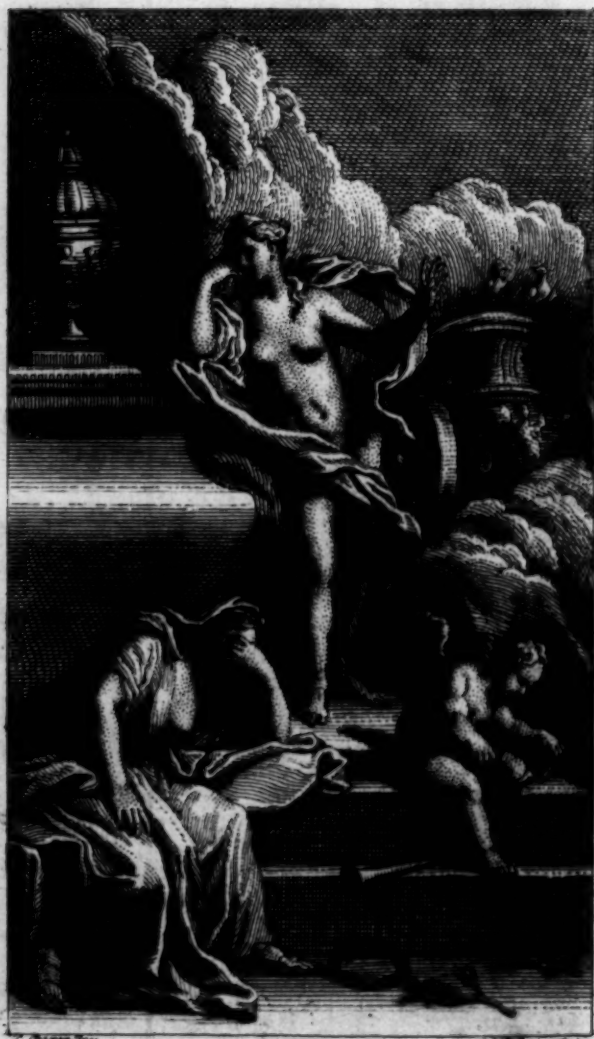






32i.
3

THE
WORKS
OF *K*
TIBULLUS,
TRANSLATED.

By Mr. DART.

*Donec erunt ignes arcusque Cupidinis arma,
Discentur numeri, culte TIBULLE, tui.*

Ovid Am. L. I



L O N D O N :

Printed by T. SHARPE, for A. BETTESWORTH
in *Pater-Noster-Row*, W. NEWTON in
Little-Britain, W. MEARS and T. JAUNCEY
without *Temple-Bar*. MDCCXX.

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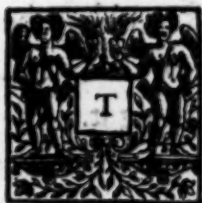
THE
WORKS
OF
TIBULLUS
TRANSLATED.



LONDON:
Printed by T. S. HARRIS, at the
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of the Strand, near the
of the Strand, near the



P R E F A C E.



THE WORKS of *Ovid* having been some Time translated, and met with so favourable a Reception, I thought it would not be disagreeable to introduce a polite Cotemporary of his, in our Language, One, whom *Ovid* himself imitated, and for whom he had so great a Value, that he recommends his Pupils in his ART OF LOVE, to read his Works, and gather from them all the tender Sentiments expressive of the tenderest of Passions.

THE Writings, as well as Tempers, of these Great Men, excellently agree; both
a Per-

ii P R E F A C E.

Persons of Quality, Gay, Easy and Gentle, influenc'd by a Value for the fair Sex, Votaries to Love, and both Masters of the easiest Turn of Language to express it.

THEIR Verse is of the Elegiack Kind, admirably adapted to that Purpose among the Ancients ; which Verse, since the Nature and Inventor of it have been equally disputable, it will not be amiss to oblige the World with the Sentiments of a Friend communicated to me, concerning it.



P R E F A C E iii

S I R,

“  Am in a Place very unfit to an-
“ swer your Request, concerning
“ *Elegy*, having not one Book at
“ Hand, so that I must trust my Memory for
“ every thing I shall say on this Subject,
“ which will consist rather of loose, scatter'd
“ Thoughts, than a regular Discourse.

“ HAD we a clear Account who was
“ certainly the Author of this Species of
“ Poetry, or any Remains of the first In-
“ ventor, we might better tell what it was
“ at first, and how far succeeding Ages
“ have deviated from the Original De-
“ signer. *Horace* plainly asserts that *Com-*
“ *plaint*, that is, the *Complaint of Lovers*,
“ was the principal Subject of this kind of
“ Verse, and that afterwards it came to
“ take in the *Completion of their Wishes*, the
“ Joy, Pride, Triumph, the Contempt of
“ an Out-cast Rival, and every other Pas-
“ sion

iv P R E F A C E

“ sion that happy and successful Love in-
“ cludes, or inspires.

“ THE best Fragment we have remain-
“ ing among the *Greeks* ; and indeed to me
“ it appears more beautiful than any simple
“ Composition of the *Roman Writers*, is
“ that of *Minnermus* ; and if a Judgment
“ may be formed from *one* Instance, there
“ seems something deficient in *Horace's* De-
“ finition of *Elegy*. For this Piece, be-
“ side the natural Beauty of the Thoughts,
“ the lively Gaiety of the Reflections, con-
“ tains an excellent *Moral*, which is no
“ where mention'd (as I know) as a *Neces-*
“ *sary* in this kind of Poetry. However,
“ if you read it over, you will be of my
“ Mind ; and the Conduct of the best Suc-
“ cessors of *Minnermus* sufficiently proves,
“ that they thought it worthy of their Imi-
“ tation ; for in *Ovid*, and especially in
“ *Tibullus*, fine, moral Reflections are not
“ in-frequent, and their best Compositions
“ abound with them. Had I these Poets
“ by

P R E F A C E v

“ by me, I could easily prove, by nume-
“ rous Quotations, what now it is sufficient
“ to hint to you, who by turning them
“ over, may refer to the particular Pa-
“ ges.

“ B E it then allow'd, that *Love-Com-*
“ *plaints*, which are numerously various,
“ even as various, as the most unaccounta-
“ ble Mixture of all Human little Incidents
“ can make them, are the true and first
“ Subject of *Elegy*. What a wide Field
“ then is here for this Species of Poetry to
“ range in, since the Poet may take Occa-
“ sion, from every Word or Action of his
“ Mistress, to breathe out his Heart in
“ Verse, and make harmonious Complains
“ on every Trifle that shall happen ?

“ I T may perhaps be objected, that
“ *Elegy* may signify *Complaint* in general,
“ or only extend to Sorrow for the De-
“ ceased ; and *Ovid's* *Elegy* on *Tibullus*, be
“ brought

vi P R E F A C E

“ brought to countenance this Opinion,
 “ when he says, —

— *Elegeia solve capillos*

Ab! Nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.

“ BUT in the first place, this contra-
 “ dicts *Horace*, who must write Nonsense,
 “ if he did not mean *Love-Complaints*; for
 “ it is evident, that *Querimonia*, and *Voti*
 “ *sententia compos*, relate to the same Thing,
 “ which can never be proper, if spoken of
 “ Sorrow for the Deceased. Besides, that
 “ an *Elegy* on the Death of an *Elegiack-*
 “ *Poet* comes very easily under the first Di-
 “ stinction; and you, who have translated
 “ that Piece, know very well, that not a
 “ little part of it concerns *Matters of Love*.
 “ We may farther say, that many *Pastorals*,
 “ as to the Nature of them, tho’ not the
 “ Measure of the Verse, would, by this
 “ Account, be ranged among *Elegies*, of
 “ which I will say as *Mr. Pope* speaks of
 “ *Virgil’s Pastorals*, if they are not *Pastorals*,
 “ they

P R E F A C E vii

“ *they are something better ; so if these Pa-*
 “ *storals are not Elegies, they are something*
 “ *superior to them. Virgil’s Daphnis,*
 “ *Mr. Congreve’s Pastora, and one of Mr.*
 “ *Pope’s, are of this superior Sort of*
 “ *Elegy.*

“ THE second Kind of *Elegy*, second
 “ both in Time, and Subject, is, the *Voti*
 “ *sententia compos*, the various Ways of ex-
 “ pressing Joy after a successful Adventure
 “ in Love. Here are Occasions enough
 “ for Verse, and yet we find but few in
 “ Comparison of the former, the Reason
 “ of which is very natural. In the Pur-
 “ suit of the Object, Hopes, Fears, Kind-
 “ nesses, Cruelty, Meetings, Disappoint-
 “ ments occur, and a Thousand more
 “ pretty Impertinencies, that give their
 “ several Turns to the Poet’s Fancy ; but
 “ in Possession, he is not at Leisure to think
 “ of any thing else but Possession ; he may
 “ indeed, after a first Extasy, strike out
 “ into an

viii P R E F A C E

*Ite Triumphales circum mea tempore Lauri,
Or an — O Nox mihi candida, & Tu
Lectule deliciis facte beate meis.*

“ But then the Fit does not last ; it is a
“ Sort of a first Compliment after hard
“ Usage, and the tender Part comes on so
“ quick, and so satisfying, that there is no
“ room to speak of it, unless by way of
“ Comparison with the former, which is
“ a Thought so very natural, that I won-
“ der it has escap'd the *Elegiac* Poets ; at
“ least I don't remember to have seen any
“ Thing on that Occasion. The Ladies
“ indeed, in all Ages, have made *Address*
“ so very tedious and troublesome to Men
“ of a Poetical Turn, who formed them
“ Idols according to their own Hearts, that
“ they seem to have taken the Advantage
“ of the Compliment, and keep their
“ Adorers at a long Distance, not without
“ the perfuming Incense of Flattery, and
“ many a Sacrifice of sleepless Nights,
“ which

P R E F A C E ix

“ which the Poet thought himself in Ho-
 “ nour obliged to describe to his Mistress
 “ the next Morning. Who can tell, but
 “ that at the same time they indulged their
 “ own Vanity, they meant to oblige the
 “ World, by giving it many Composi-
 “ tions we had wanted, had they been as
 “ easie, as they were beautiful? *Sacharissa*
 “ and *Myra* are cruel Fair Ones, on Poeti-
 “ cal Record, who might have been per-
 “ haps unregarded *Wives*, at least not so
 “ much known as now. If you think
 “ this a Digression, pass it by, and come
 “ to *Elegy* since the *Roman Times*.

“ THE *Italians* have performed very
 “ finely in this Way ; there is in them a
 “ Softness natural to their Climate, a deli-
 “ cate, rather than an easie Expression,
 “ which will ever be in the Writers of a
 “ *dead Language*, since Imitation, and Pu-
 “ rity of Phrase are acquired Beauties, and
 “ often sling the Poet from his first Design,
 “ to maintain the Elegance of his Tongue.

“ As

x P R E F A C E

“ As *Rapin* said of the *French*, then refin-
 “ ing, *Dum nimis molles & delicatuli stude-*
 “ *mus esse, enervés sumus* : You must par-
 “ don me, if I am not exact, since my
 “ first Excuse must serve for all Quota-
 “ tions.

“ I F the *Italians* are deficient, we can
 “ expect little from others ; *Heinsius*, *Gro-*
 “ *tius*, *Buchanan* and *Milton*, have per-
 “ formed in little Pieces excellently well ;
 “ but the Number of all good ones,
 “ that I have seen, is so small in Compa-
 “ rison of the few *Ancients*, that it is suf-
 “ ficient to mention the Names of the
 “ Best.

“ *ELEGY*, as practis'd with us, is im-
 “ properly so call'd, since it is bound to
 “ our *Heroick* Measure, yet the Nature of
 “ it is the same : And we may say of our
 “ Imitations, as *Horace* did of his Country-
 “ men's *Tragedy*, a little alter'd. ---

Spirat Mollitiem satis, & feliciter audet.

“ B E -

P R E F A C E xi

“ BEFORE any Rules were laid down
 “ in *England* for this kind of *Verse*, as pecu-
 “ liarly to be used by our Poets, we find
 “ *Elegies* of the *Earl of Surrey's*, *Sir P.*
 “ *Sidney's*, *Shakespear's*, *Ben. Johnson's*, *Spen-*
 “ *ser's*, *Daniel's*, *Drayton's*, and I don't
 “ know but I may add *Chaucer's*, since all
 “ his *Complaints* are of the *Elegiac Kind*.
 “ After these, came *Dr. Donne*, *Waller*, *Den-*
 “ *ham*, *Sir Cha. Sedley*, not to mention
 “ some others who deserve an equal Praise.
 “ If I well remember, there are but two
 “ of these, *viz. Waller*, and *Sir Charles*
 “ *Sedley*, who have writ the latter Species
 “ of *Elegy*, of a successful Love; *Ben.*
 “ *Johnson*, and *Dr. Donne*, who were by
 “ far the greatest Scholars (*Spenser* only
 “ excepted) confining themselves to the
 “ querulous Part only. In this I may be
 “ mistaken, and you by consulting the Ori-
 “ ginals, may set me Right.

“ SINCE their Time, his Grace the D.
 “ of *Buckingham*, in his incomparable *Essay*
 “ on

xii P R E F A C E

“ on *Poetry*, has given us Rules for an *Eng-*
“ *lish Elegy*; which tho’ they may seem to
“ depart from the ancient Model, yet are
“ certainly founded on a just Judgment,
“ and an exquisite Discernment of what
“ an *English* Genius can bear, and an *Eng-*
“ *lish* Critic expects. I am sorry I have
“ not this *Essay* here; and for fear of of-
“ fending, I dare not quote him from my
“ Memory. Be it sufficient, that his Pre-
“ cepts are now as much a Guide to us, as
“ *Aristotle’s* or *Horace’s* were in their Times.

“ YET, Sir, there is one Thing which
“ Mr. *Dryden* seems to commend *Ovid* for,
“ and give him the Superiority over the
“ rest of his *Brother-Elegiasts*, which I dare
“ say, a Translator of *Tibullus* will never
“ consent to; not but that it is true of
“ *Ovid*, but not of *Elegy*.

“ HE says, That *OVID* laid down a
“ Scheme before he wrote, and that one Thought
“ naturally follows another, and all drive him
“ to

P R E F A C E. xiii

“ to the same Point, by which he gives him the
“ Preference to other Elegiac Writers : A Reason
“ son he seems to have taken rather from
“ the Conduct of Mr. Waller, and some of
“ his Contemporaries, than from the Practice
“ of the Ancients, of whom none but
“ Ovid, and he very seldom, observed that
“ Rule. I don’t affirm, but that an Instance
“ or two may be given from many of
“ them, such as the *Sulpitia* of *Tibullus*, and
“ others, yet, in most the Transitions are so
“ frequent, that they remain glaring Instances
“ against this Assertion.

“ I N D E E D the Nature of the Subject
“ is such, as not to be treated of without
“ it : For I can’t suppose these Poets sat
“ down to study fine Things, like our
“ *Cowley* ; but that they writ from the
“ Heart, and if so, their Pens must be
“ under the Guidance of their Passions;
“ not of their Wit. Wantonness of Imagination
“ is fit for Description, Turns of
“ Thought

xiv P R E F A C E

“ Thought and Images, which the Heart
“ is not at Leisure to think of, much less to
“ affect, when the Passions are sincere, and
“ the whole Man in earnest. Mr. *Walsh*,
“ in the Preface to his Poems, has touch'd
“ this Subject with great Delicacy, which
“ may be of Use to your Design.

S I R,

“ You see with what Hastē I write, and
“ therefore I hope that an *Hour's* Amuse-
“ ment will not call upon me the stu-
“ died Labours of *Criticks*; for the first
“ Part of my Opinion, however rudely ex-
“ press'd, I think, I have the Ancients on
“ my Side. For the last, as I have no
“ Opportunity now, to recur to Evidence,
“ I shall not care what is said of it: But if
“ there be an Adversary, who imagines it
“ worth his while to make me re-consider
“ this Subject, I shall be at his Service,
“ who am always at

Y O U R S, .

HIGH-GATE,
April the 10th, 1710.

G. Sewell.

P R E F A C E xv

THAT the Original Design of Elegy was Love, is plainly proved, contrary to what *Scaliger* and others have said of its earliest Use at Funerals, from *Horace's* Meaning explain'd. And the chief Reason they can gather from *Ovid*, I think will not answer the End for which they produce it ; I mean the Elegy upon *Tibullus' Death*, since the

Ab nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit

Relates only to the Word *ÆG*, in Opposition to the then frequent Use in Matters of Joy ; but in this, which was truly Matter of Complaint and Love, she answer'd the just Meaning of her Name ; besides, this Piece is really of the Elegiack Kind, since in it the *tenerorum Mater amorum*, her Son, Elegy, and the two Mistresses are introduc'd, the one reflecting upon his early Passion, the other upon his last Expressions.

THAT

xvi P R E F A C E.

THAT the *Queremonia* of *Horace* relates to Love, may be further gather'd from another Place, where he gives the true Etymology of the Word *Elegy*, and applies it to a Matter truly so.

— *Neu miserabiles*

Decantes elegos, cur tibi Junior

Læsa pæniteat fide.

NOW the Occasion here, being the Loss of a Mistress, and the Person written to, a Poet, whose Works turn intirely upon that Passion, it may reasonably be suppos'd that that was the Acceptation of the Word. *Ovid*, whose Excellency lay the same way, uses it in the like Sense, when *Sappho* writing to *Phaon*, says,

Flendus amor meus est: Elegeïa flebile carmen.

COULD we but know the Inventor, as has been before observ'd; (a Doubt in

Horace's

P R E F A C E xvii

Horace's Time, and now to be solv'd) or had we any thing material remaining of those Persons suppos'd to be the Inventors as *Callimous*, *Terpander*, &c. we could the better doubtless clear up the Dispute; but I believe it to have been of as early an Original, as to matter, as since Men could write, and express their Sentiments of Love. I think one of the first Love-Complaints and Petitions, as to Fabulous History, is that of *Apollo* to *Daphne*; and if I might be allow'd the Liberty, I should think it of his Invention. The Patron God of Verse was more amorous than any other; and the Story of *Daphne* and *Alceste* may give us Reason to believe he had Occasion sufficient for these *Queremoniæ*, to which I may add what *Tibullus* says,

Nec profunt Elegi, nec carminis auctor Apollo.

Where I am apt to think he alludes to *Apollo*, being the Inventor of Elegy in particular, and not of Poetry in general, since

b

his

xviii P R E F A C E

his Assistance in no other kind of Verse could be of any Service to him. But tho' the Name of the Inventor of that Verse is not to be recover'd, yet it is plain, the Earliest of the *Greek* Elegiast have chiefly applied it to Matters of Love, and been remarkable for that Passion, as *Mimnermus*, who flourish'd so early as the 47 *Olymp.* or as others indeed say in the Times of the Seven *Greek* Sages, of whom *Propertius* says,

Plus in amore valet Mimnermi versus Homero.

Callimachus, whom *Quintilian* reckons the best, and *Philetus*, whom he places the second in that Rank, were remarkable for the same Use of Elegy; both were *Classicks* in *Ovid's* School, and the *Corinna* and *Cynthia* of *Ovid* and *Propertius*, were Copies from the *Lyde* of the one, and the *Battis* of the other.

IT is not to be deny'd, that Eligiack Verse amongst the *Greeks* is often applied to other Matters than Love, as the preceptive

P R E F A C E xix

tive Pieces of *Tyrteus*, the Pieces of *Mimnermus*, which *Pausanias* mentions on the Battles of the *Smyrneans*, against *Gyges* and *Lydius*, and some others; but these are by none allow'd to be Elegiack Matter. And as the Writings of the *Greek Elegiasts* turn intirely upon *Love*, so the *Latins* continu'd the same Verse to that Design as *Gallus*, who translated the Twelve Books of *Euphorion*, *Propertius* who imitated the *Greek*, and calls himself the *Roman Callimachus*, *Ovid*, and our Author; and *Ovid* in describing *Elegy*, says,

Sum levis & levis mecum est mea cura Cupido.

And makes *Venus* the Patroness of the *Roman Elegiasts*, when resolving to leave off that Verse, says,

*Quare novum vatem tenerorum Mater amorum:
Raditur hic Elegis ultima meta meis.*

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AND in another Place, after defining Tragick and Jambick Verse, he defines Elegiack Verse, as design'd for Love, and nothing else.

AND thus much as to the Nature and Use of Elegy among the *Greeks and Romans*; it will not in the next place be improper to observe what Sentiments the Moderns have had of this Verse, in what Sense they have accepted it, and how they have us'd it.

Boileau, one of the finest *Imitators* of the *Ancients*, and *Judges* among the *Moderns*, seems, in laying down Rules to his Countrymen for this Verse, to have the exactest Eye upon the Writings of the *Roman Elegiasts*, which seem to include all the Turns and Passions of Love which this Verse is capable of expressing.

Elle

P R E F A C E. xxi

*Elle peint des amans la joye, & la tristesse,
Flate, menace, irrite, apais une Maitresse.*

His Description of it is admirably fine, and includes all that is necessary to be said on that Subject,

My Lord Duke of *Buckingham*, to whose Opinions the *English* Writers pay an implicit Reverence, has thus defin'd it in Rules to his Countrymen.

Next Elegy of sweet and solemn Voice,
But of a Subject rais'd, demands our Choice.
The Praise of Virtue, Valour, Wit contains,
And here too oft despairing Love complains.

IN which latter Part his Lordship seems to have an Eye, as well to the early Design of it, the *Queremonia* of *Horace*, as to the present Use : But in the first Part seems to

b 3

give

xxii P R E F A C E.

give a larger Scope than any other, in Ranking under it *the Praises of great Men*, instancing the *Panegyrick* of *Mr. Waller* upon *Cromwell*, and *Sir John Denham's*, *Cooper's-Hill*, and says, that *tho' the Sound was soft and solemn, yet the Subject is rais'd*: His Lordship here seems to think in a different Manner from *Ovid*.

Blanda Pharetratos Elegia cantet amores.

Et levis arbitrio ludat amico suo,

Callimachi numeris non est dicendus Achilles :

Cydisippe non est oris Homere tui.

And the *Sum levis* of *Elegy* in another Place; but perhaps *Ovid* here alludes to the *Pentameter*, which was so, and therefore when he is going upon *Epicks*, and the Praise of great Men, he says *Ovid*, stole a Foot from every other Verse, and made them fall too soft for the Subject: But the *English*, who have no Measure but *Heroicks* for their *Elegy*, may apply it to Praise as well as

Peti.

P R E F A C E xxiii

Petition. But I offend, and shall only presume thus far, that the Complaint of Love was gathered from the ancient Design, and the other Subjects from the *English* Practice. I shall add, that his Lordship's Judgment is extensive, and we had been infinitely indebted to him, had he farther explain'd these Rules which he almost as absolute a Power to lay down to us as the Ancients had.

No Moderns have better succeeded than those who have been Observers of the Rules and Writings of the Ancients: And I could wish, among all the *English*, that we had had an exact Model for Elegy, and a better cannot be drawn than from the Writings of the *Latin* Elegiacs, whose natural Way of Expression seems to us so Beautiful, and different from the forc'd Rant of most of our Occasion Poems.

THE Matter and Sentiments of Elegy ought to be soft, natural, moving, and

xxiv P R E F A C E

passionate ; not lofty, nor sublime, but low, humble and easie, yet not abject or groveling ; nothing satyrical, biting, or ridiculing ; nothing jocose, sportive, or merry ; nothing obscene or indecent ought to be admitted ; it ought to be free from dark and obscure Phrases, or fabulous Stories, neat and clean, without artificial Dress or Affectation of Learning, no forc'd unnatural Comparison usual with the Writers of the last Age, no Philosophical Notions, or Syllogistical Turns of Argument, no playing with Words, or quibbling upon Terms ; it ought to consist of Complaint, Expostulation, Petitions, Vows, sometimes Rejoycing, Exulting, Taxing with Infidelity, and immediately recanting Suspicion, railing at Love, wishing for Death, &c.

AND the Stile ought to be suitable to the Subject, soft, smooth, fluent, easie, and harmonious, of sweet and solemn Voice, not swelling, sounding, nor harsh, not too many Exclamations, nor too frequent Repetitions,

Pra-

P R E F A C E xxv

Practices, frequent common among some late Writers, to supply the Defect of natural passionate Thoughts, and hide the Want of Numbers, loose and unerv'd Writings, which may please some, but can never suit with the Taste of a Person, who has a true Relish of Elegy.

THIS Verse is more beautiful, if there are intersper'd in it Rural Descriptions and Customs, Disdain of Wealth; an Observation which *Scaliger* makes upon *Tibullus*, and calls them Beauties in Elegy.

IT has been observ'd, that fine moral Reflections are not infrequent in the ancient Elegiaists, and the Piece of *Mimmermus* is particularly instanc'd; the same may be found in the *Roman* Elegiaists, in almost every Piece: And indeed it is impossible to write Elegy, but these Reflections will necessarily occur; as for Instance, if the Mistress is scornful and unkind, she is put in
Mind

xxvi P R E F A C E

Mind of the shortness of Life, and the
hasty Approach of Old Age.

— *Transiet Aetas*

Quam cito !

THE Change of Beauty, Fortune, and
the near Approach of Death.

*Nec forma eternam nec cuiquam est fortuna pe-
(remis
Longuis aut proprius mors sua quemque manet.*

THE Trifling with these youthful Hours
will be Matter of Trouble to them, when
too late; and what the Elegiast says of Love,
the Moralist may apply otherwise.

*Vidi jam Juvenem, premeret cum senior etas
Moxentem stultos præteruisse, dies.*

IF the Favourite is treacherous,

Est Deus occultos qui vetat esse dolos.

AND

P R E F A C E. xxvii

AND if perjur'd with an

*Ab Miser & si quis primò perjurìa celat
Sera tamen tacitis pena venit pedibus.*

THE Vanity of Grandeur is frequently the Lover's Subject, to show how his Passion is preferable to Greatness, and the Uncertainty of Wealth, to the more certain Enjoyment of Love.

— *Falso plurima vulgus amat.*

And,

*Non opibus mentes hominum cure aequè levantur.
Nam fortuna sua tempora lege regit.*

MANY more Instances may be given, but these are sufficiently to show, that they will necessarily occur in Elegy; and a true Master of that Verse will consequently be led into them upon every Turn of Passion.

THESE Rules are drawn from *Tibullus* himself, to whom *Quintillian*, the finest Judge

xxviii P R E F A C E

Judge both of the Roman Language and Writers, gives the Preference of all the other Writers of this Kind. In *Elegy* (says he) *we challenge the Greek Writers, of which the neatest and most elegant Writer abundantly is, in my Opinion, Tibullus; some indeed prefer Propertius to him; Ovid is more lascivious than either of them, and Gallus more rough and unpolish'd,*

THE Thoughts throughout his Pieces are inimitably soft and tender, melting and passionate, humble and submissive, yet never grovelling, base, whining or mean, which Monsieur Boileau observes as his Beauty, where exposing those usual Cants, he says,

*Ce n' étoit pas jadis, sur ce ton redicule
Qu' Amour dictoit les vers que soupçeroit Tibulle.*

And wherever he complains, it is not so wretchedly as gay and genteely; and generally the Supplication to his Mistress is
turn'd

P R E F A C E xxix

turn'd off with some Threat either of *Venus*' Displeasure, his own Change of Mind, or her growing old and despicable : And in one place, after one of the earnestest of his Petitions, he gaily resolves not to make himself any more uneasy about her, we find him drinking to sink his Passion; sometimes taking another Mistress to drive out the Thoughts of the first ; sometimes complaining to her Husband, and advising him to be watchful over her. These we seldom find among our modern Whiners, who are talking of nothing but Dying and Wounds, Darts, Fire and Destruction, who think Love and Death are so near related, that it is impossible to write of one without suffering the other ; and that unless the Wretch lies down and dies, he may as well lie down and say nothing ; whereas the Thoughts of *Tibullus* flow as if from a confus'd Mind, and an earnest unfeign'd Love, sometimes petitioning, then boasting, now instructing his Mistress ; and before those Instructions are well

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well given, blaming her for neglecting them, expostulating with *Venus*, praying to her, cursing *Cupid*, and then laying the Fault of those Imprecations on his Miseries, expostulating with the Gates, the Nurse, the Husband, taxing with Crimes, recanting, &c. the whole intermix'd with beautiful Images and Descriptions, and never changing his Vein, but perpetually running the same Circle of Expression.

HIS Descriptions are many of them as curious, and his Imagery, tho' small, as is to be met with in the most famous Poets of that Time; for Instance, his Country Life, in the first Elegy, and the last of the first Book: The Description of the Country, in the first of the second Book, is, I think, as beautiful as any extant; and at the latter End of the fifth of the second Book, and the fifth of the First; the Magical Description of Charms; that of the Old Man in Love in the Second, the Jilt grown old, at the End of the Sixth; and of the Faithful Mistress,

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Mistress, at the End of the fourth second Book. The Sybilline Oracles gives us a fine concise History of the Wars in *Latium*, and the Original of *Rome*; the second Elegy of the third Book, is the best and finest Description we have of the *Offilegium* at Funerals. The Description of *Apollo* in the fourth of the third Book. Of *Bacchus*, in the seventh Elegy of the first Book. In the third of the first Book is the Description of the Golden Age, and of the Tortures of Hell: But the most Curious and Beautiful in all his Works; or I believe in the Works of any Writer, in his Account of *Elysium*, a Piece justly admir'd, and universally commended. To close up this Character, there is this difference between the Elegies in *Ovid's Amorum*, and these; that the first seem to be writ loose, and upon trifling Occasions, intermix'd with Jokes, Banter, Humour, and entirely loose and negligent; whereas those of *Tibullus* are soft, passionate, easie, neat and polite, and withall curiously interspers'd with Images
and

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and Descriptions, as make them justly the Standards of the Elegiack Kind.

Scaliger, according to Custom, has been very busie in laying out several Faults, and that with Justice too, could he prove those Pieces he blames to be genuine, and finish'd by *Tibullus*, but that is disputable; and this may perhaps confirm the Opinion I have of their being at least unfinish'd, for he finds but three Faults in the three first Books, which that sharp-ey'd Critick would have done had there been Faults to find; but the Pieces he blames are the Panegyrick, and the small Pieces in the fourth Book: Now these have been disputable, whether written by our Author, or No; and for that Reason *Muretus* comments but upon the three first Books, confesses *he did not understand the Panegyrick*. *Jos. Scaliger* is of the same Opinion, and says, *That if it was written by him, it was written while he was a Lad, or Boy, or else when he had spent his Estate, and was grown poor; and with a sort of Mirth, gives this*

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this Reason, *because it had a poorness of Expression in it.* The Critick might have gather'd from his surveying former Years, that he was not then a Boy, and the Notion of his Poverty, I have, I think, plainly refuted in his Life.

THE Judicious *Dacier* mentions it in his Notes to *Horace*, and admires at once *his Softness in Elegy, and yet his Majestick Stile in Epick Poetry* from this Piece, and hints at *Marsus's* Epigram upon his Death; whereas the last Verse in that, relates to *Virgil*, not to *Tibullus*, as *Broukhus* has rightly observ'd: But whether that Piece be written by him, or not; yet this is certain, the Stile is far from the Purity of his Language; and if written by him, it was, doubtless, unfinish'd, and only Fragments; as is plain, by the Want of Connection, and since patch'd up, and crouded among the rest of his Works to preserve it. The Want of Connection is plain, as *Scaliger the Elder* has mark'd; when as soon as he has pre-

c

fer'd

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the Eloquence of *Messala*, too that of *Ulysses*, he immediately goes on

Nam te non alius belli tenet aptius artes.

Which Particle *Nam*, does not give the reason for that Eloquence, but goes on to War Affairs, this in the Translation I have omitted, there are several other Places very poor and incorrect.

As to the small Pieces at the End of the fourth Book (except the thirteenth) which *Scaliger* calls, hard, languid and rough; they are so poor and trifling that is impossible to make any Thing of them; they might, it's likely, be casual Pieces from one to another, in a familiar way, but cannot make even a tolerable Figure at this time, and in our Language. And thus I have gone through his Works, it will not be amiss to observe, that in the several Editions of him, his Elegies are differently plac'd and Printed, as in *Scaliger* and the *Paris Edit.* and *Broukhus*,
part

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part of the second is Printed in the first, the latter part of the fifth is made another Elegy, and part of the fifth is plac'd in the seventh, and the seventh of the third Book is included in the sixth; this I thought requisite, to observe, least any one in comparing with the Original, may, by several Editions, be at a loss: The Edition I have follow'd chiefly, is that of Mr. *Mattair* in the *Corpus poetarum*, which, I think the best Extant, and the Elegies plac'd, as in several of the ancientest Editions in *Passeratus Muretus*, &c.

THE Comentators I have chiefly made use of, are *Douza*, *Scaliger*, *Muretus*. *Achilles Statius*, *Heinsius* and *Passeratus*, but the fullest and most useful is *Broukhus*, who has labouriously explained and illustrated his meaning, as he has *Propertius*, and would be more valuable did he not so often bring trifling parrallel Places, from mean obscure Pieces, as *Guzman*, &c. and compare several beautiful Places in *Tibullus* to performances of his Countrymen, in their

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own soft polite Language; however he is certainly an excellent Comentator, and to him I owe considerably in this Performance.

SINCE my undertaking this Piece, I have seen some parts of our Poet, Translated by Mr. *Charles Hopkins*, a Gentleman who bid fair (had not Fate prevented it) of making a considerable Figure in the polite World; he seems in his Writings to have a natural turn to soft easy Verse, and his Pieces are very tender and moving, but if they have any Fault, it is that of a too Womanish softness, and the Exclamations are frequent and violent, for the soft easy Tenor of Elegiack Verse. And in several Places he takes too great a Licence in Paraphrasing rather than Translating, and seems neither to have consulted, nor follow'd the Original.

THE Translations of *Major Pack*, have truly the gay gentile Spirit of his Author,
and

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and that of Mr. *Welsted* lately published, certainly deserves the Character the Publisher gives it, of an exact one, there is one publish'd in the Censors, which is truly *Tibullus*, and I could wish the Gentleman who Translated it, had gone through to oblige the World with the rest; and prevent me, as I once hop'd he would. As for my own, the World must Judge of that, and this I can assure them, that the severest censure they can give it will not be worse than I am fearful it deserves.

IT may be objected by some of the graver sort, that those Pieces and those of the other Eligiaists, even in the Original, are not only *useless and insignificant*, but *loose Wanton and Obscene*, and therefore not fit to be Translated; the latter Part of this Charge it must be confess is true, and that perhaps proceeded from the too great Licence of the Age they wrote in, and I believe most of the Writers of that Age were guilty upon this Account, even Men of the strictest Morals.

Las-

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Lasctiva est nobis pagina vita proba.

And, *Nam castum decet esse pium Poetam*

Ipsam, versiculos nihil necesse est.

But whatever right they might plead, yet this I am sure of, an *English* Translator is by no means excusable to transplant the Crimes of other Countries into his own, when the soil is of its own accord too productive of that growth, this I can say for my self, that I have with all the care I could, thrown a Veil over every Image of that kind, and if any Person through it can discover them, let him attribute that fault to the pleasure he takes in looking too narrowly into what he should rather pass by.

As to the first Part of the Charge against the Latin Elegiasts, *that they are useless and insignificant*, it is intirely false and groundless; since in their Writings several of the *Roman* Customs are explain'd, which learned

Co-

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Comentators, Grave, and Religious, have thought worthy their Notice, and I have before observed, and quoted from them beautiful Morals.

THE Beauty of their Writings, *Major Pack* in his curious *Essay upon the Latin Elegiasts* has finely drawn, where, after laying down their Characters, he goes on, “ One
“ may Judge from this little Draught of their
“ Characters, how edesying their Composi-
“ ons must needs be to an elegant Under-
“ standing. And indeed what sincerity in
“ Friendship, what fondness in Love, what
“ kindness to Relations, what Instances of
“ all the Social Virtues, do we not meet
“ with in their Writings? Not to mention a
“ Thousand Ornaments of Wit, a wonderful
“ sweetness and easy cadence in the Numbers,
“ and so true a Picture of Life, that one can
“ scarce Fancy the Sence to lie at the Distance
“ it is plac’d.

T H E

PREFACE xxxix

Commentators, Grave and Religious, have thought worthy their Notice, and I have before observed, and quoted from them beautiful Morals.

The Beauty of their Writings, which has in his sacred Essay upon the Latin Language, has finely drawn, what, after trying down their Characters, he goes on, "One may judge how the little strength of their Character, how selfish their Composition, one might need be to an elegant Understanding. And indeed what sincerity in Friendship, what warmth in Love, what kindness in Relations, what justice in all the social Virtues, do we not meet with in their Writings? Not to mention a thousand ornaments of style, a beautiful structure, and easy cadence in the Numbers, and so true a picture of Life, that one can scarce fancy the State to be in the Distance, it is plain."

THE



THE
L I F E
O F
A. TIBULLUS.

T was the Observation of one
of the Greatest Men of the
last Age, * *That he knew not by*
what Fate it came to pass, that Historians,
who give Immortality to others, should be
so ill requited by POSTERITY, that their
ACTIONS and FORTUNES were usually
b for-

* Mr. DRYDEN's *Life of Plutarch*.

forgotten, neither themselves encourag'd while they live, nor their Memory preserv'd intire to future Ages: What he seems to complain of as the Misfortune of Historians, may, with the same Reason, be applied to Men of his own Character, the POETS, who have been as much disregarded. The Lives of the *Greek* Poets are partly Fabulous and partly trifling Conjectures; and if an Account of their Lives hath in any place made Subject for a large Piece, it is owing to the Dispute about the Particulars related of them, and the Doubts concerning the Materials are the Matter that enlarge the Discourse.

THE Cause of this may be supposed to proceed from the mistaken Taste of Writers, who think nothing deserves notice, but what must sound great, and be attended with a vast Scene of Publick Affairs; they take all their Views from the Camp or Council, and think no Person worthy mention, unless he
has

has preserv'd his own Country, or ruin'd his Neighbours.

BUT this Fault cannot be laid so much upon Historians in General, by reason that such Particulars do not come properly under their Care, and are too low for a publick Account; but it is the Misfortune that some Men have turn'd their Minds and Studies altogether to the History of Nations and have not in some Measure employ'd them in Biography, or the Lives of particular Men, remarkable for their wise Conduct of Life, for the Improvement, or their gay easy Actions for the Diversion of others.

PUBLICK Scenes are not always pleasing to the Sight, nor are the Views of Courts, or Fields of War, at all Times agreeable; we love to shift those sometimes, for the Green Landskape and Country Prospect: And as all Writing ought to be adapted as well to the Pleasure as to the Improving of Men; so there are little

b 2

trifling

trifling Particulars, which cannot well come under the Latter, and yet may very much conduce to the former. Such are the Lives of those, whose Tempers have led them to Retirement and Ease, and by having no Share in publick Affairs, have escap'd the publick Notice. Could we see an Account of the happy Life and Retirement of *Pomponius Atticus*, it would, doubtless, afford abundantly more Pleasure than the busie, hurry'd, and confus'd Affairs of his Friend *Cicero*. The Great *Scipio* would make as pleasing a Figure in the little House in his Woods near *Linternum*, as in his Triumphal Entries, and the more exalted Stations of his Life. The Curiosity that led *Seneca* to see that House some Years after his Death, would have been prodigiously encreas'd, could he have receiv'd an Account of the Life spent in it. For my part, I must confess, every little Hint and Conjecture I can gather of the Humours and private Actions of great Men affords me greater Pleasure than the more sounding Part

TIBULLUS. V

Part of their Characters ; and I had rather trace (a) *Horace* careless about the Market, follow him to (b) *Tarentum* from *Rome*, (c) or meet him with *Virgil*, *Varius* and *Mecænas*, in his Journey to *Brundisium*, than see him at *Augustus*' Elbow in deep Debate ; or View him running away from the Fields of (d) *Phillippi*.

THE Objection lies chiefly here, That the Lives of these Men were gay and unactive, or retir'd and unknown : That the First would make no tolerable Figure in Story ; and the Latter could not be recover'd to hand down.

UNDER both these Difficulties our Poet labours, insomuch that his *Prænomen* is intirely lost ; and were it not for his mentioning *Messala*, and the obliging Characters given of him, by Two of his Contemporaries, *Horace* and *Ovid*, we should scarce know when he

b 3 liv'd,

(a) L. 1. Sat. 6.

(b) Ib.

(c) L. 1. Sat. 5.

(d) L. 3. Od. 4.

liv'd, did not the Politeness of his Language discover the Happiness of *Augustus*' Age.

BUT if in the first Place we may blame the Neglect of some in not Writing, so we may of others, in not Enquiring into the Truth of those few Particulars they meet with, but implicitly, to receive the grossest Errors, and false Insertions, without comparing one Incident with another; and as one has trod out of the Path, the others have taken no trouble to enquire the Way, but have followed in the same Course of Error.

UNDER these Difficulties much cannot be expected from a Life in the Dark, of which the First Part must consist of Objections, and overturning receiv'd Errors, and the Latter of small Hints, and bare Conjectures.

BUT

have Conjectur'd, that he receiv'd his Name from the Beauty of his Complexion, as it was common from any particular Feature, as *Rubrus* è *Rubro*, *Aquilus* ab *Aquilo*, *Flavius* à *Flavo*, à *Fulvo* *Fulvius*, a *Rubello* *Rubellius*, so ab *Albo* *Albius*: And *Tacitus* speaking of *Atrius*, says, *Infelix nomen militis Atrius in seditione tumultuq; castrensi*; *Horace* seems to give another Turn to it, when, whether design'd or accidental, he plays upon his Name, (b) *Albi nostrorum Sermonum candide Iudex*. As for the Name *Tibullus*, we meet with *Flaccus Tibullus* a Writer of Comedies, and some others. (c)

THE Time of his Birth is by most who have writ his Life, placed in the Year of the Cons, of *Hirtius* and *Pansa*, remarkable for the Death of both those Consuls in one Day at the Seige of *Mutina*, against *Anthony*, the manner of which is thus related; *Hirtius* was slain in Battle, and *Pansa* died some Days

(a) L. 13. ad Att. Ep. 14. Broukhus.
(c) Diomed. Gramat.

(b) L. 1. Epist. 4.

Days after, of the Wounds he received in it, in whose Room was chosen *Octavius*, 14 *Cal. Sept.* This Battle happen'd in the (a) *Quinquatrie* of *Minerva*, 10th *Cal.* of *April*, and according to our Computation, on the 23d of *March* A. V. C. 710. on which Day, or at least, in which Year, *Ovid* was born, as is plain from his own Words; this, could it be prov'd, would be remarkable, nor would I prevent the agreeable Delusion of such a Story, were it not so palpably False, that it would bring this Life under the Character of a Novel, rather than a Relation. This they gather from 2 Lines in the Fifth Elegy of the Third Book:

Natalem primò nostrum videre Parentes,

Cum cecidit fato Consul uterque pari,

Which last Line *Ovid* makes use of exactly in the same Words, when he speaks of his
own

(a) Girald,

own Birth; but these Lines were added in *Tibullus* by some later Hand, and could not be genuine, as we shall prove; this was the Contrivance of the Polite Men of that Age of Darkness and Ignorance, who struck out what did not suit their *Gorbick* Tastes; and added what those better Judges thought fit, where they imagin'd the Author was deficient.

THIS was the occasion of the Mistake which has since been with no small Pleasure foster'd by several, who have receiv'd it, upon what View I know not, unless they would have two Men, excellent in the same kind, born on the same Day, and that the prodigious Cryers up of *Ovid*, encourage it, for the sake of his Birth and Death, being attended severally by Great Men, *Tibullus* waiting upon the first, and *Lucan* attending him in the latter.

THE Folly of this Conjecture we shall endeavour to set aside, and that with the Assistance

sistance of a (a) Great Man, who first began to clear up this Mistake. And that we may go on without Confusion, we shall make use of the Authority of *Horace*, of *Ovid*, and lastly of our Author himself, to disprove it. And first, we find (b) *Horace* writing to him as a particular Friend, and paying him a Compliment, paid to no other, by calling him the Finest JUDGE of his Writings, and this to a Youth of 22 Years of Age; for our Poet could not well be more at the Writing that Epistle, since, by this Account, he died in his 24th Year, and that Epistle seems written at the same Time when *M. Lollius* and *Q. Lepidus* were Consuls, to the first of which *Horace* has wrote an Epistle in the same Book: Another Reason is this: in the (c) Ode written to our Poet, he mentions the Elegies of his Writing, and bids him not be concern'd for that *Glycera* had forfeited her Faith to one Younger than him; how this could be, that he should write Elegies, and
the

(a) Janus Douza.

(b) L. 1. Epist. 4.

(c) L. 1. Od. 23.

the esteem a Younger than him, when by their Account he could not at that time be Eighteen Years of Age; since *Horace* in the (a) next Book after this, declares himself to be Forty; now *Horace* was born in the Cons. of *L. Cotta* and *M. Torquato*, A. V. 688.

THE next Reasons we may gather from *Ovid*; it is strange that he being so Popular a Man, a Pleader at the Bar, and in publick Esteem almost from his Childhood, who had so great a Value for our Poet, and mentions him so often, who had certainly read all his Works, and in them these Lines (had they been there) and who never fails of saying all he can of himself, should no where hint at this, or boast of the same Birth-Day with him; but on the contrary seems to speak of him at a Distance, and confesses that he had a very small Intimacy with him: And it will not be amiss to observe the Mention *Ovid* has made of the great Men of his

(a) *L.* 2. *Od.* 4.

his Time, among whom he ranks our Author, where after mentioning *Macer*, *Horace*, &c. he goes on, (a) *Virgil* I have only seen, and the Fates were so unkind as to take away *Tibullus* before I could contract a Friendship with him; he succeeded *Gallus*, and *Propertius* succeeded him; and my Self was the Fourth in Distance of Time. You see here a familiar Account of *Ovid's* Acquaintance, and he confesses, that he was born after them all: But the plainest Proofs, to overturn this Opinion, may be gather'd from our Poet himself; it is evident from his (b) writing that he attended *Messala* in his Expedition to *Syria*: Now *Messala* went on that Expedition, (c) A. V. 724. at which Time our Poet could be but thirteen or fourteen Years of Age, by
their

(a) L. 4. Trist. El. 9.

Virgilium vidi tantum, nec avara Tibullo.

Tempus Amicitie fata dedere meae.

Successor fuit hic tibi Galle, Propertius illi,

Quartus ab his ferie temporis ipse fui

(b) L. 1. El. 3. El. 8.
Chap. 16. §. 7. vid. *Brunkius*.

(c) Noris. Cenotaph. Pisani Disert.

xiv *The LIFE of*

their Computation, and yet a Lover of *De-
lia* some time. He likewise attended *Mef-
sala* during his War in *Aquitain*; in which
War, says the ancientest Writer of his (a)
Life, he was presented with Military Ho-
nours: Now this seems intirely improbable,
that such Honours should be confer'd
upon a Lad of sixteen Years of Age; for
Messala triumph'd for his Conquest in *Aqui-
tain*, A. V. 726. as is plain from an an-
cient (b) Marble.

THE *Panegyrick* to *Messala*, if written
by our Poet, will further overturn this
Opinion, where he says, he was Witness
of the War in *Japidia*, and describes the
Old Man he saw at *Arupinum*: That In-
surrection began, A. V. DCCXVII. at
which Time he could be but Eight Years of
Age; and this *Panegyrick* was written in the
Cos. of *Messala*, as is evident, which was
in

(a) Mss. vid. Scal. (b) M. Valerius. M. F. N. *Messala*, A. DCCXXVI.
CORVINUS. Pro. Cos. Ex. Gallia. VII. K. Oct.

Vid. Pighius Annal. Cenotaph. Pisani Disert 2. C. 16. §. 7.

in DCCXXII. at which Time he complains of the Trouble and Grief, which the Survey of his past Years gave him, and talks of his former Wealth, which Fortune, by degrees, had deprived him of. Now what mighty Number of Years he could have to review, and what Time must be allow'd for these Misfortunes, I would ask any one, when by their Computation he could at this Time be but Twelve Years of Age: These Arguments are so plain and convincing, that who shall still be of Opinion, that *Ovid* and *Tibullus* were born in one Day, may with as much Reason believe the same of *Lucilius* and *Horace*.

IF it shall be objected that he died Young, and therefore the Time of his Death being known, he is then stil'd (a) *Juvenis*; I answer, that he might so, and yet have liv'd a plentiful Number of Years, since *Sallust* calls (b) *Cæsar*, at Thirty Six
Years

(a) Domit. Marfus.

(b) Janus Douza Sched. Succid.

Years of Age, *Adolescentulus*; and *Cicero* speaking of *Curio*, or *Crassus*, or *Servius Sulpicius*, being more than Thirty; sometimes makes use of the Word *Juvenis*, sometimes *Adolescens*: And *A. Gellius* tells us, that it was decreed by *Servius Tullius*, that Men should be call'd *Juniores* to the Year 46, and afterwards *Seniores*.

BUT since it is plain, that the Notion of his being born at the same Time with *Ovid* is groundless, we must proceed to fix, as probably as we can, the Time of his Birth, which *Ovid* points to us to be between the Birth of *Gallus* and *Propertius*, and this will set all to right, and will answer to every Time of his Contemporaries and his Actions. *C. Gallus* was born A. V. 681; and tho' we cannot be exact in the Time of *Propertius's* Birth, yet he receiv'd the Manly Gown, (a) A. V. 712. which Gown was put on at the Age of Seventeen

(a) Douza.

xviii *The LIFE of*

(a) bravest and politest Men among the *Romans*; a Patron worthy our Poet; famous as to Martial Affairs; an admirable Judge of Learning, and a Curious (b) Orator, for which he was so remarkable, that (c) *Cicero* had an extraordinary Value for him even when but Young. To this Great Man *Virgil* dedicated his *Ciris*; (d) *Horace* mentions him with great Respect; and *Quintilian* Ranks him among his Masters of Oratory. (e)

THE Advantages of Wealth and Beauty, added to a gay Temper, led our Poet very early into a Pursuit of all those Pleasures and Extravagancies whereto Youth are usually inclin'd; among which, the Esteem of Women, and the Pursuits of Love, were the chief. The first Mistress that engag'd his Mind, was that Lady whom he Addresses

(a) Vell. Patere. L. 2. (b) *Ovid*, L. 2. (c) Epist. to *Brutus*. 15.
Pont. Ep. 2. *Tacit.* L. 11. C. 6. L. 3. C. 34. (d) L. 1. Sat. 10.
(e) *Quintil.* L. 10. C. 1. & L. 12. C. 10.

dresses under the Name of (a) *Delia*, which *Bernardinus Cyllenius* will have taken from *Ἀλλοῦ*, *Apparere*, by reason she more remarkable than all the other Roman Ladies for her Excellence of Form and Beauty; but *Apuleijus* has oblig'd us with her right Name, which was *Plania* (b); whether she was married during the Time of his Amours with her, or before, is doubtful: He in some Places writing to her, and (c) inviting her into the Country, as if disingag'd from any Confinement; and in others railing at the (d) strict Watch kept over her, and advising her to deceive them; Arts which she presently learn'd, and to that Perfection, as to deceive even her Instructor; and notwithstanding his Fondness for her, she had more (e) Favourites than suited with the Quiet of *Tibullus*.

(a) L. 1. El. 1. (b) *Apol.* Hic illud etiam reprehendi animadverti-
sti, quod cum aliis nominibus pueri vocentur ego illos Charinum &
Chritiam appellitarim. Eadem igitur opera accusent C. Catullum,
quod Lesbiam pro Clodia nominarit: Et Tigidam similiter, quod quæ
Metella erat Perillam scripserit; & Propertium qui Cynthia dicat,
Hostiam diffimulet: Et Tibullum quod ei sit Plania in animo; Delia in
versu. (c) Lib. 1. El. 5. (d) Lib. 1. El. 2. (e) Lib. 1.
El. 5.

THE Second Mistress was she who is call'd by the Name of *Neera*, tho' plac'd the Third in his Works; but since *Ovid* has told us (f) *Nemesis* was the Last, it is to be suppos'd, this Lady was between *Delia* and she; the Name is by *Fabricius* said to be generally applied to a Common Woman of the Town, but I think without the least Reason, since we find it frequently mention'd of Persons not bearing that Character: Thus (g) *Homer* uses it, (i) and *Flaccus* reckons it among the Names of the chief Women of *Lenmos*; to which we may add the faithful Attendant upon *Cleopatra* at her Death: Nor can it be imagin'd that she was a Woman of a loose Character, since he addresses her at a greater Distance than the rest, seems to expostulate with her upon her Unkindness in disliking him, rather than her Baseness in deceiving him; and by calling

(f) Lib. 3. Am. El. 9.

(g) *Hom.* Odyss. Lib. 12.

(i) L. 2.

calling her (*k*) Chast, has remov'd all Cause for such Suspicion ; he seems to have a Desire of Marrying her ; but upon being disappointed, we hear no more Mention of her : And *Ovid* is silent upon this Account, when he reckons up his other Mistresses ; I suppose, having a Regard to her, as a Woman of Quality and Character : It is not unlikely that this is the same with that (*l*) *Glycera*, whom *Horace* mentions to our Poet, when he bids him *not be over troubled at her esteeming another more than him* ; tho' (*m*) some think it is spoken of *Nemesis*.

HIS Third and Last Mistress was (*n*) *Nemesis*, a Person for whom he seems to express the greatest Passion ; a Woman of a covetous and mercenary Temper, which he frequently (*o*) complains of. (*p*) *Ovid* makes Mention of this Lady,

c 3

as

(*k*) Lib. 3. El. 1.
(*n*) Lib. 2. El. 3.
di, Lib. 3.

(*l*) Od. Lib. 1. 33.
(*o*) Lib. 2. El. 3 & 4.

(*m*) *Giraldus*, &c.
(*p*) *Arte Aman-*

as much celebrated by him, as does (q) *Martial* likewise, and gives her a Character not very commendable. As for (r) *Sulpicia*, whom he has likewise celebrated, she seems to be no otherwise a Favourite of his, than as she was esteem'd by *Messala* and *Cerintus*, tho' there are (s) some who deny that Piece in Praise of *Sulpicia*, to be writ by him, but take it to be written by some Person in the Time of *Domitian*; and that she was the same whom (t) *Martial* celebrates likewise, Wife of *Calenus*: But tho' there is such a Person mention'd by *Martial*, it is by no means to be infer'd from thence, that there was no other fine Woman of that Name but she; nor was it worth the While of any other Poet to invent all those little Pieces in the Fourth Book, and fix the Names of *Messala* and *Cerintus* to them; they rather seem to be the gay Effect of some little Incidents in their Acquaintance: She is here in one (u) place

(q) Lib. 8. Epigram 7. & Lib. 14. Ep. 193.

(s) *Brontus*.

(r) Lib. 10. Epig. 35. *Sidon. Apollinar. Carm. 9.*

(u) Lib. 4. *Carm.*

(t) L. 4.

place call'd the Daughter of *Servius Sulpicius*; which *Servius Sulpicius* was Consul, and kill'd at *Mutina*, being sent thither by the Senate against *Anthony*. Whoever she was, she is suppos'd to be a singular Favourite of *Messala*, and celebrated by him in his Poems, which (x) *Virgil* hints at in writing to *Messala*.

THUS *Tibullus* gaily trifled away the early Part of his Life, and made use of the Advice he frequently gives others to employ their Time, and seize every Pleasure as it comes. But however he might value the Ladies, there lies a heavy Charge against him of a detestable Crime, too common at that Time, as it is at this: And indeed some part of his Writings gives too much Cause of Suspicion, which tho' I could not chuse but translate, yet I have pass'd the Arguments over in silence; but this perhaps may rather proceed from the rash Con-

(x) *Ciris. Vide Silvius.*

Conjecture of his Readers, than from any Design, or real Inclination of his. The Notions of Platonick Love were common at that Time, and it was no strange thing to write in a Stile expressive of Terms too amorous for our Ears. *Plato* framed his Notions, to wean the World, by degrees, from the cursed and detestable Practices which the *Panicians* had spread over the World, wherein was allow'd a Way of Address, which would seem very indecent in our Time: Thus *Plato* himself esteem'd *Alexis*, *Socrates* *Alcibiades*, and *Horace Ligurine*; but it will be too rash of us to imagine they were from that guilty of the like Crime: *Virgil* has been evidently clear'd from it, and I think there is no Room to judge *Horace* guilty; but however, *Tibullus* stands charg'd upon this Account, I shall think favourably, and leave the rest of the World to have what Sentiments they please.

THE Persons he is said to esteem were *Marathus*, *Tytius*, and *Cerimthus*: The First *Marathus*, *Broukhus* takes to be a *Phœnician*, and call'd so, as is suppos'd, from a City in that Country, call'd *Marathon*, mention'd by *Mela*, (c) his true Name being *Cyrus*; as it was common to call Captives or Slaves by the Name of Kings, and Persons of former Note. Thus *Cicero* (d) mentions one *Antia-chus*, Servant to *Sex Æbutius*; and in another place (e) *Athamantes* and *Tisamenus*, Servants to *Pomponius Atticus*: And some *Grecians* voluntarily took those Names, as *Cyrus* the Architect, Familiar with *Cicero* and *Clodius*, both which he made Heirs of his Will; and another, whose Name is extant, in a Marble from *Gruter*; and thus our *Marathus* had his Name *Cyrus* given him by his Parents, from the famous Emperor of that Name, which at *Rome* was chang'd to *Marathus*: This is that *Cyrus*, whom *Horace* (f) speaks of, as a Sutor of *Pholœ*;

(c) Lib. 1. C. 12. (d) Orat. pro Cæcinnâ, C. 8 & 9. (e) Lib. 12. Ep. 12. (f) *Her. L. 1. Od. 33.*

Pholoë; which *Pholoë*, (g) *Tibullus* addresses likewise on his Behalf; He was a Rival to *Horace*, and that a dangerous one too; for *Horace* (h) represents him as a proud baughty Person, and a rash Punisher of a Filting Mistress. I suppose he was no great Favourite of *Horace* upon this Score; and therefore to this Character, he in another place adds that, of a base inconstant Man.

Titius is (i) suppos'd to be that *Septimius*, or (k) *Septimius Titius*, a Lyrick Poet, who was familiar with (l) *Horace*; he wrote likewise Tragedies and Comedies, but his Works are lost: He has, says (m) the old Scholiast upon *Horace*, a famous Monument by the *Via Appia* at *Aricia*, a Town in *Latium*.

As to the Third, *Cerintus*, or according to some, *Cherintus*, *Broukhus* is of Opinion,

(g) Lib. 1. El. 8.
(k) *Torrentius* on *Hor.*
Crusquius on *Hor.*

(h) Lib. Od. 17.
(l) *Horace*, Lib. 1. Epist. 3.

(i) *Broukhus*.
(m) *Vid.*

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nion, that it is a Name given to Servants after Manumission, and therefore supposes him some Noble Youth at *Rome*, veil'd under that Name. This is not unlikely the same (n) *Horace* mentions: He was a Friend of our Poets, and a Favourite of *Sulpicia's*: But why the Writers of (o) *Tibullus's* Life have mention'd him upon another Account, I know not; there being nothing relating to him in all *Tibullus's* Writings which tends that way.

BUT his Life was not intirely taken up with Ease and Indolence; for about the 28th Year of his Age the (p) *Pannonians* began to rebel, against whom *Messala* went, and with him our Poet; in which Expedition, he says, he saw a Man at *Arupinum* above a Hundred Years of Age, and even then a vigorous active Souldier.

HIS Second Expedition was with *Messala* into *Syria*, of which he grievously complains

(n) Lib. 1. Sat. 2.
August. C. 21. Strabo, L. 4 & 7.

(o) *Crinitus, Gyraldus.*

(p) *Sueton.*

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plains in his last Elegy of the first Book :

(a) *Messala* was sent with an extraordinary Power into *Syria*, A. V. DCCXXIV, in which Expedition *Tibullus* attended him ; but touching at (b) *Corfu*, he was taken with a dangerous Fit of Illness, and was forc'd to stay behind upon that Island ; but afterwards recovering, he follow'd him into *Cilicia*, *Syria* and *Egypt*.

HIS last Appearance in publick Affairs, was his Attendance upon *Messala*, in the Expedition to (c) *Aquitain*, whether *Messala* went Proconsul, which was A. V. C. DCCXXVI, as is evident from an ancient Inscription : In this War, he was rewarded with Military Honours and Dignities.

AFTER which, returning to *Rome*, and being weary of a Course of Life, spent partly in Folly, and partly in publick Distractions,

(a) *Noviss. Cenotaph. Pisan* dissert, C. 16.
(c) L. 1. El. 8.

(b) Lib. 1. El. 3.

stractions, he began to think of devoting the rest of his Days to Ease and Quiet; and tho' his Estate was much impair'd, yet having enough left to live retir'd with Dignity, he withdrew to his ancient and pleasant Seat in (d) *Pedana*, not far from *Rome*, where he apply'd himself chiefly to Philosophy, intermingling those Studies with the easier Amusements of Poetry, living suitable to the Dignity of a *Roman* Nobleman, who knew the Conduct of publick Affairs, and when to leave them, and be more greatly retir'd.

THIS Course of Life had the additional Advantage of contracting an intimate Friendship with the greatest Men of that Age, as *Virgil*, whom he Copies exactly in his Prodigies, and therefore 'tis probable had been familiar with his Works. The ingenious Men of that Age held an exact and friendly Correspondence one with another, and consulted each other's
Judg-

(d) *Hor. L. i. Epist. 4.*

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Judgment of their Writings: Thus (e) *Virgil* thought it no Loss of Time to peruse the Works of *Catullus*; and our *Tibullus* the Pieces of *Horace*; and *Varo* and *Tucca* the *Aeneis* of *Virgil*; their Resentments were against none but such as were generally scandalous; and nothing but a *Mævius* or a *Codrus* ever felt the Lash of their Satyr, and it was owing to this Harmony among them; that they were all great in their different Ways, striving to improve rather than to expose each other.

WITH *Horace* he had an extraordinary Familiarity, the fittest Person to engage as a Friend; being, as (f) *Sir William Temple* has observ'd, *the greatest Master of Life, and of true Sense in the Conduct of it*; from him our Poet has receiv'd a Complement, greater perhaps than he has paid to any other Person, when he calls him *a Polite and Curious Judge of his Works*,

(e) Mart. L. 4. Ep. 14.
lan. P. 2. Essay 2.

(f) *Sir William Temple's Miscel-*

Works, and attributes to him a *fine and true Relish of his Writings*: That whole Epistle is full of the free and easie familiar Humour of that excellent Man.

WE find in his Works the Name of *Macer*, with whom he was doubtless familiar; (g) whom some will have to be *Pompejus Macer*, (h) Library-Keeper to *Augustus*; but this is groundless, since without doubt the Person here meant was the Famous *Emilius Macer*, who was likewise intimate with *Virgil*, and by him mention'd, under the Name of (i) *Mopsus*, as *Servius* has observ'd: This Famous Man was born at *Verona*, remarkable for producing three great Men, *Catullus*, *Vitruvius* the Architect, and *Macer*; he wrote of Birds, Serpents and Herbs; he likewise translated *Homer's Iliad* into *Latin*, and is frequently mention'd by *Ovid* — he died (k) in *Asia* after *Tibullus*.

THEIR

(g) *Achilles Statius*.
ad Ecl. 5.

(h) *Sueton. Jul. C. 56*.
(k) *Hieronim. in Chronic. Euseb.*

(i) *Servius*

THEIR Equality in Birth, and the soft gay Bent of their Tempers being the same, could not but point out a Friendship between him and *Corn. Gallus*, whom Mr. Prior joins with him, as the two remarkable Noblemen of Rome who wrote Poetry. *Gallus* was ten Years before our Poet in Age; and tho' we have no Mention made of him in his Works, yet there being such an Intimacy between (a) *Virgil* and *Gallus*, and at the same Time between *Virgil*, (b) *Horace*, and our Poet, it is highly probable. This unhappy Gentleman was at first an intimate Friend of *Augustus*, and by him sent into *Ægypt*; but upon falling under Suspicion and Displeasure of the Emperor, he slew himself in his 48 Year.

It has caus'd an Enquiry among some Men, what could be the Reason that *Tibullus* and *Propertius* make no Mention of each other, they being the two famous Men at that

(a) *Ecl.* 10.

(b) *Lib.* 1. *Od.* 3. *L.* 1. *Sat.* 5.

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that Time for the same Studies. Some have imagin'd there was Emulation in them, and that occasion'd it; if it is true, it shows, that Emulation did not carry them to ill Manners and Reflection, but that they chose, since they could not praise, not to speak of each other. To this we may add, that *Propertius* is not a little full of himself, vainly ostentatious of his Learning, and boasts that he was the first successful in Elegy among the *Romans*: The Vanity of which, *Tibullus*, who was far superior both in Quality and Learning, saw with a silent Scorn, as doubtless did *Horace*, who never mentions him, tho' he was a Retainer to *Mæcenas*, his Patron. (a) and *Horace* boasts of the Friendship and Unanimity throughout all *Mæcenas's* Retainers: But this is Conjecture only.

To his Acquaintance we may add (b) *T. Valgius* the Poet, whom (c) *Horace*
d likewise

(a) Lib. 1. Satyr 9.
Od. 9.

(b) Paneg. to *Messala*.

(c) L. 2.

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likewise mentions, (d) famous for Epick Poetry : Besides which, he wrote (e) Pastorals, (f) Elegies, (g) and Epigrams; (h) *Messalinus*, the Son of *Messala*, an excellent (i) Orator; and (k) *Cornutus*, who *Broukhus* takes to be Prator in the Cons. of *Hirtius* and *Pansa*, and the same as is mention'd by (l) *Cicero*.

HAPPY in such a Circle of Acquaintance; he liv'd universally respected, avoiding publick Affairs, as seeing the Vainity of them; but there may be another Reason given for that, for I take him to be no great Admirer of the publick State of Affairs; he was a profess'd Enemy to Pomp and Grandeur, and so frequently dwells upon the Praise of the Old *Commonwealth* and *Primitive Roman Simplicity*; that we may reasonably suppose he was no great Friend to a Court, consisting of *Pride* and *Luxury*: We do

(d) L. T. Sat. 10. (e) *Juvius Philargyrus*, ad. *Virg. Geo.*
L. 3. v. 176. (f) *Servius* ad *Ecl.* 7. (g) *Charisius*,
L. 1. inf. grammat. p. 84. (h) L. 2. *El.* 4. (i) *Corn. Tacitus*.
(k) L. 2. *E.* 3. (l) L. 10. *Famil. Ep.* 12. *Phillip.* 14. C. 14.

do not in all his Works find him either praise the Government of *Augustus*, or the Generous Ministration of *Mæcenæ*s, tho' all his Cotemporaries have, and he could sometimes scarce avoid it; but as he had the rigid Pride not to value them, so he had the discreet Caution not to shew his Dislike, but rather is silent: Nay, when he has recited all the (m) Prodigies, fore-running the Death of *Cæsar*, he never mentions the Occasion of their appearing, and rather puts a Constraint upon his own Opinion, by passing over in Silence, what no other but himself would. As a plentiful Estate secur'd him from Flattery, in order for a Support; so his avoiding publick Affairs, secur'd him from Envy and Malice.

As to his Opinion otherwise, there are different Conjectures, some asserting him to be of the Sect of the *Epicureans*, among whom is one quoted by (n) *Barthius*, who
 d 2 will

(m) L. 2. El. 4.

(n) L. 37. Adv. C. 19.

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will needs have it, that the Epistle from *Horace* to him, is all Banter ; and that where he uses the Expression, *Epicuri de grege Porcus*, it is intirely a Fleeer upon him. This Curious Commentator, has an uncommon Scope of Fancy, since I believe no one but himself, could have understood *Horace's* Meaning after that manner ; but this is so silly and barefac'd a Falshood, that it is not worth the Pains of being confuted. *Tibullus* was so far from being an *Epicurean*, that I know not a Poet among the *Romans*, in whose Works more Religion is mention'd : If he were of a Sect who intirely deny'd the Divine Providence, who attributed every thing to the Course of Nature, and imagin'd the Gods to sit unconcern'd at Humane Affairs, neither rewarding the Good, nor punishing the Bad ; neither hearing the Prayers, nor heeding the Profaness of Mankind, and at a Word, intirely disinterested in all our Actions ; if (I say) he was of this Opinion, I would ask any one, what can be the Meaning of his addressing

TIBULLUS. xxxvii

dressing the Heathen Deities in such a Religious Manner? To this perhaps, it will be answer'd, That *Lucretius* addresses and invokes (o) *Venus* in the like Manner, yet at the same Time denies her Concern at such Invocations; that the Machinery is the Life of Poetry, and that it is only Matter of Custom.

BUT how far Matter of Custom would prevail, when a Man is almost at the Point of Death, as in Elegy 3. of the First Book, when he so earnestly intreats the Pity and Assistance of *Jove*; and in several other Cases, may be question'd. That good Things came from Above, he expressly says, and that his Care in Religious Duties assur'd him of a plentiful (p) Harvest, a Proof that he believ'd the Gods Rewarded; and in Elegy 5. he expostulates with (q) *Venus*, for what Offence he suffer'd, a Proof, that he believ'd they Punish'd. If it has by some been thought, that

d 3

Virgil

(o) First Book.

(p) Lib. 1. El. 1.

(q) L. 1 El. 5.

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Virgil was of that Sect for using this Expression,

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

We may gather that our Poet was not, by the same Reason, for he expressly says,

*Nec refero solisque vias, & qualls, ubi orbem
Complevit, versis luna recurrit equis.*

But Horace plainly clears him from this, when writing to him he says, *Dij tibi divitias dederunt*, which he would hardly have said to one who believ'd nothing of the Matter; and again tells him, that when he came to Town, he would, with a grave Smile, see him fat and sleek like one of Epicurus's Herd: But as it is plain he was no Epicurean, so it is likely he was of the Academick Sect, or the Paripatetick; for Horace writes to him, *as Studying among the Woods*; which Studying in Groves and Gardens was common to both those Sects. In these Woods, or Walks, our Poet spent the remainder of his Days, which he had rescu'd
from

TIBULLUS. XXXIX

from Vanity and Noise, in studying Virtue, and improving himself in the Knowledge of what was suitable to the Dignity of a rational Creature, the Improvements of Learning, and the Practice of Virtue : But several Writers of his Life, among whom is (r) *Scaliger*, are of Opinion, that he having spent his Estate in Extravagancies in his Youth, and being reduc'd to very mean Circumstances, was oblig'd to conceal himself in the Country, for fear of his Creditors in the City ; but this *Scaliger* says, is Conjecture (and I think a very wrong one) for the Critick overlooks himself, when in the *Panegyrick* he says, he believes it to be written by *Tibullus*, when a Boy, from the poorness of the Verse ; if so, he could have no Room to suppose he had Time to squander it away : But *Tibullus* points out to us the Means whereby his Estate came to be impair'd, and those, he says, proceeded from adverse Fortune ; and though he had

d 4

so

(r) *Jos. Scaliger* on L. 1. E. 1.

2

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so much Respect to the Power then in being, and a cautious Regard of his own Safety, as not to charge it upon the Civil Wars and Disturbances, yet we may reasonably suppose those to be the Occasion. But notwithstanding this, his Estate was not so much lessen'd, as to bring his Condition down to the low Name of Poverty, since as (f) *Torrentius* has observ'd, the Expression of *paupertas vite*, supposes a moderate Share of Wealth, and as much as suits the Desires of a reasonable Man: And *Tibullus*, in the very (t) Elegy whence they gather this Notion, says expressly, that he, in his Retirement, was secure in a sufficient Competence; and that as he despis'd superfluous Wealth, so he likewise despis'd the Thoughts of Want; thus he withdrew upon honourable Terms, and his Retirement was truly *otium cum dignitate*.

BUT eight Years were scarcely spent in this happy Station, and he but just had
Time

(f) Notes on *Hor.* L. i. Ep. 4.

(t) *Lib.* 1. *El.* 1.

Time to fix his Scheme of Life, and taste the Pleasures of Ease, and gather a true Notion what it was to live, when Death, eager for so valuable a Prize, seiz'd him, and put an End to all his Designs: This happen'd in the 44th Year of his Age, A. V. 735, in the Cons. of *C. Sent. Saturninus*, and *Q. Lucretius Vespillo*, the same Year on which *Virgil* died; whereupon *Domitius Marsus*, a Poet of that Time, has written this Epigram.

*Te quoque Virgilio comitem non æqua Tibulle
Mors Juvénem campos misit ad Elysios:
Ne foret, aut Elegis molles qui fleret amores,
Aut caneret forti regia bella pede.*

And you, *Tibullus*, Death constrain'd to go
Too soon with *Virgil*, to the Fields below,
Lest any Poet should with us remain,
To weep soft Loves in Elegiack Vein,
Or sing of Battles in a lofty Strain.

THE Commendations given him by Ancient and Moderns, are numerous, as *Broukhus* has inserted them, which I shall barely Name. Besides *Horace* and *Ovid*, he reckons up *Velejus*, *Paterculus*, *Quintilian*, *Statius*, *Martial*, *Angelus Politianus*, *Scaliger* the Elder; *Turnebus*, *Sanazarus*, *Causabon*, *Heimsius*, *Grotius*, *Rapin*, &c. But the finest is in the Elegy which *Ovid* wrote upon his Death; a Translation of which follows,



OVID



OVID AMORUM, L. III.

ELEGY IX.

On the Death of TIBULLUS.

IF fair *Aurora* wept for *Memnon* dead,
And *Thetis* Tears for her *Achilles*
(shed;

If mighty Goddesses to Grief must bow,

And be affected by inferior woe;

Then weeping *Elegy* thy Locks unbind,

And throw thy Tresses careless to the Wind;

The mournful Title now you truly claim,

And too, too justly now demand the Name:

See the soft Master of thy moving Strain,

The easie, tender, Elegiack Vein!

See thy *Tibullus*' breathless Body laid,

With Flames surrounded on the Funeral Bed.

SEE

Death of TIBULLUS. xlv

Yet all that's Sacred eager Death profanes,
And seizes all with black oblivious Hands:
What help had *Orpheus* from his Heavenly Race,
Or taming Savage Tygers with his Lays?
The great *Apollo* wail'd his *Linus* Death
With mournful Lyre, but cou'd not save his
(Breath:

To these, great HOMER join, whose Works sup-
A Spring for future Poets, never dry:
These all! the Fates reluctant did invade,
And swept, to the dark Country of the Dead!
Their Fame alone could above Death aspire,
And nothing but their Works escape the Funeral
(Fire:

THE Poets Works shall every thing survive,
Thus the fam'd Battles of the *Trojans* live:
Such *Nemesis* and *Delia's* Names shall prove,
This, his last Fav'rite, That, his earliest Love.

WHAT

xlvi *ELEGY on the*

WHAT now avails your Care and pious Rites,
Egyptian Sistrums and Religious Nights?

WHEN good Men are oppress'd by evil Fate,
Spare the rash Thought, I doubt the Heavenly
(State;
Lead a calm Life of blameless Piety,
Tread Virtue's strictest Paths, we still must die:
Let the good Man revere the Pow'rs Divine,
Yet while Religious he attends the Shrine,
Fierce Death will even to the Altar come,
And drag him from the Temple to the Tomb:
Fancy, fond Man, that Verfe will give thee Breath,
But see TIBULLUS! in the Hands of Death!
Of that Great Man, remark the small Remains,
The Ashes which a narrow Urn contains!
The Funeral Flame which durst prophanely spread
Around thy Sacred Breast, may even invade
The Hallow'd Capital with Tow'rs sublime,
Nor think the rash, presumptuous Act, a Crime:

Venus

Death of TIBULLUS. XLVII

Venus the Sight of such Destruction fears,
Averts her mournful Looks, and hides her Tears.

YET better here he'd dy'd, than when alone,
In vile *Phœacia*, and a Coast unknown;
Here sure his Mother clos'd his dying Eyes,
And gave a Present at his Obsequies;
Here his fond Sister shar'd her Mother's Woe,
While down her Back her careless Tresses flow;
With these to grace the mournful Obsequies,
A lovely Pair attend with weeping Eyes,
Both close the Pile where the Pale Lover lies.

WHEN *Delia* thus, as Grief unbound her
(Tongue,
" Happy were we, when warm Desire was young;
" When *Delia* was the Celebrated Name,
" You liv'd while *Delia* was your only Flame:
" To whom the weeping *Nemesis* replies
" What Share have you to wail these Obsequies?

" *Tibullus*

xlvi ELEGY on the

" *Tibullus*' Love was all at my Command,

" Dying he held me with a feeble Hand.

If after Death we any Title claim,

Except a fleeting Shade, or empty Name,

Tibullus shall unite the happy Train

In flow'ry Meadows and th' *Elysian* Plain;

There famous *Calvus* shall with Joy attend,

Glad at the Sight of his departed Friend;

To these, the learn'd *Catullus* shall be joyn'd,

With Ivy round his youthful Temples twin'd;

There *Gallus*, thou, if guiltless, shalt attend,

Of Crimes against thy violated Friend;

Gallus, with Sword decisive of the Strife,

Profuse of Blood, and lavish of thy Life;

With these pleas'd Shades, shall glad *Tibullus* go,

If Shades know any thing of Friends below;

Thou soft *Tibullus*, on the happy Plain,

Shalt swell the Number of the sacred Train;

Whilst here in-urn'd may thy safe Ashes rest,

Nor may that Urn with weighty Earth be prest.

HORACE L. I.

ODE 33.

TO A. TIBULLUS.

ALBIOUS desist, desist to mourn,
Too mindful of fair *Glycera's* Scorn;

Nor farther urge the mournful Strain,

Nor sing soft Elegies in vain;

Since She, for one more Young than you,

Forgets her Faith, and breaks her Vow.

Consider, fair *Lycoris*' Pain

For *Cyrus*, meets a cold Disdain:

While *Cyrus* with a diff'rent vlew,

Does proud *Pholoe's* Love pursue;

But Wolves with Goats shall join, e'er she,

Consent to one so vile as he;

Thus *Venus* often takes delight,

Ill suited Vot'ries to unite;

c

And

I To A. TIBULLUS.

And join them in her brazen Yoak,

Diverted at the cruel Joke:

While fairer Beauties pin'd for me,

Fair *Myrtale* seiz'd my Liberty;

Tho' fierce as *Adria's* Floods which roar,

And lash *Calabria's* winding Shore.



HORACE L. I.

EPIST. IV.

TO A. TIBULLUS.

ALBIVS! the finest Judge of all I write,
In what Amusements do you take de-
(light?)

Do you at *Pedan* the soft Minutes use,
In writing what exceeds *Parmensis* Muse?
Or do you walk the silent healthy Wood,
Studying what's Worthy of the Wife and Good?
For thou'rt not all a Body void of Mind,
The Gods to Thee, a Beauteous Form assign'd;
They gave thee Riches with a Hand profuse,
And gave the generous Pow'r and Art to use:
What fonder Wishes could a Nurse employ,
For Heaven's Indulgence on her fav'rite Boy;
Then for a Bounteous Share of Wit and Sense,
And Pow'r of Words, and ready Eloquence;

Favour

lii To A. TIBULLUS.

Favour and Fame, and a continu'd Health,
And cleanly Diet, and sufficient Wealth?
Amidst a Life of Hopes and anxious Cares,
Of varying Passions, and disturbing Fears,
Think every Day thy last: that Time is best
Esteem'd; which comes when we expect it least:
When Jolly, Plump, and Fat, and Sleekly, Skin'd,
You next shall chance to see your thoughtless
(Friend;
It needs a grave and easie Smile must move,
To see a Swine of *Episcurus*' drove.



Am
To
The



THE
WORKS
OF
A. TIBULLUS.

BOOK I.

ELEGY I.



ET the rich Miser gather
(golden Gain,

And live the large Possessor
(of the Plain :

Whom Fears perpetual scare
(with neighb'ring Foes,

And sounding Trumpets wake his soft Repose.

To me the Fates with sparing Hand dispence,

The humbler Sweets of Ease, and Innocence ;

B

Pleas'd

Pleas'd in the Pleasures of a still Retreat,
 While constant Fires supply the cheerful Seat.
 Here I a Countryman, with ready Hand,
 When Seasons call, and proper Times demand,
 With tender Vines my Vineyard will recruit,
 And plant my Orchard with the choicest Fruit ;
 Nor one ungrateful Produce of the Year
 Shall baulk my Labour, or elude my Care,
 Whilst bending Boughs their Golden Weight pro-
 (duce,
 And frothy Vats o'erflow with purple Juice.
 For I revere the Guardian Pow'rs that bound
 My shady Limits, and confine my Ground ;
 To whom an ancient Stock or Stone is plac'd,
 With Rites ador'd, and flow'ry Garlands grac'd ;
 And the first Fruit that mellows on my Boughs,
 The Rural God receives for granted Vows.
 To thee, bright *Ceres*, of our Harvest-Store,
 Be Wreaths suspended at thy Temple-Door.

Book I. TIBULLUS.

3

Ruddy *Priapus* is my Orchard Guard,
 He whirls his Cycle, and the Birds are fear'd.
 And you kind *Lares* whose indulgent Care
 Was large, when larger my Possessions were,
 Now small receive the little we prefer :
 Then for my num'rous Flocks a Heifer dy'd,
 A Lamb is all that I can now provide ;
 A Lamb shall fall, while the surrounding Throng
 Of Country Youth shall as they pass along
 Repeated Io's sing, *Te Pow'rs assign*
A plenteous Store of Corn, and generous Wine.

Now I can live on little, free from Strife,
 Nor walk the high fatiguing Road of Life :
 But to avoid the Summer Dog-stars Heat,
 I seek the Thickwood Shade, and cool Retreat ;
 There, on the easie Grass extended lie,
 While some clear River rolls his Waters by.
 Nor shall I think it mean to use the Prong ;
 Or drive the Cattle with the Goad along ;

Or when I find a Kid or bleating Lamb
Lost in the Field, and mourn its absent Dam :
I take it in my Arm, nor blush to bear
The Off-spring home, and house the tender Care.
Ye Wolves and Thieves, my little Flock despise,
A larger Farm will yield a larger Prize.
Here I Lustrations annually prepare
To purge my Swain, and ask kind *Pales* Care ;
Due Pray'rs prefer, and Bowls of Milk I pour,
A glad Libation to the smiling Pow'r.
Hither, ye Gods, nor scorn our homely Board,
Nor Off'rings mean which earthen Plates afford ;
The inoffensive Rustick found the Way,
And form'd his Vessels first of yielding Clay.

I nor paternal Wealth, nor Fields require,
Nor Harvests, bounteous to my wealthy Sire ;
A small Estate has safer Ways to please,
And a small Bed to stretch my Limbs at Ease.

How

Book I. TIBULLUS. 5

How does it please to hear surrounding Storms,
And clasp my *Delia* in my folding Arms!
Or when cold Show'rs drive o'er the wint'ry Plain,
Indulge my Sleep lull'd by the rustling Rain!
This be my Fate, let others Wealth enjoy,
They merit well the dearly purchas'd Toy;
Who for the Trifle quit their Health and Ease,
Tempting the stormy Show'rs, and angry Seas.
Sooner let Wealth of ev'ry Foreign Shore,
Em'rals, and Gold, and all the shining Store
Perish, than any Fair of mine should mourn,
Or when I'm absent sigh for my Return.

Messalla, War is yours, and Hostile Toils,
Through foreign Lands in Quest of foreign Spoils;
To firm your Conquests, and your Palace grace
With Trophies worthy your illustrious Race.
I wear the Chain, and scorning Glory wait
The constant Porter at my Mistress's Gate,

6 TIBULLUS. Book I.

Honour is an indiff'rent Thing to me,
 I Sleight it, *Delia*, while possess'd of thee;
 Censure may rail, and call me what she can,
 I would be counted an inglorious Man.
 Thee let me have for ever in my Eye,
 Ev'n when my latest Hour of Life draws nigh,
 Gaze o'er thy lovely Form, and as you stand,
 I'll dying grasp thee with a feeble Hand.
 You'll weep, and when the pale extended Spoil
 Lies stretch'd out, ready for the Funeral Pile;
 With Flouds of Tears repeated Kisses fix
 On my cold Lips, and Tears and Kisses mix:
 You'll weep, I know you will; no Iron Chains
 Confine thy Heart, thy Breast no Oak retains.
 No Youth unmov'd shall leave those Obsèques,
 Nor tender Maid return with Tearless Eyes.
 But moderate your Grief, nor move my Shade,
 Nor with your Hands your lovely Cheeks invade;
 That heav'nly Face from Sorrow's Fury spare,
 Nor rend the dangling Tresses of your Hair.

BUT

BUT now, while Fates allow, let's join our Love,
Enjoy each Day, and ev'ry Hour improve,
For Death, with Darkness veil'd, comes on apace,
And helpless Age, when *Love* is out of Place;
He then no more his tender Things will say,
And the Gray Head forbids the am'rous Play.
Now condescending *Venus* grants Delight,
While Youth, and Strength, and vig'rous Thoughts
(invite,
To storm a Door, and hold our Revels all the
(Night;

These are the Wars and Conquests I pursue,
Here I'm a Captain, and a Soldier too:
But, O! ye Trumpets, and ye Ensigns gay,
With all the Pomp of War be far away;
Your dang'rous Wounds for greedy Men prepare,
And give them Wealth, a Prize below my Care;
For I contented with my little Store,
Nor less expect, nor wish to make it more.

ELEGY II.

BRING Wine, my present Griefs with Wine
 (compose,
 To easy Sleep my weary Eye-lids close ;
 Whilst thus dissolv'd, may no Intruder press,
 To wake my hapless Love, and injure my Recess.
 For pond'rous Gates, and unrelenting Spies,
 Conceal my *Delia* from my longing Eyes.
 Obdurate Gates, may Show'rs of Rain descend,
 May *Jove* his Rage in blasting Light'ning send,
 Your Hinges break, and ev'ry Fast'ning rend. }
 Ye Gates, be mov'd for once by my Complaint,
 O'ercome by my Request and Pray'rs relent ;
 With easy Turn unfold, without a Noise,
 My Passage favour, and conceal my Joys ;
 And if my Madness any Ill hath said,
 On me alone be all the Curses laid.
 Nor ought you to forget how often I,
 With many a Pray'r, and many a suppliant Cry, }
 Have to your Posts my Chaplets hung on high. }

AND

Book I. TIBULLUS. 9

AND you, my *Delia*, strive your Guards to
(cheat,
And fearless, learn from me the close Deceit ;
Nor doubt the kind assisting *Venus* Aid,
She always favours the advent'rous Maid ;
She favours when the eager Lover waits,
And the expecting Girl unlocks the Gates ;
Urges the am'rous Theft, and shows the Bed.
The silent Foot directs, and cautious Tread.
She teaches, how before the Husband's Eyes,
By Signs to talk, the Courtship in Disguise ;
But 'tis not ev'ry one those Secrets knows,
The Goddess only teaches 'em to those
Whom Ease cou'd ne'er perswade to slight Amours,
Nor Fear of rising, tho' at Mid-night Hours.
Lo ! I, when Dark, all round the City stray,
Anxious and thoughtful, and neglect my Way ;
Fearless I ev'ry threat'ning Danger slight,
Secur'd by *Venus* in the darksome Night ;

Nor

10 TIBULLUS Book I

Nor suffers she the Sword to stop my Way,
 Nor Mid-night Robbers to attain their Prey;
 Whom *Love* defends is sacred by his Care,
 And, free from Ill may travel any where,
 Nor ought he apprehensive Dangers fear.
 Not me, the Frost of wintry Nights restrains;
 Not me, the ratling Show'rs and chilly Rains:
 Tis Toil too small, if *Delia* does but wait
 With kind Impatience to unfold the Gate;
 Whilst she with tim'rous Silence takes her Stand,
 I hear the well-known Signal of her Hand:
 May no one passing by afford a Light,
 To hide her Thefts close *Venus* takes Delight;
 Nor fright with trampling Feet, nor ask my Name,
 Nor glare my Village with a Candle's Flame.
 If any one imprudently should spy,
 May he forget it, and the Sight deny.
 Love by the Babler ne'er was understood,
 His *Venus* sprung from raging Seas and Blood.

NOR

Book I. TIBULLUS. II

NOR shall thy Husband th' Assignment guess,
Nor doubtful Fears his jealous Head possess :
An ancient Crone expert in Magick Charms,
Assures a safe Defence from future Harms.
Her have I seen call down the Stars from high,
And force their glowing Orbits from the Sky ;
Her Songs oppose the River's rapid Speed,
And roll its Waters backward to their Head ;
Can shake the Earth, and rend its lab'ring Womb,
And fetch the shaddowy *Manes* from the Tomb :
Can from the burning Pile the Body call,
Restore it Life, and stop the Funeral.
In Magick Strains from the *Tartarean* Coasts,
Invoke (with Milk appeas'd) the bloodless Ghosts :
She, when she pleases, sweeps the Clouds away,
Relieves the lab'ring Sky, and clears the Face of
(Day.
She in the Summer Time, by Magick Pow'rs,
Can fill the sultry Day with snowy Show'rs ;

To

12 TIBULLUS. Book I.

To her alone *Medea's* Herbs are known,
 And *Hecate's* Dogs are tam'd by her alone.
 She fram'd for me the all-deceiving Verse,
 Spit thrice, and thrice the pow'rful Charm rehearse;
 No Tales he'll credit, nay, although he spies
 Us both in Bed, he'll not believe his Eyes,
 But other Sutors shun, for they'll be known,
 The saving Magick serves for me alone.
 What can I think? She once affirm'd that she,
 With Songs and Herbs, could set my Passion free;
 With Torches purg'd me, and in Mid-night Hours
 Slew a black Victim to th' Infernal Pow'rs,
 I did not ask to have my Flame expire,
 But only pray'd a mutual Desire;
 Pleas'd with a Passion I shall ne'er remove,
 I would not have the Pow'r to change my Love.

THAT Man is Steel who quits my *Delia's* Charms,
 Strange Fool to tempt the Camp and dang'rous
 (Arms!

Let

Book I. TIBULLUS. 13

Let him his Conquest boast, and gain the Field,
And teach the proud *Cilicians* how to yield :
His labour'd Vests, with rich Embroid'ry wear,
And press the manag'd Steed conspicuous from afar.
Let me my Life with lovely *Delia* lead,
And on the quiet Hills my Cattle feed ;
There close encircling thee with fond Embrace,
Take Noon-tide Slumbers on the easie Grass.
When Love's averse, what Quiet can afford
The Purple Couch to its distracted Lord ?
When Midnight Fears disturb the lonely Hours,
And Tears descend on Tears in constant Show'rs :
Then not the costly Cov'rings of the Bed,
With Studs of Gold, and rough Embroid'ry spread ;
Nor drowsy Waterfalls can then compose
The watchful Eye-lids to a soft Repose.

HAVE I with daring Insolence profan'd
Great *Venus*, or her mighty Pow'r disdain'd ;

That

14 TIBULLUS. Book I.

That thus severely she repays the Wrong,
 And takes Revenge upon my impious Tongue?
 Or madly injur'd any Pow'r Divine,
 Riffing the Garlands from the sacred Shrine?
 I'd readily appease their Deities,
 And wear the Pavement with my suppliant Knees;
 With prostrate Veneration press the Floors,
 And kiss the hallow'd Marble of the Doors.

BUT you who laugh at all my Woes beware,
 Look to your self, and dread an equal Share:
 For the same God his Fury will assuage,
 I shall grow cold, when you begin to rage.
 Oft have I seen the Man, whose scornful Pride
 Did once the suppliant Lover's Woes deride:
 When Old, gay Thoughts of Courtship entertain,
 And bend his stubborn Neck to *Venus* Chain.
 With wither'd Throat soft tender Talk prepare,
 And hide the Gray Discov'ries of his Hair;

With

Book I TIBULLUS. 15

With shameless Impudence pursue th' Amour,
Lurking and saunt'ring at the fair One's Door:
Watch for the Servant Maid, and stop her Walk
Before the Gate, to keep her there in Talk;
Whilst round him all the Youth repair and scoff,
Spitting to keep the Fascination off.

BUT thou, O *Venus*, spare! thou Pow'r Divine!
To thee devoted is this Breast of mine;
Why wilt thou burn the Off'ring that is thine?

ELEGY III.

WHILE you *Messala* tempt th' *Egean* Sea,
I am prevented to attend your Way.
But, O! I wish you still may condescend
To bear a kind Remembrance of your Friend.

OPPRESS'D with Sickness, weary'd out with
(Pains,
Phœacia me in unknown Lands detains:

Sick,

16 TIBULLUS. Book I.

Sick, and a Stranger in a foreign Land,
 Black Death withdraw thy dire rapacious Hand;
 Black Death keep off I pray, no Mother here
 Can gather up my Dust with pious Care.
 No Sister here with decent Grief can come
 To please my Shade, and off'ring rich Perfume,
 With flowing Hair lament before my Tomb. }
 No *Delia* who at every Shrine did wait,
 Before our Parting, to consult my Fate.
 Thrice into *Fortune's* Chest the Lotts she threw,
 And thrice the Boy undoubted Answers drew;
 All promis'd a Return, yet the fond Maid
 Still wept, and of the Journey still afraid:
 Nor Gods could satisfy, nor Fates appease,
 'Twas I alone could give the wish'd-for Ease.
 When going, I some new Pretence would raise,
 To put the Journey off, and frame Delays;
 Some inauspicious Bird is seen to fly,
 Or some malignant *Omen* sets it by;

Or

Book I. TIBULLUS. 17

Or else perhaps 'tis *Saturn's* evil Day,
Or any thing that serves to use Delay.
How often have I stumbl'd at the Gate?
Then said the Voyage was ill-design'd by Fate.
Let none when *Love's* averse their Journey take,
Or dare proceed when he commands them back.

WHAT now avails thy *Isis* Pow'r to thee?
Or what Advantage, *Delia*, reaches me?
From jingling Sistrums you unwear'd shake,
And all the kind religious Care you take.
Or what avail thy purifying Rites,
Thy frequent Bathings, and thy lonely Nights?
Now, Goddess! now assist, for in thy Shrine
Suspended Tablets prove thy Help Divine;
That by my *Delia*, for thy pow'rful Aid,
Repeated Thanks and grateful Vows be paid;
And all in Linnen veil'd, a Vot'ry wait,
Watching incessantly before thy Gate;

Or

C

And

18 TIBULLUS. Book I.

And sing thy mighty Praises twice a-Day,
With Hair unbound in the *Egyptian* way.

But may I worship at my known Abodes,
Paternal *Lares* and familiar Gods.

How blest the Life in old *Saturnian* Days,
E'er tiresome Journies mark'd out tedious Ways;
Or Pines descending from the Mountain's Brow,
Disturb'd the Azure-main with brazen Prow;

E'er to assist their Way, they spread their Sails,
And swelling Canvass caught the flying Gales:

No Merchants then their dangerous Coastings made,
To fill their Vessels with a foreign Trade.

No sturdy Bull had wore the Yoke as yet,
Nor Horse (with Mouth restrain'd) had champ'd
(the Bitt;

No Doors their Bow'rs secur'd, and in their Grounds
No Landmark stood, to parcel out the Bounds;

Nor Rage was then, nor furious Wars alarms,
Nor Smiths with barb'rous Art had fashion'd Arms.

Now

Book I. TIBULLUS 19

Now, *Jove* an Age by far unhappier sways,
Now, dang'rous Battles, and tempestuous Seas
Have open'd unto Death a thousand Ways.
Spare Father, spare, for (piously inclin'd)
No conscious Perjuries distract my Mind,
Or evil Words in sacred Fanes design'd.

BUT if the *Fates* will lead my Clue no more,
And my unhappy Share of Years are o'er;
Upon the Earth, where my cold Ashes lie,
A Stone erect, and write this Elegy;
Here lies TIBULLUS, stop'd by Death, while he
MESSALA follow'd, over Land and Sea.

BUT me, since Love was still my tender Vow,
Venus shall lead to happy Meads below;
There Songs perpetual charm the list'ning Ear,
Whilst all the Feather'd Wand'ers of the Air,
To join the Sound, their warbling Throats prepare.

20 TIBULLUS. Book I.

Cassia from ev'ry Hedge unbidden breaths,
 And to the Gales its fragrant Sweets bequeaths ;
 The bounteous Earth its purple Product yields,
 And od'rous Roses paint the blushing Fields :
 There Trains of blooming Youths, and tender
 (Maids,
 Sport on the Green, and wanton in the Shades ;
 While busie *Love* attends them all the Way,
 Joins in the Conflict, and provokes the Fray :
 There ev'ry one by hasty Death betray'd,
 The faithful Lover, and the constant Maid,
 Above the rest distinguish'd, all repair,
 And bind with Myrtle Wreaths their flowing Hair.

BUT impious Souls shall lie in Night profound,
 Where muddy Waters flow with sullen Sound ;
 Snake-hair'd *Tisiphone* rages about,
 And lashes here, and there, the impious Rout ;
 There *Hydra* horrid, at the Portal waits,
 And barking *Cerberus* guards the brazen Gates :

There

Book I. TIBULLUS. 21

There *Ixion's* whirl'd around th' incessant Wheel,
 For tempting *Juno*, and th' intended Ill :
 There *Tityus* lies over nine Acres spread,
 While his Black Intrails hung'ry Vultures feed :
Tantalus inclos'd with Streams, yet ever dry,
 While from his Lips th' eluding Waters fly ;
 And *Danaus's* Daughter, impious to profane
 Great *Venus* Rites, are doom'd a fruitless Pain,
 To fill with *Lethe's* Streams a Tun in vain :
 There all that wish'd this Journey shall remove,
 And every Violater of my Love.

BUT you continue chaste, let Nurse with Care
 Secure your Modesty and pious Fear ;
 By Lamp-light tell thee Tales, and Fleeces cull,
 Or from the Distaff lead the twisted Wooll ;
 Let her the Servant close to Labour keep,
 Till Nature tir'd, requires Supplies of Sleep.

22 TIBULLUS. Book I.

THEN, if the *Fates* this feeble Life sustain,
 And I am blest to see my Dear again :
 I unexpected come, nor Slave employ
 To speak me near, and moderate your Joy ;
 You'll think my Visit made as from the Skies,
 And I shall see, and Share the dear Surprise ;
 With naked Feet you'll run to meet my Arms,
 Your Hair unbound, in all your native Charms,
 O! may *Aurora* bring this happy Light
 With Rosy Steeds, and make the Morning bright.

TO PRIAPUS.

ELEGY IV.

SO may the Trees extend their spreading Boughs,
 And guard thy Head from Heat and chilly
 Snows ;

As you resolve me, for what Arts acquir'd,

Or for what beauteous Features you're admir'd ?

Thy

Book I. TIBULLUS. 23

Thy snarly Locks are matted to thy Head,
 And o'er thy Face thy shaggy Beard is spread.
 Naked, you stand the Cold of wintry Days,
 And naked, feel the Dog-star's parching Rays.
 Thus I; and thus (to *Bacchus* near ally'd,)
 The God that holds the crooked Scyth reply'd;

FAR from the tender Tribe of Boys remove,
 For they've a thousand ways to kindle Love.
 This, pleases as he strides the manag'd Horse,
 And holds the taughten'd Rein with early Force;
 This, as he swims, delights thy Fancy best,
 Raising the smiling Wave with snowy Breast:
 This, with a comely Look and manly Airs;
 And that with Virgin Modesty ensnares,
 But if at first you find him not inclin'd
 To Love, have Patience, Time will change his
 (Mind,
 Twas Time that first instructed Man to tame
 The Lyon, and the savage Race reclaim;

Time eats the solid Stone where Rain distills,
And ripens Clusters on the sunny Hills.
The Sun, as he approaches or declines,
Wheels round the Year, and shifts the radiant
(Signs.
Nor fear to swear, for *Venus* Perjuries
Throws in the Wind, or scatters o'er the Seas;
Great Thanks to *Jove*, ev'n he the Cheat allows,
Nor once insists on eager Lovers Vows.
Diana by her Arrows lets us swear,
And *Pallas* by the Glories of her Hair.

BUT if you wave your Hopes and use Delays
You're wrong, for happy Youth decays apace,
Alas, how swiftly flies away the Light!
Nor slowly moves the Day, nor wheels the Night!
How quickly fades the Earth as Seasons slide!
Losing its flow'ry Grace, and purple Pride!
How quickly does the tow'ring Poplar shed
The leafy Honours of its beauteous Head!

Book I. TIBULLUS. 25

Un-nerv'd by Age, how slothful lies the Horse
Which flew when Young in the *Olympick* Course!
I've seen the Old desire their youthful Prime,
And wail their foolish Hours, and ill-spent Time.
Ye cruel Gods! the Serpent can renew
His speckled Luster, and his shining Hue;
But Beauty lost, our Art and Pow'r is vain
E'er to renew the precious Prize again.
The only Pow'rs whose Youth can ne'er decay,
Are *Bacchus*, and the God that rules the Day;
Their lasting Beauties Time can ne'er impair,
Nor strip the growing Honours of their Hair.

AND you, whate'er your Fav'rite does, approve,
For Condescension leads the Way to love.
Go with him where he goes, tho' long the Way,
And the fierce Dog-star fires the sultry Day;
Or the gay Rainbow girds the bluish Sky,
And threatens ratling Show'rs of Rain are nigh.

If

26 TIBULLUS. Book I.

If sailing on the Water be his Will,
 Then steer the Wherry with a dextrous Skill;
 Nor think it hard Fatigues and Pains to bear,
 But still be ready with a willing Chear,
 If he'll inclose the Vales for savage Spoils;
 Then on thy Shoulders bear the Netts and Toils;
 If Fencing be the Fav'rite Sport he'll use,
 Take up the Files, and artlessly oppose;
 Seem as intent, yet oft expose your Breast,
 Neglect your Guard, and let him get the best;
 Then he'll be mild, then you a Kiss may seize,
 He'll struggle, but at length comply with ease;
 Reluctant, tho' at first you'll find him grow
 Ev'n fond, when round your Neck his Arms he'll
 (throw,

BUT ah, these Times pernicious Customs use!
 And without Gifts they'll ev'ry one refuse,
 Who'er at first on Presents fix'd his Eye
 Upon his Grave, may weighty Ruins lie.

Let

Book I TIBULLUS 27

Let Learning and the Muses fav'rite Care,
Who Wealth despise, thy fondest Kindness share;
In Verse the purple Lock of *Nisus* shines,
And *Pelops* Iv'ry Shoulder lives in Lines:
Whate'er the Muse recites, white Oaks shall grow
Will last, or Stars shall shine, or Rivers flow,
But who neglects the Muse, and prizes Gain?
May he unite himself to *Cybel's* Train;
And through three hundred scatter'd Cities stray,
Emaſculated in the *Phrygian* Way.
But *Venus* self will guard the Lover's Cares,
And favour soft Complaints and melting Tears.

THESE things *Priapus* said, which I again
To *Titius* sung, but sung them all in Vain;
His Wife forbids to learn ſuch Rules as theſe,
Let him be govern'd by her if he pleaſe.

ME Honour as your Maſter who employ
Your Arts to gain ſome lovely blooming Boy.

Each

28 TIBULLUS. Book I.

Each Man his Praise, let Lovers when despis'd,
Repair to me where they may be advis'd.

The time shall be when I shall teach the Young,
My self grown Old, and all the list'ning throng,
Shall gather *Venus* Precepts from my Tongue.

ALAS how *Marathus* a thousand ways,
Distracts my Soul and kills me with Delays;
No Rules or Precepts serve to gain his Love,
Nor Arts avail, nor any means can move:
Indulge my Love, lest I in time shall grow,
A common Town-talk, and a pointed Show;
Scorn'd and derided by the youthful Train,
For teaching Rules myself must own are vain.

ELEGY V.

TO bear our parting I when angry swore,
But now my boasted Courage is no more;
I'm hurry'd like a Top which Boys for Sport,
Lash on the Pavement of some level Court;
Do

Book I. TIBULLUS. 29

Do rage and tame my Proud licentious Tongue,
And teach me patiently to bear my wrong;
Yet spare I beg you, by thy conscious Bed,
By *Venus* and by our united Head.

I when with Sickness spent, you Fainting lay
Your Beauties to the pale Disease a Prey,
With Pray'rs unwear'd did the Gods appease,
And snatch'd you dying from the dire Disease;
My self with Sulphur purify'd you round,
Whilst the old Woman grov'ling on the Ground
With Incantations the Lustration bound;
Least in your Sleep pernicious Dreams should
(steal,

I made the Off'ring of the salted Meal;
In Linnen veil'd my Head with Fillets bound,
And Garments loosely flowing on the Ground;
In Midnight hours when silence reign'd below,
I made to *Trivia* Three times Thrice my Vow;
All dues I paid, yet now another shares,
The sweet Effects of all my labour'd Pray'rs;

BUT

BUT I, if you recover'd Health again,
Fancy'd this happy Scheme of Life, in vain.
I'll to the Country and my *Delia* there,
Will make my Corn and Garden-Fruits her Care;
Or watch the heap'd up clusters of my Vines
Stand by the Vat and see 'em press the Wines;
Tunn'd up with care the frothy Liquor see,
And save the choicest of the Juice for me;
To count my Sheep she will her time employ,
Or dandle on her Knee the prating Boy;
She'll Offer to the Pow'rs that guard the Fields,
For Vines the Clusters that my Vineyard yields;
For yellow Harvests bearded Sheaves prefer,
And rural Banquets for my fleecy Care;
She shall intirely govern all Affairs,
Whilst I am pleas'd to be excus'd from Cares;
Hither *Messala* will come, whom *Delia* will please,
With Fruits Selected from my choicest Trees;

Use

Book I. TIBULLUS. 31

Use all the sweetest Carriage that she can
To show Respect to the illustrious Man;
Her self, with busie Hands, prepare the Treat,
Proud to attend him while he sits at Meat:

With such Designs I strove my self to please,
And fill'd my Head with fancy'd Joys like these.
But now, no more alas, those Hopes I mind,
Tost by the Air, and scatter'd in the Wind.

OFT have I strove with Wine to drown my
(Cares,
But powerful Grief converts the Juice to Tears:
Oft for another have my Passion nurs'd,
In hopes to drown the Mem'ry of the first;
But when I'd rais'd my Passion to the height,
Just ready to receive the wish'd delight,
Venus straight Images my *Delia's* Charms,
And leaves me languid in the Woman's Arms;
Then springing from the Bed the angry Fair,
Says I'm devoted by some Woman's Pray'r;

And

32 TIBULLUS. Book I.

And so I am, but 'tis by *Delia's* Charms,
Her Neck, her flowing Hair, and winding Arms;
So on rein'd Dolphins thro' the azure Sea,
To mighty *Peleus*, *Thetis* took her way.

BUT that which chiefly moves me to despair,
Is that a wealthy Fool enjoys my Fair:
While some vile Bawd has brought the Plot to
(bear.)

As for the Bawd, may *Carion* fill her Board,
And bloody Morfels baneful Meals afford;
May she with gory Lips attempt the Cup
Of Gall, and quaff the bitter Potion up;
May Ghosts surround her with their hollow cries,
And Owls, and Ravens fright her from the Skies;
May she of ev'ry kind of Food bereft,
Rob Graves, and gnaw the Bones that Wolves
(have left;
May she run Naked, howling up and down,
'And barking Hell-hounds course her through the
(Town;

This

Book I. TIBULLUS. 33

This be her Fate, this may the Gods approve,
For surely there are Pow'rs that favour Love;
And *Venus* will espouse her Vot'ry's Cause,
And rage at the Infringement of her Laws.

BUT you, my Dear, the Bawd's Directions hate;
Take care of Gold, 'tis a persuasive Bait.
Let the poor Lover be thy near Ally'd,
Still at thy Hand, and faithful to thy Side;
He'll close your Arm, his cautious Hand display,
And lead you safely through the crouded Way:
Wou'd you another Man's Embraces meet,
He'll bear it, nay untie your sandal'd Feet.

Alas, in vain I sing, my Words are vain,
Nothing will force the Door but pow'ful Gain.

BUT you who now possess the treach'rous Fair,
Suspect your Footing, and by me beware:
For light fantastick *Fortune* never still,
Nor constant, swiftly drives the rolling Wheel.

D

Ev'n

34 TIBULLUS. Book I.

Ev'n at this time that busie Fellow waits
 With some Design, and lurks before the Gates;
 Now this, now that way casts his watchful Eyes,
 And if discover'd, in Confusion flies,
 And feigns to pass the Door in wond'rous Haste,
 And hurries back again as soon as past;
 Impatiently expects the close Amour,
 And hem's to give the Signal at the Door,
 I know not what to think of these Affairs,
 But sure inventive Love some Plot prepares;
 Endeavour to secure the Time you have,
 Your Pinnace floats on an uncertain Wave.

ELEGY VI.

O Love! When e'er you meditate your Wiles
 To draw me in, you show attractive
 (Smiles;
 But when intangl'd in the dang'rous Snare,
 Frowns cloud your Brow, and I'm no more your
 (Care.
 Why

Book I. TIBULLUS. 35

Why all this Rage to me! What Glory can
Arise to Gods who frame Deceits for Man?
For me the Traps and artful Snares are laid,
I know not who, ev'n now, in blissful Bed
Enjoys my treach'rous *Delia* with Delight,
And fills with stolen Joys the silent Night;
'Tis true, she Ign'rance pleads in those Affairs,
But who can credit her ev'n when she swears?
By the same Rule, she all my Plots denies,
And bears her cred'lous Husband down with Lyces.

WRETCH that I was! I taught her to betray
Her Guardian's Trust, and first propos'd the Way.
Experienc'd now, she tries those subtle Wiles,
And me (by my own Art oppos'd) beguiles.
By me a thousand Reasons feign'd were shown,
To shun her watchful Spies, and lie alone.
Then taught to clear the Way to silent Joys,
And turn the Hinge without a jarring Noise.

Next, Preparations I of Herbs convey'd,
To heal the livid Marks the eager Tooth had made.

BUT you poor cred'lous Husband of the Fair,
Me too confine, and she shall be my Care;
Lest she in praising Sparks be too profuse,
Or lie with Bosom bare, or Garments loose :
Or with her Finger-talk her Plots disguise,
Or cheat thee with the silent Speech of Eyes ;
Or on the Table with the scatter'd Wine,
In liquid Notes convey the close Design :
Suspect her ev'ry time she Visits pays,
Take no Excuses whatsoe'er she says;
Although she goes to the *Good-Goddes's* Fane,
And Myst'ries sacred unreveal'd to Men.
But if you'll credit me, through ev'ry Street,
Nay to the very Shrine I'll track her Feet :
Fearless I'll watch her at the Mysteries,
Nor fear a Curse on my forbidden Eyes.

How

Book I. TIBULLUS. 37

How oft would I desire her Rings to view,
And prais'd the Diamond's Cast, and Ruby's Hue;
And gaily trifling with her Fingers stand,
Intent on nothing but to squeeze her Hand.
Oft under Friendship veiling my Design,
I've dos'd you with repeated Cups of Wine;
Shifted my Glass, and watch'd your sleepy Hour,
Made wakeful by the sober Water's Pow'r,

I would not vex you, pardon what is said,
'Twas Love, and *Love* you know will be obey'd.
I'm he at whom the Dog before your Gate
Has bark'd all Night, 'tis true what I relate.
What serves it you to have a Wife so fair,
If ign'rant to secure your precious Ware:
For while she has those Tricks her Ends to gain,
Your Locks and Keys, and all your Bars are vain,
When she embraces you with circling Charms,
Her Thoughts are rambling on some others Arms;

38 TIBULLUS. Book I.

For him she sighs, then studies some Disease,
Her Head's disorder'd, and she's ill at Ease.

BUT trust your Charge with me, I'll not dis-
(dain

The servile Whip, but wear the willing Chain.
Stand clear then all ye Fops that court the Fair
By means of artful Dress, and powder'd Hair;
Or the loose airy Spark, whose Plaights let down,
The dusty Pavement sweeps with flowing Gown:
Nay should we meet a Stranger as we go,
Who does, nor Plots, nor Assignations know:
I'd call aloud, and by Prevention say,
Stand further off, or go some other Way:
'Tis fierce *Bellona's* Will her furious Priest,
With Voice Divine, the firm Command confess;
She by the Goddess mov'd with Madness glows,
Nor flaming Firebrands fears, nor tort'ring Blows:
Launcing her Arms, inspir'd with Heat divine,
Unhurt she stains with Blood the Goddess' Shrine:

Dread-

Dreadful with Knives infixt she stands confest,
 And bares her gory Side and bloody Breast ;
 And by the Goddess fir'd with holy Rage,
 Thus speaks the fix'd Event and sure Persege :
 " Fear to offend the Fair whom *Love* defends,
 " Lest Vengeance due such rash Designs attends.
 " If any one attempts to urge his Way,
 " Thus, thus, *She cries*, may all his Wealth decay :
 " As from this Wound you see the flowing Gore,
 " And as these thrown-up Ashes are no more.

AND her prophetick Rage has threaten'd you
 With speedy Ill, if you this Course pursue ;
 But should you, rather than I wish the Pain
 She threatens, may her Oracles be vain :
 Not for your sake, but Nurses rev'rend Age,
 The good old Woman charms my hasty Rage.
 When I reflect how often by her Aid
 You've been to me at Mid-night Hours convey'd :

She join'd our Hands, trembling with Age and
(Fright,

Afflicted by the Silence of the Night :

Oft when the Ev'ning came, before the Gate,

Fix'd to expect my coming, us'd to wait ;

Turning to every Noise with list'ning Ear,

And knew me by my Footsteps from afar.

Long may'st thou live old Woman, and to thine,

If I had Pow'r, I'd add some Years of mine.

Thou, whilst I breath, shalt be esteem'd by me,

As shall my *Delia* for the sake of thee ;

Although she oft attempts a base Design,

I still forgive, and love, because she's thine.

Only instill chaste Rules with constant Care,

Chast, tho' no Fillets bind her lovely Hair,

Nor Virgin Stola decorates the Fair.

AND me confine to Laws and Rules severe,

'And may my Eyes be fix'd on none but Her ;

And

Book I. TIBULLUS. 41

And if suspected to offend the Fair,
May I be dragg'd o'er Mountains by my Hair,
I would not strike you, but if Rage commands,
I may, some time or other, curse my Hands :
Rather continue chaste through Love than Fear,
And in your Faith, though absent, persevere.

FOR the designing faithless Jilt shall be
Reduc'd to wrinkled Age and Poverty ;
Constrain'd by mean Employ to gain her Bread,
To spin and draw with Palsy Hand the Thread :
Hir'd to attend the Labours of the Loom,
Or else to Card the Wooll shall be her Doom.
The gay insulting Youth shall come to view
The Wretch, and cry, she meets a Vengeance due.
Venus shall see the Object from the Skies,
While Floods of Tears o'erflow her fading Eyes ;
Raise the Remembrance of her former Ill,
And show the Plagues perfidious Lovers feel.

These

42 TIBULLUS. Book I.

These Things let others suffer who deserve,
 Let us a mutual changeless Faith preserve;
 While we, my *Delia*, both grown Gray shall prove
 A noted Patron of un-alter'd Love.

ELEGY VII.

THE *Sister-Fates* on this auspicious Day,
 Who rule with uncontroll'd extensive
 (Sway,
 In Songs prophetick, future Acts divine,
 And Singing, drew thy Length of vital Twine.

THEY sang the Day with future Glories fill'd,
 Of *Gallick* Conquests, and a vanquish'd Field,
 Where flowing *Atur* wanders through the Lands,
 And Flies affrighted at the hostile Bands :
 This destin'd Day for Triumphs that should come,
 When (fir'd with Martial Sights) the Youth of
 (*Rome*,

Should

Book I. TIBULLUS. 43

Should see the Chiefs of conquer'd Armies led
 With fetter'd Arms, and with dejected Head;
 And thee, *Messala*, bearing through the Show,
 Fresh Victor Lawrels on thy conqu'ring Brow;
 High on an Iv'ry Chariot, awful Sight,
 And drawn by pamper'd Horses, snowy White.

My Name shall in those Honours bear a Share,
 Witness *Tarballa* and the Gallick War:
 Witness the Land where *Arar's* Current goes,
 Where the swift *Rhone* and great *Garumna* flows;
 Where *Liger* wanders, o'er *Carnatus* bounds,
 And leads his fair Blue Waters through the Grounds.

THE Time shall be, when for *Isauria* won,
 Thou *Cydus*, thou shalt grace my flowing Song;
 Whose easie Waves, in silent Currents stray,
 And through the Meadows eat their easie Way.
 How *Taurus* in the Clouds his Forehead hides,
 And how *Cilicians* Till his shaggy Sides.

OR

44 TIBULLUS. Book I.

OR shall I sing, how safely through the Skies
The sacred Dove through *Palestina* flies :
Or how the *Tyrian* first disclos'd the Way,
In Ships, to view from sailing Tow'rs the Sea :
Or how when *Syrus* chaps the scorching Grounds,
The fertile *Nile* in Summer Flouds abounds.

OLD Father *Nile*, say whether shall I lead
Thy Course, or where disclose thy hidden Head :
By thee refresh'd, thy Land no Rain requires,
Nor fading Grass descending *Jove* desires.
The barb'rous Youth their *Apis* taught to moan,
Shall honour thee, and their *Osiris* own.

OSIRIS first to frame the Culture found,
And first with Vexing Steel, disturb'd the Ground.
First in th' unpractis'd Earth the Seed he threw,
And first from Trees unknown ripe Apples drew :

First

Book I. TIBULLUS. 45

First propt the flexile Branches of the Vine,
And taught the clasping Tendrills where to twine;
To prune the shooting Trees with timely Care,
And stop the wild Lxuriance of the Year.
He to express the Wine first taught the Use,
And make the Vat o'erflow with gen'rous Juice.
He taught the Limbs (unpractis'd) to advance
In changing Order, and the figur'd Dance.

BACCHUS to Country Swains oppress'd with
(Cares,
Gives Courage and dissolves th' invading Fears.
Bacchus gives Respite to the Wretch's Pains,
Although with Fetters gall'd and ratling Chains.
You neither Cares nor Grief, but Mirth approve;
The Song, the sprightly Dance, and laughing *Love*:
The flow'ry Chaplet, and the Ivy Crown,
And Saffron Mantle loosely flowing down.
The Purple Vest, the Flute's melodious Sound,
And Mystic Rites in sacred Silence bound.

COME,

COME, to the *Genius* of this happy Day,
 Frequent the Games we to his Honour pay ;
 And sportive Rites; you in the Dances join.
 And load thy Rosy Check with Purple Wine.
 The *Genius*' lovely Locks with Ointment fill,
 Diffusing Odours as the Drops distill ;
 Soft flow'ry Bandage weave, and gaily deck
 With blooming Flow'rs, his Temples and his Neck.

So may'st thou join us on this happy Day,
 As I intend in spicy Fumes to pay,
 The grateful Rites I owe, and Off'rings pour
 Of luscious Honey, thy invented Store.

On you, *Messala*, may the Gods bestow
 A Son, whose Actions may his Father show,
 Bright'ning the Honours of thy ancient Brow.
 The publick way shall speak thy great Designs,
 Which *Tusculum* to white-wall'd *Alba* joins :

For

Book I. TIBULLUS. 47

For by thy lib'ral Charge the Track of Ground
Is pav'd with level Stones, in Terras bound.
Thou shalt receive the Blessings of the Clown,
When he with easie Footsteps leaves the Town.

BUT thou! Auspicious Day design'd to be,
Thou' many changing Years observ'd by me :
May Glories add to each revolving Day,
And ev'ry Morn a brighter Light display.

ELEGY VIII.

FROM my quick Sight the Lover strives in
(vain
To hide his Passion, and conceal his Pain.
I know when Eyes the secret Thoughts convey,
And what soft whispering Things fond Lovers say.
Not in the secret Fates those Rules I spy,
Nor in the Southsay's Art nor Augury ;
But bound by *Venus* in a Magick Noose,
She all those Arts imprest with cruel Blows.

CEASE

48 TIBULLUS. Book I.

CEASE to dissemble! *Love's* a God severe
 To those who shun his Laws through Shame or
 (Fear.
 What now avails to dress with artful Care,
 To force in waving Curls thy silken Hair,
 And place the flowing Ringlets here and there. }
 To pare your Nails, or with Cosmeticks place
 And fix an artful Blush upon your Face.
 In vain your Cloaths are chang'd to please her
 (Mind,
 In vain your Feet in pinching Shoes confin'd :
 The Arts of Dress are vain Efforts to move,
 'Tis vain to think that those can kindle Love.
 You find your Mistress fires you, tho' her Face
 Nor Fucus Stains, tho' careless be her Grace.

HAS any Beldam, with her Magick Powers,
 Devoted thee with Herbs in Mid-night Hours.
 Charms can remove the Harvest as it stands,
 And bear large Crops of Corn to neighb'ring Lands :
 Charms

Charms stop the Serpent as he bounds along,
 Confine his Rage, and quell his hissing Tongue :
 Charms oft attempt to force the lab'ring Moon,
 And from her silent Orb would bring her down,
 Did not assisting Cymbals interpose,
 And Brass kept tink'ling with repeated Blows.
 But why must Songs or Herbs perform the Ill ?
 Beauty, alas, requires no Magick Skill :
 Itself can boast the more prevailing Charms,
 Of close Embracings in the folding Arms ;
 Of tender, melting, stifling Kisses fixt,
 And winding Limbs in wanton Curlings mixt.

NOR you, the am'rous Boy unkindly use,
 For angry *Venus* haughty Scorn pursues :
 Nor ask a Price ; let ancient Leachers pay,
 To thaw their Ice, and actuate their Clay :
 More dear than Gold's the Boy with blooming Face
 Ere the rough Beard disturbs the soft Embrace ;

50 TIBULLUS. Book I.

Thy snowy Arms around his Shoulders throw,
 And view with Scorn the Riches Kings can show.
 But *Venus* will her subtile Arts employ,
 To bring you slyly to the am'rous Boy ;
 Whilst tim'rous he, she works the close Design,
 In close Embrace your lovely Breasts to join,
 To breathless Lovers gives the struggling Kiss,
 And marks the Neck in Extasies of Bliss.
 Nor Gems can please, nor shining Pearls delight
 The Maid who sighs away the Winter's Night ;
 Who long desires the Question ask'd, in vain,
 Laugh'd at and slighted by the am'rous Train.

Too late we wish for Love, too late require
 Our early Spring of Life and young Desire :
 When all-deforming Age begins to spread
 His snowy Curls upon the hoary Head :
 Then all our Study tends to mend the Dress,
 And give the Air a youthful Carelessness.

Then

Book I. TIBULLUS 51

Then to disguise the Hair begins the Use,
 With the brown Tincture of the Walnut's Juice;
 To strip the grey Discoverers from their Place,
 And new repair the Ruins of the Face,

BUT you, while Youth enjoys its happiest Time,
 When Thoughts are gay, and Pleasures in their
 (Prime:

Improve the Hours of every happy Day,
 For nimble Time walks unobserv'd away,
 Nor with Unkindness *Marathus* destroy.
 What Glory rises from a conquer'd Boy?
 Rather your haughty Cruelty dispence,
 To feeble Lust, and aged Impotence.
 Indulge the tender Youth, his Beauties fade
 Neither by Sicknes, nor by Time decay'd;
 But *Love* has ting'd him with a yellow Hue,
 His wan Complexion comes by loving you.

52 TIBULLUS. Book I.

UNHAPPY Wretch! How often when alone,
Unheard, has he repeated all his Moan?
While from his Bosom flew repeated Sighs,
And Floods of Tears descended from his Eyes.
Do you despise me then? oft wou'd he say,
To cheat your Guards you'll find an easie Way:
Inventive *Love* assists Designs like these,
And works th' impatient Loyer's Plot with Ease.
I know the secret Way to gain the Bliss,
The glowing Whisper, and the silent Kiss;
To steal at Night to the expecting Fair,
And cautious turn the Hinge without a Jarr.
But what avail those Arts if she disdains
Her wretched Lover, and reviles his Pains?
Or if a Promise I by Chance attain,
Treach'rous she makes me wait all Night in Pains,
While I, impatient, listen all around,
And think I hear her Feet in every Sound.

FOND

FOND Youth desist to weep, she heedless hears,
And thy red Eyes are swell'd with frequent Tears.

Pholoe (trust me) Heaven abhors Disdain,
And all your Pray'rs and Incense giv'n are vain.
This *Marathus* once mock'd at Misery,
Unthinking that a vengeful Pow'r was nigh:
With laughing Scorn derided Lover's Tears,
And rackt them in Suspence 'twixt Hopes and
(Fears;
But now he trembles at the Name of Hate,
And changes at the fast'ning of a Gate.
And you an equal Punishment will find,
Unless you shift your Scorn, and change your Mind;
When you with fruitless Pray'rs shall ask in vain,
The Youth to love, and wish the Day again.

ELEGY IX.

WHY if design'd by treach'rous Arts to
(prove

A Violater of our hapless Love,

Did you such solemn Protestations make,

And Vows, which you in Secret meant to break ?

Ah, wretch ! tho' first you veil a close Deceit,

A late Revenge succeeds with silent Feet.

Pardon ye Pow'rs, can it to you belong

To be profan'd, yet bear th' unpunish'd Wrong ?

I N Hopes of Gain they Oken reconcile,

Experienc'd to the Plow, and urge the Toil ;

In Hopes of Wealth the Sailor tempts the Main,

Invoking favouring Winds, and all for Gain :

Dares the precarious Sea devoid of Fears,

Guiding th' unstable Bark by well-known Stars :

And 'tis for Gifts my faithless Boy betrays ;

Ye Gods disperse those Gifts to Flames and Seas.

Severely

Book I. TIBULLUS. 55

Severely shall you pay this Breach of Trust,
With your admir'd Beanties soil'd in Dust;
All ruffled by th' insulting wind your Hair
Your Visage Sun-burnt by the scorching Air:
Your lively Graces all on the Decay,
Fatigu'd and tir'd in the laborious Way.

How oft have I advis'd you, but in vain!
Not to pollute that Form for sordid Gain.
Oft have I said that shining Gold conceals,
Beneath its tempting Luster many Ills.
If Wealth by pow'rful Skill the Youth can move
To break his Vows, and violate his Love,
He'll find, too surely find in little time,
Venus averse, and angry at his Crime.
First, e're I'll be from Honour's Paths miss'd,
May Flames devour this devoted Head;
The Sword its Blade within my Bosom hide,
And tort'ring Scourges tear my wounded Side.

56 TIBULLUS Book I.

Nor hope, unseen, to break your Word with ease,
 The God forbids concealing Crimes like these,
 You'll find the Man where you your Soul enlarge,
 Well warm'd with Cups, divulge the secret Charge:
 The God will raise his Voice in Sleep oppress'd,
 And force th' unguarded Secrets from his Breast.
 All this I said, now glowing Blushes rise,
 When I reflect how with o'erflowing Eyes,
 How mean, how suppliant, how much like a Slave,
 With low Submission, I those Cautions gave.
 'Twas then you swore your Faith should ne'er be
 (fold,
 For costly Gems, nor wealthy Heaps of Gold:
 Not for the Price of rich *Campania's* Field,
 Nor all the fair *Falerian* Vineyards yield.
 Too cred'lous I by Vows like these deceiv'd,
 Had any thing, tho' ne'er so wrong, believ'd;
 Tho' you had swore, no Stars illum'd the Sky,
 Or that 'twas safe to walk a-cross the Sea.

You

You wept, and I unpractis'd to betray,
 Wip'd your wet Cheeks, and dry'd the Tears away.
 What could this Treachery in your Bosom move,
 Unless the Girl had link'd you to her Love?
 Ah! may she, taught by you, unconstant prove.
 Least any should o'er hear the Words we said,
 My self by Night have light you to the Maid.
 Oft through my Means you've seen the admir'd Fair,
 When little you expected her so near;
 Who with a seeming coy affected Mein,
 Conceal'd her self, yet wish'd she might be seen.
 Wretch that I am! then was I first undone,
 Thinking fond Fool, your Love was mine alone,
 For else I could your close Intrigues espy,
 And watch your Actions with a nearer Eye.
 Then in my stupid Lines I sang your Praise,
 Now at my Folly blush, and curse my Lays.
 May *Vulcane* to his Flames the Lines convey,
 And Waters wash the hated Words away.

HENCE

HENCE ye detested mercenary Train,
Who sell inestimable Love for Gain.

BUT you, who all your tempting Wealth employ,
And strive with Presents to seduce the Boy :
May your lascivious Wife elude your Care,
And bring repeated Plots of Lust to bear ;
When tir'd with all the Stallions of the Town,
To hide it, Anger feign, and lie alone.
Around your Bed may Strangers Footings be,
And may your House to ev'ry Rake be free.

AND for thy drunken Sister, may the Crowd
In railing Arguments dispute aloud ;
Whether she quaffs more Bowls of Liquor down,
Or lies with more rank Bullies of the Town :
Although 'tis said she'll revel all the Night,
Till *Phosphor's* Orb provokes the Morning's Light.

To

Book I. TIBULLUS. 59

To this alone does all her Fancy tend,
She knows no other way the Night to spend :
But your experienc'd Wife with Cunning steals
Her lustful Hours, and dark Designs conceals ;
While you unthinking Fool can never grieve,
When she *Love's* Rites performs with Carelessness.
Can you suppose for you she decks her Head ?
Or that for you the shining Locks are spread ?
Is it alone to you she has Respect
When dress'd in Scarlet, and with Bracelets deck'd ?
Not for your sake those dressing Arts she tries,
But to oblige some other Fav'rite's Eyes ;
To whom she prostitutes your injur'd Fame,
Her self, your House, and all that you can name ;
Nor does she practise this for Letchery,
But from a strong Aversion toward thee ;
She shuns thy Limbs with swelling Gout unsound,
With Ointments stinking, and in Swathings bound,
She flies the Touch of thy decaying Face,
And all the Terrors of thy foul Embrace.

Yet

Yet vile however, my Boy does this approve,
And I believe can savage Monsters love.

DURST you on others all my Love confer?
Durst you to others all my Kisses bear?
Then how you'll weep when you another see
Reign o'er that Bosom once possess'd by thee:
Then I shall please my self at thy unrest,
And on a Golden Shield these Lines imprint;
Shall hang an Off'ring in the publick View,
To well-deserving *Venus* justly due.

*TIBULLUS from the treach'rous Boy set free,
Suspends this votive Tablet unto thee,
And begs, O Goddess! your indulgent Care,
And that you'll be propitious to his Pray'r.*



ELEGY

ELEGY X.

WH O was it first began the dang'rous Trade,
 To work the Sword, and whet the shin-
 (ing Blade?
 How savage must he be to learn such Ill !
 And sure his very Soul it self was Steel.
 Then Wars began, then rose the murd'ring Trade,
 Then for fierce Death a shorter Way was made.
 But he ! unthinking Wretch, no Harm design'd,
 We took the cursed Hint to Ills inclin'd ;
 And what he made to tame the savage Beast,
 We basely turn against each other's Breast.
 This Vice proceeds from greedy Thirst of Gold,
 For Wars and Tumults were unknown of Old,
 When cheerful Draughts were quaff'd from com-
 (mon Wood,
 And Beechen Bowls on homely Tables stood,
 No need was then of Tow'rs their Wealth to keep,
 The Shepherd slept secure amidst his Sheep.

Had

62 TIBULLUS. Book I.

Had I liv'd then, I ne'er had us'd the Dart,
Nor heard the Trumpets sound with trembling
(Heart.

But now I'm forc'd to War, perhaps ev'n now
Some dang'rous Man amongst the num'rous Foe,
The Jav'lin gripes that must my Breast invade,
And in my Bosom hide its pointed Head.

But you paternal *Lares* still be near,
My Infant Years confess your fostering Care,
Nor let your Deities be once asham'd,
Because of Wood and common Timber fram'd;
Mean as you are, my Ancestors thought fit
To place you in their Hall and ancient Seat.
Then better was religious Truth maintain'd,
And Piety a larger Footing gain'd;
When Gods were meanly carv'd from common
(Wood,

And unadorn'd the Temples where they stood;
When clust'ring Grapes, if giv'n, or round their
(Hair

A Wreath of Corn, engag'd their favouring Care :

And

Book I. TIBULLUS. 63

And if the Swain in hopes of being heard,
Himself the humble Rural Gifts prefer'd ;
With him his little Daughter brought from home
The luscious Off'ring of the Honey Comb.
But you kind *Lares*, turn the Dart away,
And from the Herd a Victim Swine I'll pay ;
And I my self will in Proceſſion go,
Rob'd in pure Veſtments to attend the Show ;
And Caniſters entwin'd with Myrtle bear,
And round my Temples Myrtle Foliage wear.
So let me pleaſure you, let others boaſt
Success in Arms, and a defeated Hoſt.
To me may Souldiers talk o'er Cups of Wine,
And on the Table draw the Wars deſign.

WHAT Madneſs is it in diſtracted Broils
To end our happy Days by Martial Toils !
Or gain fierce Death with ſeeking high Renown,
Uncall'd with ſilent Pace he comes too ſoon.

No

64 TIBULLUS, Book I.

No cheerful Corn the Fields below produce,
Nor clustring Vines, nor brisk enlivening Juice :
But daring *Cerberus* with his tripple Roar,
And the old Wherry on the *Stygian* Shore ;
There the pale Crowd to dreary Lakes repair,
With blasted Cheeks, and scorch'd disorder'd Hair.

How much more wise the Man who spends his
(Days
In some still Country Cottage, blest with Ease !
Himself the Sheep, his Son the Lambs attends,
At Home his busie Wife industrious spends
Her Time, to gather Herbs, and Water heat,
To bath his Limbs, and ease his weary Feet.
Such may I be, and when old Age had spread
His snowy Honours on my hoary Head,
May I secure with pleasing View declare
Strange Revolutions in the Times that were.

MEAN

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MEAN while fair Peace secures the quiet Plain.
Fair Peace, in whose auspicious easie Reign,
They first instructed stubborn Steers to bow
Their Necks, to wear the Yoak, and draw the
(Plow,
Peace glads the Vines to yield a large Produce;
And swells the rip'ning Grape with kindly Juice;
That the pleas'd Peasant from paternal Bowl,
May pour large Flouds of Wine to chear his Soul.
Peace plies the Prong, and brights the shining
(Share,
Let eating Rust destroy the Tools of War.
The Farmer warm'd with Wine, when Rites are
(paid
In the thick Grove, and consecrated Shade;
And all the brisk religious Sports are done,
Home in his Cart conveys his Wife and Son:
Then Love his Battles tries, and sportive War,
Then Maids lament for their disorder'd Hair:

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For beat-up Lodgings, and assaulted Doors,
 And gay Distractions of the Mid-night Hours ;
 While from the Eyes the Tears descend a-pace,
 And moist'ning Dew o'erspreads the lovely Face ;
 That ev'n the Victor weeps to see her moan,
 And blames the mad Extravagancies done :
 But wanton Love in little Wrang'lings tries
 Their Rage, and urging Words to both supplies :
 In secret Smiles to think when Anger's o'er,
 They love with greater Ardour than before,
 But sure that Man of Steel or Flint is made,
 Who angry, durst with Blows the Fair invade ;
 And impious Hands in raging Madness stretch,
 May all the Gods confound th'inhuman Wretch :
 Let it suffice him to undress the Fair,
 And eagerly th' opposing Vestments tear ;
 With rising Hand the ruffled Tresses spread,
 And discompose the Dressings of the Head.

But

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But he, whose Hands with Cruelty are fill'd,
Let him the Jav'lin gripe, and heave the Shield ;
And far from *Venus*' softer Rites remove,
And all the moving Tenderneſs of Love,

BUT you kind foſt'ring Peace attend, and bear
In thy fair Hand the Harveſt' weighty Ear :
And from thy Lap with lavish Plenty pour
Ripe Apples, and the Garden's bounteous Store,



L. BARNARD.

G. P. S. G. S. S.

Book I. Tirulus. 67

But he, whose hands with Crows are fill'd,
Feels him the javelin give, and hurls the shield;
And far from hence, before him move,
And all the moving Terrors of Love.

But you kind feeding Peace attend, and bear
In the hand the harvest waiting ear:
And from the top with hoary beard
Rise a father, and the Cyprian's bounden lord.



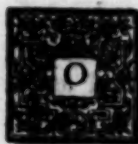


NOTES

ON THE

FIRST BOOK.

ELEGY I.



OUR Poet being at his pleasant Seat in *Pedana*, not far from *Rome*, in this Elegy describes the Pleasures of his Obscurity, the Religion and Innocence of the Country; and prefers a safe and undisturb'd Retirement, with the Enjoyment of his Mistress, to the precarious Chance of publick Business, and the dangerous Pursuits of Wealth.

While constant Fires supply the cheerful Seat.]
This was reckon'd no small Pleasure by the An-

cients, insomuch, that *Martial* makes it one of the Blessings to be requir'd in a happy Life,

Non ingratus ager, focus perennis.

A grateful Field and a continual Fire.

Statius speaking of our Poet, calls him, *Dives foco lucente*, and *Virgil*, *Ecl.* 7. where one Shepherd praises the Springs, the soft Grass and Bushes, the other in his Answer, dwells with no less Pleasure upon the Description of a good Fire, *hic focus*, &c.

For I revere,] The Reason he gives for the Assurance he had of a plenteous Return, is taken from the pious Care he first took to engage the Gods; so necessary a means of Success, thought by the very Heathens, that *Virgil* in his *Georgicks* gives it as his first Advice to the Husbandman, *Imprimis venerare deos*.

—— the Guardian Pow'rs that bound.

Numa to prevent litigious Disputes among the Romans, us'd the same Religious Method as in other Laws; obliging them to circumscribe their Lands; and at the extream Bounds, to place Stones, or Trunks of Trees, for Land-marks; which were consecrated *Jovi Terminali*: These Land-marks had Divine Honours paid them, being anointed with Oil, and Crown'd with Flowers: It was Death by the Roman Law to remove them. *Vide Rosin. Antiq. Rom.*

And

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*And the first Fruit that mellow's on my Boughs,
The Rural God receives—*

Vertumnus, to whom the *Romans* offer'd part of their First-Fruits, giving him the same Honours with *Pomona*, who always receiv'd them according to *Ovid Met. L. 14.*

*To thee bright Ceres of our Harvest-Store,
Be Wreaths suspended round thy Temple Door.*

Ceres was the first Inventress of Agriculture: See *Ovid Met. L. 6.* to her therefore they offer'd part of the Harvest. They crown'd with Corn several other Deities: See *last El. of this Book*; but our Poet here only intimates the hanging Garlands of ripe Corn, to distinguish the Rural Temple; as *Propert. L. 3. El. 15.* speaking of *Bacchus*.

*Ante fores Templi crater antistitis auro,
Libatum fundens in tua sacra merum.*

A Golden Goblet whence the Priest shall pour }
Of Wine libations thy admir'd Store, }
Shall stand conspicuous at thy Temple Door. }

And that of *Mars* says *Ovid L. 5. Fastor* was distinguish'd by the Variety of Arms and Trophies, *Vid. Broukbus.*

Ruddy Priapus is my Orchard Guard.] The Son of *Bacchus* and *Venus*, God of the Gardens. *Virg. Ecl. 7.*

*Simum lactis & hæc te liba Priape quotannis
Expectare sat est, custos es pauperis horti.*

This Bowl of Milk, these Cakes, our Country
(Fare, }

For thee, *Priapus*, Yearly we prepare,

Because a little Garden is thy Care.

Mr. DRYDEN.

In which his Statue was plac'd with a Sickle in his
Hand; which being put in Motion by the Wind,
with its Noise, affrighted the Birds and Thieves.

Nam fures dextra cæcet. Hor.

And you kind Lares.] They were Pow'rs pre-
siding over Families and Houses, some over Cities
and High-ways, thence call'd *Compitales*; others
there were entrusted with the Care of Farms and
Fields, which are those here mentioned: The Of-
fering made to them is here a Lamb; besides
which were offer'd, sometimes Frankinsence, the
salted Cake, yearly Fruits, a Heifer, a Lamb and
a Swine: Thus *Hor. L. 3. Od. 23.*

*Cælo supinas si tuleris manus
Nascente luna, rustica Phidile,
Si ture placaris, & horna
Frugæ Lares, avidaque porca, &c.*

If Country *Phidile*, you raise

At each new Moon a pious Pray'r,

And Strive by such religious Ways

T' engage the Guardian *Lares'* Care.

If

If Frankinfence or Garden Fruits you bring,
Or make a greedy Swine the Offering, &c.

*Here I Lustrations annually prepare
To purge my Swain, and ask kind Pales' Care.*
The Feasts of *Pales*, call'd *Palilia*, or *Parilia*,
were celebrated 21st of *April*, on which Day the
City of *Rome* was built; *vide* Propert. L. 4.
El. 4.

*Urbi festus erat, dixere Palilia patres :
Hic primus cœpit mœnibus esse dies.*

The Celebration of these Feasts is describ'd by
Ovid. Fast.

Hither ye Gods, nor scorn our humble Board.]
Meaning the *Lares* who receiv'd Offerings from
the Table.

Nor Off'rings mean which earthen Plates afford.]
Suitable to the Primitive Simplicity of the *Romans*,
when their Vessels were either of Wood or Earth,
Ovid. Fast. L. 5.

Terra rubens crater, pocula fagus erat.

The Bowl of Earth, of Beech the Cup was made.

Cicero Paradox 1. c. 3. takes Notice of *Numa's*
using the same in his Sacrifices, as does *Juv.*
Sat. 6.

Messala, War is yours.] Messala Corvinus, of
whom we have spoken in the Life, was at the
Time

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Time of writing this Elegy on his Expedition in *Cilicia*. *Cilicia* was a Part of the *Lesser Asia*, now, call'd *Caramania*.

*I wear the Chain and scorning Glory wait,
The constant Porter at my Mistress' Gate.*

The Poet here not only means the Chain of Love, but alludes to the *Roman* Custom of chaining their Porters to their Gates: See Elegy 6, of this Book; and *Ovid Am. L. 1. El. 6.*

*Fanitor indignum dura religate catena,
Difficilem moto cardine pande forem.*

I slight it, Delia.] Under the feign'd Name of *Delia*, as has been observ'd in the Life, is meant *Plania*.

And dying, hold thee with a feeble Hand.]

This Desire of *Tibullus*, *Ovid* in his Elegy upon his Death makes use of in the same Words, but with this difference, *Nemesis* lays claim to that parting Favour, in Opposition to *Delia*.

But moderate your Grief, nor move my Shade.]

It was the Opinion of the Ancients, that excessive Grief upon the Death of Friends disturb'd their *Manes*; from which Thought our Poet takes Occasion to say one of the tenderest Things imaginable.

But now while Fates allow let's join our Love.]

After having mov'd his Mistress's Passions, by these Images, he gaily shifts the Scene to present

sent Pleasures, advises her to join with him in Love that little time they were allow'd to enjoy it, shows her how near Death is, when all will be in Oblivion; and that even before it, Age interrupts Enjoyment, and is an unfit Companion for Love, Grey Hair ill suits soft Tenderneſs; and agreeable to this, is his Deſcription of the Old Lover, at the End of the next Elegy.

Here I'm a Captain and a Soldier too.] Cupid has his Camp as well as *Mars*, ſays *Ovid*, *Am.* which our Author, in the laſt Elegy of this Book, compares together very beautifully: So here, after he has declar'd a ſtrong Averſion to the Fields of *Mars*, he profeſs'd himſelf not only a Soldier, but an experienc'd one too, under the Banners of *Love*.

ELEGY II.

IN this Elegy *TIBULLUS* complains of the ſtrict Eye and Guards plac'd over his Miſtreſs, gives her Directions and Encouragement to out-wit 'em, promiſes her Magick Aſſiſtance, and endeavours to move her more by aſſuring her how much he prefer'd her Love to the Honour of *Meſſala's* Conqueſts, and in a ſeeming Jealouſy, threatens her with the Diſpleaſure of *Venus*, unleſs ſhe perform'd his Requeſt.

Obdurate Gates.] Nothing is more frequent than thoſe Expoſtulations with the Doors of their Miſtreſſes

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Mistresses among the *Roman* Lovers: *Catullus* has a long Dialogue with the Gate of one of his Mistresses: And *Ovid* often uses the like Expressions.

— *My Chaplets hung on high.*] A common Custom to hang Garlands upon the Door-Posts of those they courted: So *Ovid* Met. L. 14

*Sæpe ferenda dedit blandis sua verba tabellis
Interdum madidas lacrymarum rore coronas
Postibus intendit; posuitque in limine duro
Molle latus: tristisque seræ convicia fecit.*

And you, my Delia, strive your Guards to cheat.] That is, those Spies whom your jealous Husband has plac'd over you: The Confinement of the *Roman* Ladies was so strict, that it required all the Resolution of the Woman, and all the Invention of the Man to break through it; and as it was the chief Study of the Lover, we find frequently laid down Directions how to bring it to bear.

*She teaches how, before the Husband's Eyes,
By Signs to talk.]* —

The Courting by Dumb-show, we find no modern Invention, for I doubt not but the *Roman* Women were as expert at it, as those in *Spain* are at this time: *Tibullus* is full of Expressions to this purpose; and *Ovid* has wrote an Elegy to his Mistress, how to manage this Art at Supper, her Husband being present: See *Am.* L. 1. El. 4.

An

An ancient Crone expert in Magick Charms.]
The Assistance of old Women vers'd in Sorcery
was generally made use of in Affairs of this Kind:
Instances are to be met with in almost ev'ry
Poet.

And call the shaddowy Manes from the Tomb.]
Thus *Lucan*, L. 6. in the Story of *Eriethone*:
And of this Opinion was *Saul*, when he desir'd
the old Woman of *Endor* to call up *Samuel*.

To her alone Medea's Herbs are known.]
The Story of the Sorceress *Medea*, almost every
one is acquainted with. The Herbs here men-
tioned, were not only those poisonous Simples,
whereof the exprest Juice was given either
to provoke or dissolve Love: But all the Plants
used in Magick Incantations, as in *Horace*,
where *Canidia* makes use of the *Wild Fig-tree*
pluck'd from Graves and *Cypress-boughs*, to the
Infernal Powers, and those were chang'd as suited
the different Occasion, or the Fancy of the Poet,
as in the *Dispensary* the Ingenious Sir *Samuel*
Garth makes *Horoscope*, in his Magick Rites, offer
to *Disease* such Herbs and Drugs as are most
agreeable to that Fury.

Then Flow'rs in Canisters he hastes to bring
The wither'd Product of a blighted Spring;
With cold *Solanum* from the *Pontick* Shore,
The Roots of *Mandrake* and Black *Elleboe*, &c.

And

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And Hecate's Dogs are tam'd by her alone.]
Here are meant those Dogs which attended *Hecate*,
or *Proserpina*, and mention'd by *Virgil*.

— *Viseque canes ululare per umbram*
Adventante dea.

Spit thrice.] A common Practice among the
Ancients to prevent or enforce Magick, and in
divers other Cases and Affairs, *thrice* a Number
pleasing to the Gods thus, *Virg. in Ciris*.

— *Ter in gremium mecum, inquit, despue, virgo:*
Despue ter, virgo: numero deus impare gaudet.

— *She once affirm'd that She*
With Songs and Herbs could set my Passions free.

Magick Incantations were either us'd to provoke
or dissolve Love. Of the first, see *Theoc. Pharm.*
and *Virgil*, *Ecl. 8.* in both which, the Man-
ner of the Charms are describ'd. So *Dido* in
Virg.

Inveni germana, viam (gratare sorori)
Quæ mihi reddat eum, vel eo me solvat amantem.

Rejoyce she said, instructed from above,
My Lover I shall gain, or lose my Love.

MR. DRYDEN.

These Practises *Ovid* ridicules in his *Rem. am.*
which I shall set down at length, because it
touches

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touches at several of the Powers of Magick mention'd in this Elegy.

*Videret Hemonia si quis mala pabula terra,
Et magicas artes posse juvare putat,
Ista veneficii vetus est via Noster Apollo, &c.*

You'll think when through *Hemonian* Fields you
(rove,

That Magick Arts may yield a Cure for Love.

Old Tales of Witchcraft strange Effects rehearse;

The only Charms I bring is sacred Verse.

By my Advice, no Jargon shall be read,

Nor Midnight Hag, blaspheming, raise the Dead;

No standing Crop to other Fields shall range,

Nor sick Eclipse the Sun's Complexion change;

Old *Tyber* shall his sacred Course retain,

And *Cynthia* unmolested Guide the wain.

No suff'ring Heart to Spells shall be oblig'd,

Nor Love resign, by Sulphur Steams besieg'd.

MR. TATE.

THE Sulphur Steams, last mention'd, is the same Ceremony as that in the following Verse of *Tibullus*; With Torches purge me round. In the Original it is, *Et me lustravit tedis*, i. e. Torches made of Pine-Tree; they were us'd in Lustrations
for

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for Love, and all other Diseases; with Sulphur, and sometimes Bitumen : Vide *Broukhbus*.

Slew a black Victim to the Infernal Pow'rs.]
Turnebus Advers. L. 16. c. 4. explains this Place, to signify by these Pow'rs, *Pluto, Hecate, and Proserpina*; but if we observe the Invocation in *Virgil, Æn.* L. 4.

—— *Crinis effusa sacerdos*
Tercentum tonat ore deos, Erebyunque, chaosque,
Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ.

And the wild Extravagance of *Medea*. *Ovid Met.* L. 7. they include a much larger Number of those Magick Deities: Vid. *Broukhbus*. The Offering to those Powers of Night was a Lamb with a black Fleece.

ELEGY. III.

TIBULLUS attending *Messala* in his Expedition to *Syria*, fell sick upon the Sea, and was oblig'd to be left at *Phæacia*; during which Sickness he wrote this Elegy.

—— *Th' Ægean Sea,*] Part of the *Mediterranean*, near *Greece*, so nam'd from *Ægeis*, a Town in *Eubæa*, according to *Strabo*; 'tis now call'd the *Archipelago*.

Phæcia

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Phæacia me in unknown Lands detains.] An Island in the *Ionian* Sea, so call'd from *Pheax*, a Son of *Neptune*: It was likewise call'd *Coreyra*, now *Corfu*.

Black Death keep off I pray.] This earnest Intercession with Death is express'd with that Horror the *Romans* always had at the Apprehension of dying in strange Countries, or without the Rites of Burial; a Case so miserable, that contrary to the usual Saying of the *Stoicks*, *Cælo tegitur qui non habet urnam*, it was accounted one of the greatest Misfortunes that could befall any one. Thus *Virgil* *Æn.* 6.

Inops, inhumataque turba.

And dead Persons are frequently made with the greatest Earnestness to petition for those Rites.

— *tu mihi terram.*

Injice — *Virg.*

And *Horace* makes it the Request of *Archytas*, after his Shipwrack.

*Quamquam festinas non est mora longa, licebit
Injecto ter pulvere curras.*

Which Request is beautifully paraphras'd by Mr. *Prior*, in his curious Poem on Col. *Villar's* Death.

Cleanse the pale Corps with a religious Hand,
From the polluting Weed and common Sand:

G

Lay

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Lay the dead Heroe graceful in a Grave,
 Till all the Honour he can now receive ;
 And fragrant Mould upon his Body throw,
 And plant the Warrior Laurel o'er his Brow ;
 Light lie the Earth, and flourish Green the Bough. }

A Charity of the first Rate among them, and rewarded with Blessings from the Gods.

To gather up my Dust with pious Care.] The Ashes or Bones of the Deceas'd were gather'd up by the nearest Relation. This Custom was call'd *Offilegium* : See L. 3. E. 2. where it is curiously describ'd.

— *And off'ring rich Perfume,
 With flowing Hair lament before the Tomb.*
 The Romans threw upon the Pile to the Flames, Gums, Essences, and all manner of Perfumes, thus, L. 3. El. 2. This Cicero, de leg. L. 2. C. 24. calls the *Sumptuosa respersio*. To lament and weep at Funerals, as on the one Hand excessive Grief disturb'd the *Manes*, so on the other, a decent Sorrow was thought pleasing to the Dead.

Thrice into Fortune's Chest the Lots she threw.] This way of consulting future Events from Boys call'd *Sortelegi* ; Cicero's Description will sufficiently explain and expose, L. 2. de divin. C. 41. *Quid enim fors est ? Idem propemodum quod micare, quod talos jacere, quod tesseras. Quibus in rebus temeritas*

temeritas & casus non ratio nec consilium valet.
 As afterwards, *Eodemque tempore, in eo loco ubi*
Fortunæ nunc sita ædes, mel ex olea fluxisse di-
cunt: Haruspicesque dixisse, summa nobilitate illas
sortes futuras, eorumque jussu ex illa olea arcam
esse factam; eaque conditas sortes, quæ hodie for-
tunæ monitu tolluntur. Quid igitur in his potest
esse certi, quæ Fortunæ monitu, pueri manu mis-
centur atque ducuntur? Vide Pol. Virg. de invent.
Rer. L. 1. C. 24.

Or else perhaps 'tis Saturn's evil Day.]
Broukhus will have this to signify, that they ob-
 serv'd *Saturn's Day* as the *Jews* did their *Sabbath*,
 and therefore would not travel on that Day: But
 I rather think with *Silvius*, that it was thought a
 Day of ill Luck, from the magignant Influence
 attributed to his Planet, and is number'd here
 with the rest upon that Account.

How often have I stumbled at the Gate.]
 This which *Cicero de divinat. L. 2.* calls *offensio*
Pedis, was always look'd upon as an ill Omen:
 See *Plin. L. 2. C. 7.* and *Ovid*, when he re-
 ceiv'd no favourable Answer of a Letter sent to
 his Mistress, cries out upon the ill Omen of his
 Slave's stumbling at the Threshold as he carried
 it.

What now avails thy Isis' Power to thee.]
Isis, Daughter of *Saturn* and *Rhea*, according to
Diod. Sicul. Rer. Antiq. L. 1. Sister and Wife
 of *Osiris*, taken for *Ceres*: Vid. *Rosin*. She was
 suppos'd to have an immediate Care over Naviga-

tors, insomuch that the *Egyptians* called the largest of their Ships by her Name, and had her Image in their Prows: See *Lucian Navigio, seu votis*. It was, I suppose, upon this account, that *Delia* made Application to her, that *Tibullus's* Voyage might be prosperous: For although *Isis* was the Goddess apply'd to in Sickness likewise, yet this could not be the reason, *Tibullus* falling sick at Sea, and her Prayers put up from the first of his Voyage.

[For jingling Sistrums you unwearied shake.] The *Sistrum* was a kind of musical Instrument used in the Worship of *Isis*; it was a thin narrow Plate, curv'd almost to an Oval, and through it several Wires pass'd which were loose; and being shook made a jingling Noise. *Apul.* describes it, *L. 11. Met.* and says they were either of Brass, Silver or Gold: The Description of it is in *Gruter*, engrav'd upon an Altar of *Isis*, and in *Mr. Misson's Travels*.

[Thy frequent Bathings; and thy lonely Nights.] In the Mysteries of *Isis* it was the Custom for the Votaries to lie alone several Nights successively: This Custom *Propertius* rails at, *L. 2. El. 2, 2.*

Tristia jam redeunt iterum solennia nobis
Cynthia jam noctes est operata decem.
Atque utinam Nilo pereat quæ sacra tepente
Misit matronis Inachis ausonijs.
Quæ dea tam cupidos toties divisit amantes,
Quæcumque illa fuit, semper amara fuit.

And

And now the melancholly Time draws on,
 When *Cynthia* ten long Nights must lie alone;
 And curse on *Isis* who the Rites she claims,
 From sultry *Nile* has spread to *Roman* Dames.
 The Goddess, who for such a tiresome Date,
 Could fond and eager Lovers separate.
 Who e'er she was, although a Deity,
 Yet a most cruel barb'rous Pow'r was she.

[*Suspended Tablets prove thy Pow'r divine.*]
 It was usual, as a Token of their Gratitude,
 after Escape from Shipwrack, or Recovery from
 Sickness, to hang up painted Tablets in the
 Temple of *Isis*, expressing the Manner of the
 Deliverance.

[*And all in Linnen veil'd.*] The Votaries upon
 this Occasion were to pay their Vows veil'd in
 Linnen, and sitting upon the Ground before the
 Doors of the Temple: See *Ovid* Am. L. 1.
 El. 2.

*Nec tu linigeram fieri quid possit ad Isin
 Quæsieris.*

And *Met.* L. 1.

Nunc dea linigera collitur celeberrima turba.

And *Martial* speaking of that Linnen-Stealer
Hermogenes, with a great deal of Mirth, tell us,
 he stole Napkins from the Table where he was

invited, 'till being warn'd they brought none, then he stole a Towel; if that could not be had, he'd plunder the Sheets from the Bed. The Sailors (says he) could not hang their Canvas Sails to dry, but if he came to the Water-side they fir'd them as fast as possible: And if he came to worship at *Isis*' Temple, away ran the Priests and Votaries, least he should filch the Linnen from their Backs.

*Limigero fugiunt calvi sistrataque turba,
Inter adorantes cum stetit Hermogenes.*

If at their Rites *Hermogenes* they 'spy
Mix'd in the Croud, they dread the Filcher nigh,
And thence the Jingling Crew, and Linnen }
(Vot'ries fly.

No Worship among the *Roman* Poets, *Juv.* and others, more ridicul'd than this.

*And sing thy mighty Praises twice a-Day,
With Hair unbound in the Egyptian Way.*

That is, Morning and Evening, customary on those Occasions. The Temple of *Isis* stood in the *Campus Martius* at *Rome*, her Worship the same as in *Egypt*: Hither the Women repair'd, more upon other Accounts than Religion, which made it almost one of the common Brothels of *Rome*: And *Ovid* marks it in his *Art. Am.* for one of the Places where a Man might be supply'd that way; and in another Place proposes it as an Excuse, whereby a Woman might, under the Notion of this Religion, bring about her Intrigues.

How

How blest the Life in Old Saturnian Days.]
The Saturnian, or Golden Age, almost every Poet
has describ'd, and every School-Boy heard of.

Venus shall lead to happy Meads below.]
The following Description of *Elysium* is reckon'd
the finest of that Kind, and one of the greatest
Beauties in our Author.

*And bind with Myrtle Wreaths their flowing
Hair.]* A Plant sacred to *Venus*: 'Tis reported,
that when first she rose from the Sea, she lay con-
ceal'd among some Myrtles, least she should be
seen naked. And *Virgil* places his unhappy
Lovers in Shades of Myrtle. *Æ. L. 6.*

*Hic, quos durus amor crudeli tæbe peredit,
Secreti celant calles, & myrtea circum
Silva tegit.*

Not far from hence the mournful Fields appear,
So call'd from Lovers that inhabit there;
The Souls whom that unhappy Flame invades,
In secret Solitude and Myrtle Shades

Make endless Moan.

MR. DRYDEN.

[*Snake-hair'd Tisiphone.*] One of the Furies, they were suppos'd to have Serpents curling about their Head instead of Hair.

[*There Hydra horrid at the Portal waits,
And barking Cerb'rus guards the brazen Gates.*
Hydra was a Serpent of *Lerna*; said to have fifty Heads, of which if one was cut off two immediately sprung. This Serpent *Virgil* likewise places at the Gates of *Hell*, and *Cerberus* the Fabled Dog with three Heads.

[*There Ixion's whirl'd around th' incessant Wheel.*] He for attempting to lie with *Juno*, was Fabled to be bound on a Wheel in Hell, which perpetually turn'd round: This and that of *Tantalus* are known Stories.

[*And Danaus' Daughters.*] There were Fifty, who in one Night slew their Husbands (one only excepted).

[*But you continue chaste.*] After he had artfully set before his Mistress the Pleasures of *Elisum*, and the Punishments of the Wicked, more particularly the last faithless Crew, he from thence, least she should fall into the same Miseries, cautions her to avoid the like Crimes, Treachery and Infidelity.

ELEGY IV.

SO may the Trees extend their spreading Boughs.]
Priapus, he is call'd here *Bacchi Proles*,
 Son to *Bacchus* and *Venus*: *Vide Notes* on
 El. 1.

Diana by her Arrows lets us swear,
And Pallas by the Glories of her Hair.

The Custom of the Ancients was not only to swear by such particular Deities, but by the Particulars of their Distinctions; as *Juv. Sat. 13. Per calamos venatricis pharetramque puella.*

Which flew when young in the Olympick Course.]
 This Thought seems easily to have fallen in from the former Simile, the Poplar being sacred to *Hercules*; he thence sprung the fresh Simile of the Racer in his Games; *Juvenal* is very pleasant, when he compares a degenerate Person of Quality fallen from the former Honours of his House to one of those founder'd Racers.

Te cruel Gods the Serpent can renew,
His speckled Luster, and his shining Hue.

'Tis reported by Naturalists, that the Serpent or Snake, upon eating a certain Herb call'd *Maratos*, cast their Skin and renew their Age; a Thought like this *Ovid* has in his *Art. Am.*
 L. 3.

Anguibus

*Anguibus exuitur tenui cum pelle vetustas,
Nec faciunt cervos cornua jacta senes.
Nostra sine auxilio fugiunt bona. —*

The Snake his Skin, the Deer his Horns may cast,
And both renew their Youth and Vigour pass'd :
But no Receipt can Humane-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepid Age, without Reprieve.

Mr. CONGREVE.

Are Bacchus and the God that rules the Day.]
Those two Deities were always represented young,
and with long flowing Hair : And when these
Beauties are mention'd in describing any Person,
we find them compar'd to one of these Gods. So
Ovid Met. L. 3. speaking of *Narcissus*.

*Speſtat lumbi poſitus geminum ſua lumina ſidus
Et dignos Baccho, dignos & Apolline crines,
Impubesque genas, & eburnea colla, decusque
Oris, & in niveo miſtum candore ruborem.*

The well-turn'd Neck and Shoulders he deſcries,
The ſpacious Forehead, and the ſpark'ling Eyes ;
The Hands that *Bacchus* might not ſcorn to ſhow,
And Hair that round *Apollo's* Head might flow ;

With

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With all the Purple Youthfulness of Face,
That gently blushes in the wat'ry Glafs.

MR. ADDISON.

*In Verse the Purple Lock of Nifus shines,
And Pelops' Ivory Shoulder lives in Lines.*

He here intimates the prodigious Power of Verse to preserve even such Trifles, these Stories are well known. *Nifus* was King of the *Megarenses*, who among his snowy Locks had one of Purple, the Safety of his Reign: His Daughter *Sylla* falling in Love with *Minos* his Enemy, betray'd her Father by cutting off the Lock. The other is this; when the Gods came down on Earth and visited *Tantalus*, he, to try their Divinities, slew his Son *Pelops*, dress'd him, and set him before them at a Banquet: From eating which the Gods abstain'd, except *Ceres*, who eat part of his right Shoulder; *Jupiter* restor'd him to Life, and supplied the Deficiency with a Shoulder of Ivory: See these Fables *Ovid Met.* L. 8. & L. 6.

Let him unite himself to Cybele's Train.] Cybele, otherwife call'd *Rhea*, *Ops*, *Berecynthia*, Mother of the Gods, &c. had a most surprizing and ridiculous Worship among the *Romans*; her Priests were always *Phrygians* by Birth, and Eunuchs before they were admitted into her Mysteries; they were call'd *Coribantes*, *Galli*, &c. See *Catullus*, Carm. 61. on *Atys*.

In their Processions they danc'd in Armour, Cutting and Lancing themselves, tossing their Heads
in

in a violent Motion, and making a confus'd Noise with *Cymbals, Timbrels* and *Pipes*. This Noise *Virgil* advises should be made to settle Bees. Vide *Geo. L. 4.*

Matris quate cymbala circum.

To Titius sing,] See the Life.

Alas, how Marathus.] Of him likewise, see in the Life.

ELEGY V.

TIBULLUS complains of his Mistress's Treachery in entertaining a Rival, tells her his fond Endeavour for her Health in her late Sickness, and the pleasing Scene of Life he propos'd to himself after her Recovery; curses the Procurer, that for Interest had supplanted him; cautions *Delia* against her Insinuations, and warns the new Favourite, by his Example, to expect the like Deceit.

To bear our Parting, I when angry swore.] Upon a jealous Suspicion, he had made a Breach with his Mistress, who carried it on; but his Rage cooling, he now endeavours to recall his Words, and artfully insinuates to her the former Fondness he has shown, which might induce her to pardon him, and come to a Reconciliation.

I'm

I'm hurried like a Top.] This Comparison of a hurried and confus'd Mind is very beautiful: And *Virgil*, when he describes the Rage of *Amata*; the Queen to *Livinus*, brings in the like Simile. *Æn.* L. 7.

*Ceu quondam torto volitans sub verbere turbo,
Quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum
Intenti ludo exercent: ille actus habena
Curvatis fertur spatiis: stupet inscia supra
Impubesque manus, mirata volubile buxum:
Dant animos plagæ.*

As when young Striplings whip the Top for Sport,
On the smooth Pavement of an empty Court;
The wooden Engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with Clamours of the Beardless rout;
They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little Souls at ev'ry Stroke.

MR. DRYDEN.

In Linnen veil'd, my Head with Fillets bound.] *Turnebus* is of Opinion, that the Original Expression, *velatus filo*, signifies the Head bound with Fillets; others that by it is meant the Linnen Veil us'd in Sacrifices, as those of *Isis*, mention'd *El.* 3. I have taken the Liberty to express both in the Translation, the first being always worn upon

upon those Occasions, as was frequently the latter.
See *Virg. Æ.* 12.

— *Alii fontemque ignemque ferebant
Velati lino, & verbera tempora vincti.*

Others the Fire to load the Altars bring,
Or pure unsully'd Waters from the Spring,
In Linnen veil'd, their Heads with Vervain bound,

And Garments loosely flowing on the Ground.]

Nothing was bound in Sacrifices, says *Broukhous*; neither the Victim nor the Hair, the Vestments nor Feet; to back which Opinion, he brings *Servius'* Notes on *Virgil*, from which Commentator he likewise gives the Reason. Notwithstanding which Opinion, I question whether the Vervain, mention'd in the last Notes, and Fillets, were not binding to the Hair. The Victim likewise wore the *Insula* or *Vitta*; and as to the Feet, we see *Æn. L. 4.* that *Dido* is said to sacrifice with one Foot bare only.

I made to Trivia three times thrice my Vow.]
Diana, who was usually apply'd to in Diseases, and frequently in Love. See *Theoc. Pharm.*

Ofte have I strove with Wine to drown my Cares.]
This is in most of the Editions of *Tibullus* made the beginning of another Elegy, but I think without the least Reason, [*To drown my Cares.*] Suitable to his Request, at the beginning of the second Elegy, where he calls for Wine to quiet his Grief; but

but now declares it ineffectual. Thus Hor. *Nunc vino pellite curas.*

Says I'm devoted.] A Practice not only among the Ancients, but in some Countries us'd even now, to interrupt the Rites of *Venus*, by Spells, &c. vid. *Apul. Celsus lib. de medicamin. herb. c. 7. Scal. Epist. & Ovid, L. 3. Am. E. 7.* where the disappointed Mistress upbraids him in the same manner.

*Aut te trajectis Eae venefica lanis
Devovet : aut alio lassus amore venis.*

*So on rein'd Dolphins through the Azure Sea,
To mighty Peleus, Thetis took her way.
Thetis, Mother of Achilles, by Peleus. Vide
Ovid, Met. L. 11. & Val. Flaccus, L. 1.*

*Hic inspiratos Tyrrhenem tergore piscis
Peleos in thalamos vehetur Thetis : aquora
(delphin.*

Corripit.

*Rob Graves, and gnaw the Bones that Wolves
have left.]* It is doubtful among the Comentators what the Original should be ; some asserting it to be *Escas*, and some, particularly *Scaliger, Herbas*, who adds, that it is expressive of the Height of Misery to feed upon Herbs gather'd from old Monuments. I take it the true Meaning is this ; the *Romans* had private Feasts upon the Death of their Friends, call'd the *Silicernia*, from *Silex & cana*, Suppers upon a Stone ; part of
which

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which they eat, and left the rest upon the Tomb for the Ghosts to feed on : It was common, when they would exprefs the extreme Poverty of any Person, to say, he got his Victuals from the Tomb, says Dr. *Baf. Kennet*, and quotes this Place.

*He'll close your Arm, his cautious Hand display,
And lead you safely through the croud'd Way.*

He artfully endeavours to diswade his Mistress from the Direction of the Bawd, by showing her how dangerous it is to give Ear to her, since Gold is so powerfùl a Bait : That the only Advantage the rich Gallant brings, is his Wealth ; whereas the real Lover, though in meaner Circumstances, brings the more agreeable Qualifications of a sincere Affection, an obliging Assiduity and Attendance ; and even not only an intire Submission to his Mistress in all her Humours, but a ready Compliance and Assistance, to bring them to bear, even in the Case of a Rival. As to the Care and Attendance in the Croud : See a Parallel in *Ovid Am. L. 3. E. 11.*

*Quando ego non fixus lateri spatiantis adhaesi,
Ipse tuus custos, ipse vir, ipse comes ?*



ELEGY

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ELEGY VI.

HE complains of the Deceits of *Love*, and of his Mistress's Treachery; advises her Husband to be more watchful over her, or to intrust him with her; dwells upon the Praise of her Mother or Nurse, charges her to instruct *Delia* in Rules of Constancy, and lays before her the Punishment due to Perfidy and Baseness.

But who can credit her?] How is it reasonable I should believe her, when to my Knowledge she has told the same Lyes to her Husband, to conceal her Intrigues with me, as she now frames to blind me from perceiving her Plots with another? *Ovid* hints at this Incredulity. *Trist.* L. 2.

Credere juranti durum putat esse Tibullus, &c.

*Wretch that I was! I taught her to betray
Her Guardian's Trust. —*

He in the following Lines hints at the Directions given her in *El.* 2. of this Book.

Next Preparations I of Herbs convey'd, &c.] Almost every one that has read the Classics, has met with the Expressions in the following Verse frequently; *Prop.* L. 4. E. 3. & E. 6. *Catullus Carm.* 65. *Hor.* and several other places. *Broukhus* has taken pains to sum up from *Plin.* I think Ten or Eleven *Recipæ's* for this purpose.

H

Or

Or on the Table with the scatter'd Wine.]

A Custom among the *Roman* Lovers to convey their Minds, by spilling Liquor upon the Table, and drawing it into Notes. Thus *Ovid* *Am.* L. 1. El. 4. tells his Mistress at a publick Supper,

*Verba superciliis sine voce loquentia dicam :
Verba leges digitis, verba notata mero.*

By Winks you'll quickly guess at my Design,
You'll read my Fingers, and a Note in Wine.

Although she goes to the Good-Goddess's Fane.]

This Goddess, call'd by the *Romans*, *bona Dea*, had her Rites in such Privacy, that only Women attended, though several times Men in Disguise, committed in her Temple the vilest Adulteries, thus : *Cic.* *Orat. de Harusp. Resp.* *Sacrificium violavit quod sit incredibili ceremonia, sit ei dea, cujus ne nomen quidem viros scire fas est, quam iste (Clodius) Bonam dicit, quod in tanto scelere sibi ignoverit.* And again speaking of him, *Hominemque eum qui pulvinaribus Bonæ Deæ stuprum intulerit, eaque sacra, quæ viri oculis ne imprudentes quidem aspici fas est, non solum aspectu virili, sed flagitio stuproque violavit.*

*What serves it you to have a Wife so fair,
If ignorant to secure your precious Ware.*

He here sums up to the Husband all the Ways he heretofore himself preached to deceive him, that he might be the better prepar'd to prevent any other

other succeeding by the same Means, and endeavours to urge him, by all the Agravaions possible, to be more watchful over her. See *Ovid Am.* L. 2. E. 19.

The dusty Pavement sweeps with flowing Gown.] When that part of the *Roman* Gown which coming under the right Arm was drawn over the left Shoulder, and cover'd the *Umbo*, or *Knot of Plaights*, keeping it together; when that was loose the Gown flow'd about the Wearer's Feet: This was reckon'd a Mark of Effeminacy among the *Romans*, and *Mecenas*, who generally went so, was frequently blam'd upon that account, as was *Jul. Cesar*.

'Tis fierce Bellona's Will.] He here makes use of the Name of *Bellona* by way of Terror; her Priests generally went about the City prophesying, and in a furious manner cutting their Flesh with Knives and Daggers, of which *Lactan.* L. 1. C. 21. *Eandem Bellonam vocant in quibus ipsi sacerdotes non alieno, sed suo cruore sacrificant: sectis namque humeris, & utraque manu, districtos gladios exerentes, currunt efferventur, insaniunt:* Not unlike the Euthusiastick Extravagance of the Priests of *Baal*; 1 Book of *Kings*, 18 C. and they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner, with Knives and Lancers, 'till the Blood gushed out upon them.

Only instill chaste Rules with constant Care,
 Chast, tho' no Fillets bind her Hair,
 Nor Virgin Stola decorates the Fair. }

That is so far chaste, as to admit of but one Favourite besides her Husband. The *Roman* Maids and Matrons were distinguish'd by the Fillets and *Stola* from married Women. So *Ovid* in his *Art. Am. L. i.*

Est procul vitæ tenues, insigne pudoris ;
Quæque tegis medios, instita longa, pedes,
Nos venerem tutam confessaque furta canemus :
Inque meo nullum carmine crimen erit.

ELEGY VII.

IN this Elegy our Poet celebrates the Birth-Day of *Messala*, mentions his several Conquests — in which himself had attended him ; then by a curious Transition, describes the *Nile*, and dwells upon the Praises of *Osiris*, or *Bacchus*.

Where flowing Atur wanders through the Lands.]
 A River in *Aquitain*, now call'd *l'Ador*.

And thee Messala bearing through the Show
Fresh Victor Laurels on thy conqu'ring Brow.
Messala triumph'd for his Conquests in Aquitain.
 AV. DCCXXVI.

Garumna.] Now call'd *Garonne*, a River of *Aquitain*, coming from the *Pyraean* Mountains.
Where

Where Liger wanders o'er Carnutus' Bounds.]
Now call'd the Loire.

The Time shall be when for Isauria won,
Thou Cydnus thou shalt grace my flowing Song.
The *Cydnus* is a small River in *Cilicia*, now *Caramania*, in the Lesser *Asia*, joining to *Isauria*:
The Waters are clear, being undisturb'd with any
other Currents, and were anciently reckon'd of
Effect again the Gout.

How Taurus in the Clouds his Forehead hides,
And how Cilicians Till his shaggy Sides.
The *Taurus*, a vast continu'd Mountain, running
through several Countries, and bounds *Cilicia* on
the North.

The sacred Dove through Palæstina flies.]
Palæstina, a Province of *Syria*, now call'd the
Holy Land; the *Syrians* never eat Doves nor Fish.
Vid. *Hyginus*, Fab. 197.

Or how the Tyrians, &c.] The Invention of
Navigation has been generally attributed to the
Phœnicians. Vid. *Plin.* Epist. L. 5. C. 12.
Tyrus was a City of *Phœnicia*.

The fertile Nile in Summer Flouds abounds.]
There has no Subject caus'd more Disputes among
the Naturalists than that of the over-flowing of
the River *Nile* in *Egypt*: They are too long
to be here recounted, but may be found in *Seneca*
Nat. Quest. Mela, L. 1. C. 9. See Mr. *Sandys'*
Travels.

*The bar'rous Youth, their Apis taught to moan,
Shall honour thee, and their Osiris own.*

Apis, or *Osiris*, or *Nile*, the Ox worship'd by the *Egyptians*, which was suffer'd to live but a certain Number of Years, and then drown'd by the Priests; after which they made Lamentations, and proceeded to find another with the same Marks. Vid. *Macrob.* Sat. L. 1. C. 21. *Sandys Travels, &c.*

Osiris first to frame the Culture found.] *Osiris* is the same with *Bacchus*, according to *Ausonius*.

*Ogygia me Bacchum vocant
Osirim Egyptus putat, &c.*

The Invention of Agriculture is generally ascrib'd to *Ceres*. See *Virgil Georg.* L. 1. *Ovid Met.* L. 5. &c. *Ceres* was the same as *Isis*, the Wife and Sister of *Osiris*, according to *Diod. Sicul.* L. 1. *Rer. Antiq.*

Come to the Genius of this happy Day.] *Rosin* has summ'd several different Descriptions of these Pow'rs. The Genius, that is here mention'd, is the Power which the *Romans* imagin'd took care of a Man from the Hour of his Birth to his Death. They were sometimes represented in the Form of Serpents, sometimes like Boys, or Young Men, and sometimes like Old; they were crown'd with Leaves of the
Plane-

Plane-Tree, and in several Coins of *Trajan* and *Adrian*, a Genius is represented with a *Patera*, or drinking Vessel in his right Hand, stretch'd over an Altar adorn'd with Flow'rs, and in his other, a Whip hanging down. Vid. *Rosm* Ant. L. 2. C. 14. The Offerings made were generally the salted Meal, Swine, Flowers, Wine, and Frankincense: As to the First, Vid. *Calphurn*, Sicul. Ecl. 5. to the 2 and 3 *Hor.* L. 3. Od. 17. and *Perf.* Sat. 6. of Frankincense. See *Tibullus* on the Birth-Day of *Cherintus* in his Fourth Book.

[*Of luscious Honey, thy invented Store.*]
The Sacrifices to several Pow'rs were reckon'd most acceptable, if they offer'd the Fruits or Product of the particular Invention of such Powers. Thus to *Ceres*, Corn, to *Pallas*, Olives; to *Osiris*, or *Bacchus*, Spices, Wine; the *Libamen*, and here Honey; of which he was likewise the Inventor. See *Ovid Fast.* Lib. 3

[*The publick Way shall speak thy great Designs.*]
There is nothing raises a higher Idea among Moderns of the Ancient *Roman* Greatness, than their publick Ways. — As the *Via Appia* reaching 305 Miles; the *Via Flaminia*, and others, describ'd by most Modern Travellers; we may guess at the rest, by what Dr. *Burnet*, the late Bishop of *Salisbury*, has said of the *Via Appia*; which as Dr. *Basil Kennet* has done, I shall quote; he says 'tis twelve Foot broad, made of Blue Stone, generally a Foot and half large on all Sides; and observes, that tho' it has lasted above a thousand and eight Years, yet in most places

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'tis for several Miles as intire as when it was first made. Of this Sort was the Way here mention'd, striking from the *Via Appia*, to the Left, at a small Distance from *Rome*, and so over the *Tusculan* Mountain, went between the Town of *Tusculum*, and the *Albanian* Hills to *Alba Longa*, a City in *Latium*, built by *Ascanius*: This Way was pav'd by *Messala*, and is mention'd by *Martial*. L. 8. Ep. 3.

Et cum rupta situ Messalæ saxa jacebunt.

ELEGY VIII.

IN this Elegy *Tibullus* advises *Pholoe* to be kind to his Friend *Marathus*, who lov'd her, and advises her not to refuse the profer'd Kindness, since Age comes on apace, and that past Youth and Pleasure is not to be retriev'd.

Charms can remove the Harvest as it stands.]
See Notes on El. 2.

Did not assisting Cymbals interpose

And Brass kept tinkling with repeated Blows.

When the Moon was eclips'd the Ancients imagin'd she struggled with the Power of Witchcraft, and therefore made a Noise with beating Vessels of Brass and other Instruments, thinking those Sounds reliev'd her. Alluding to this Custom, *Ovid Metam.* L. 6. speaks of the Blushes of *Hermaphroditus*.

Hic

*Hic color aprica peridentibus arbore pomis,
Aut ebori tincto est, aut sub candore rubenti,
Cum frustra resonant æra auxiliaria, Lunæ.*

A Red like this, the ripening Apple shows,
So with Vermilion dy'd, fair Iv'ry glows ;
Flushes like these do strug'ling *Cynthia* stain,
When aiding Brass, and Cymbals ring in vain.

MR. ADDISON.

And *Juv.* Sat 6. describing a scolding Woman, says, that there was no need of that rat'ling Noise, for her Tongue was enough to ease the Labours of the Moon.

And give the Air a youthful Carelessness.]
Those Arts we see endeavour'd after by every Woman who has out-liv'd her Charms : And *Horace* speaking of his once scornful Mistress, then grown Old, taxes her with the same.

*Audire Lyce, Dij mea vota, Dij
Audire, Lyce sis anus, & tamen
Vis formosa videri, &c.*

Lyce the Gods have bent their Ears,
Lyce the Gods have heard my Pray'r ;
Your Charms are spoil'd by wasting Years,
Yet still you'd have us think you fair, &c.
Wub

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With the brown Tincture of the Walnut Juice.]
The Romans made use of several Herbs and Juices to die their Hair. See *Plin. L. 15. C. 12. Earum, cortice tinguntur lanæ, & ruffatur capillus primum prodeuntibus nucleis. & Ovid Art. Am. L. 3.*

*Femina canitiem Germanis inficit herbis ;
Et melior vero queritur arte color.*

Women, with Juice of Herbs, grey Locks disguise,
And Art gives Colour which with Nature vies.

MR. CONGREVE,

Pholoë trust me.] See *Hor. L. 1. Od. 33.*

This Marathus once mock'd at Misery.] See
El. 4. at the latter End.



ELEGY

ELEGY IX.

NOT for the Price of rich Campania's Field.]
Campania, the most pleasant and fertile Part of *Italy*, where *Pliny* says, *Bacchus* and *Ceres* strove which should outvie each other; it is now call'd *Terra di Lavoro*; the Cities it formerly had, were *Capua*, *Naples*, *Cuma*. *Puteola*, &c.

Nor all the fair Falernian Vineyards yield.]
Falarnus, or as *Stephens* calls it, *Falerinus*, was part of *Campania*, noted for producing the best Wines in *Italy*: It was first call'd so from *Falerinus* a Husbandman, who first cultivated Vines in that Part. These Wines are frequently mention'd by the Poets: *Vid. El. 1. of Book 2.* And *Martial's* Quarrel with the Vintner was for Adulterating those Wines,

Shall hang an Off'ring in the publick View.]
 Of the Customs of hanging up Arms and Tablets among the *Romans*, *Turnebus* makes this Observation, *Qui artem aliquam desinebant, ejus instrumenta diis suspendebant; sacrabant autem iis maxime, qui artes præsides haberentur.* Thus *Hor. L. 1. E. 1.*

— *Vejanus armis*
Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;

Vejanus up to *Hercules* suspends

His Arms, and a small Country Farm attends.

Thus

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Thus *Virgil* to *Pan*.

Hic arguta sacra pendebit fistula pine.

Thus *Hor.* to *Venus*, L. 3. Od. 26,

*Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloria :
Nunc arma, defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit.*

This Custom the late Mr. *Row* has finely hinted at, in his Epilogue upon Mr. *Betterton's* leaving the Stage.

In Peace and Ease, Life's Remnant let him wear,
And hang his Consecrated Buskin * here.

* Pointing to the Top of the Stage.

Tables they likewise hung up for Deliverances, as those in *Isis's* Temple after Shipwrack, or Sickness; and 'tis for recover'd Freedom *Tibullus* offers this.

ELEGY X.

THIS Elegy, in the Opinion of *Broukbus*, seem'd to have been written before that which is now plac'd the Third: It was going upon this Expedition with *Messala*, he here rails against Gold, the Occasion of Wars, describes the ancient Poverty attended with Quiet; the Satisfaction of a silent Country Life, and the Advantages attending Peace.

Who

*Who was it first began the dangerous Trade,
To work the Sword, and whet the shining
(Blade.*

The Helmet, the Sword, and the Spear were invented by the *Lacedemonians*, according to *Plin.*
C. 7. See *Polyd. Virg. de invent. rer.* L. 2.
C. 11.

This Vice proceeds from greedy Thirst of Gold.]
Auri sacra fames quid non mortalia pectora cogis ?
Says *Virgil*; and *Ovid* speaking of the first Discovery of it, says, *Met.* L. 1.

*Jamque nocens ferrum, ferroque nocentias aurum
Prodierat : prodit bellum quod pugnat utroque,
Sanguineaue manu crepetantia concutit arma.*

Then cursed Steel, and more accursed Gold,
Gave Mischief Birth, and made that Mischief bold;
And double Death did wretched Men invade,
By Steel assaulted, and by Gold betray'd.
Now (brandish'd Weapons glittering in their Hands)
Mankind is broken loose from Moral Bands.

MR. DRYDEN.

And Beechen Bowls on homely Tables stood.]
Before Wealth was known, or Riches were
amass'd

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amass'd together ; before Goblets were made of Gold, and unnecessary Grandeur took place, there was nothing to fight for, or fear the Loss of: Thus *Seneca, Herculis in Oeta.*

*Pectore pauper securo gerit
Tenet è patula pocula fago ;
Sed non trepida tenet ille manu.*

The Poor with an undaunted Soul,
Securely holds the Beechen Bowl ;
Nor holds it with a trembling Hand.

And afterwards,

Aurea miscet pocula sanguis.

But you paternal Lares still be near.] Of the *Lares* we have spoke in Notes on the first Elegy : He here very beautifully describes the early Simplicity of the *Roman* Religion.

Rob'd in pure Vestments to attend the Show.] *Servius* in his Notes on *Virg. Æn. L. 4.* says, that Vestments us'd in Sacrifices were pure, which had never been defil'd upon any Funeral Occasion, nor had any Pollution from a dead Body.

And Canisters entwined with Myrtle bear.] *Broukhus* observes, that Myrtle was acceptable to the *Lares*, as it was to *Venus*, and quotes *Hor. L. 3. Od. 3.*

The

FIRST BOOK. III

The Farmer warm'd with Wine when Rites are
(paid

In the thick Grove and consecrated Shade.

That the Heathens had their Religious Rites in thick Woods and Groves every one knows; he here therefore describes these Holy-days, as the gay Part of the Farmer's Life, when he and his Family made merry upon those Occasions, not much unlike our *Country Wakes*, and *Revels*, when Mirth was in its Hight, and the Scuffles of Love grew warm. See a beautiful Description in *Virgil. Æ. L. II.*

*At non in Venerem segnes nocturnaue bella
Aut ubi curva Choros indixit Tibia Bacchi,
Expectare dapes & plena pocula mense.
Hic amor hoc studium dum sacra secundus haruspex
Nuntiet, ac lucos vocet hostia pinguis in altos.*

Then Love his Battles tries, and sportive War.]
Beautifully here describ'd in Opposition to the Wars he had before rail'd against. *Vide* Notes at the End of the first Elegy.

*But sure that Man of Steel or Flint is made,
Who angry durst with Blows the Fair invade.*

A Practice so frequent among them, that even all the soft Tenderneſs of our Poet was scarce guard against his Anger; for in *El. 6.* of this Book, he threatens his Mistress, though he's sure to curse his Hands for it afterwards, and no less a Lover of the Ladies and Gallantry, than *Ovid* had been guilty of rough Usage this Way, as is seen by his
Re-

112 NOTES on the

Recantation to his Mistress. *Am. L. 1. E. 7.*
and in his *Art. Am. L. 2.*

*But you kind Fostering Peace, attend and bear
In thy fair Hand the Harvest weighty Ears.*
Boissard has given us the Picture of a Statue of
Peace, as at *Rome*, holding in her Hand some
Ears of Corn, with two Poppies, and two Apples.
She is oftentimes represented likewise with a *Cor-
nucopia.* Vide *Hor. Carm. Sacul.*





THE
WORKS
OF
TIBULLUS.

BOOK II.

ELEGY I.



ILLUSTRATIONS we for
(Fields and Fruits prepare,
Rites handed down from an-
cient Times that were.

Be silent all, O Vintage,
Pow'r divine!

Hither, with Clusters from the Purple Vine:

Hither, O Ceres, to our Rites repair;

And bind with Wreaths of Corn thy radiant Hair.

114 TIBULLUS. Book II.

ON this religious Day, and solemn Feast,
 Rest let the Ground, and let the Peasant rest ;
 No toilsome Plough, nor tiresome Labour Mind,
 The Oxen from their weighty Yoaks unbind,
 And let them at the heap'd up Rack be fed,
 With each a Flow'ry Garland on his Head.
 Let all to these religious Duties come,
 And may no Spinster ply the weaving Loom.
 But hence, far from these Altars, far remove,
 Vorries last Night to *Venus*, and to Love ;
 Far from these pure unspotted Rites retire,
 The Gods are pure, and Purity require ;
 Before the Pow'rs in spotless Garments stand,
 And sprinkle Water with unsullied Hand.
 Observe the Victim Lamb his Footsteps bend
 To flaming Altars, while the Crowd attend
 In due Procession, and unspotted wear
 A Wreath of Olive Boughs to bind their Hair.

GODS,

Book II. TIBULLUS. 115

GODS, Patron GODS, we purge the Fields and
(Swains,
Drive all approaching Evils from our Plains.
Let no fallacious Weeds infest our Grain,
To make the Peasant's Hopes and Labours vain.
Secure the Lamb, although his Pace be slow,
From prowling Wolves the swifter-footed Foe :
Then the glad Peasant, with delighted Eyes,
Shall see his close-stow'd Barns and Granaries ;
Then shall he make the rising Flames aspire,
And heap large Logs upon his glowing Fire ;
While all the Household with their sportive Play,
Shall to the *Lares* celebrate the Day,
And artfully before their Hearthy Shrine.
Shall slender Twigs in little Hovels twine.
May this succeed ; see in glad Bowls they bear
The Intrails ; see, the GODS accept our Pray'r.

Now bring me Old *Falernian* Wine to raise
 My Mirth, Wine seal'd in ancient Consuls Days ;
 Pierce me a Cask full with the Chion Store,
 On such a Day the Wine profusely pour,
 'Tis barb'rous not to drink on such a Day,
 Till staggering Feet can ill direct their Way ;
 But let each Man *Messala's* Health commend,
 And name to every Glass my absent Friend ;
 Noble by Birth, with growing Honours fill'd
 By *Gallick* Triumphs, and the vanquish'd Field ;
 This Verse with Favour hear, those Thanks which
 (rise
 From Country Swains to rural Deities.

I sing the Country, and the *Sylvan* reign,
 When fav'ring Gods did spreading Oaks ordain
 To shake the Acorns down for Humane Good,
 To drive off Hunger with a wholesome Food.

Book II. TIBULLUS. 117

First taught by them, their lowly Bow'rs they made
Of winding Willows, with a Leavy Shade;
They taught to tame the Oxen by their Skill,
And ease the heavy Wain with whirling Wheel.

THEN savage Food they left, then Apples spread,
And wat'ry Streams were round the Gardens lead;

Then Golden Clusters the glad Vines produce,
By treading Feet th' exprest the luscious Juice,
Then Water mix'd with Wine began its Use.

Fields Corn produce, when *Syrms* Star appears,
And Annual Harvests wave their Yellow Ears.
In Country Gardens the laborious Bee

Selects the Sweets of Flowers with Industry;
Rifles the Spring, and sucks the od'rous Bloom,

To stock with luscious Food his waxen Comb.

The Farmer tir'd with ploughing up the Plains,

Gives a small Respite to his Toils and Pains,

And joyous roars out rude unpolish'd Rhimes,

With artless Measures, and repeated Chimes :

118 TIBULLUS. Book II.

Before the Gods with Garlands dress'd his Skill,
 He tries and fills with Notes the rural Quill.
 The Country Farmer painted o'er with Red,
 To *Bacchus* first the artless *Chorus* lead;
 And for Reward had from the numerous Stock
 The Leader-Goat: A Goat then lead the Flock.
 Here first Spring-Flowers the Youth in Chaplets
 (bound,
 And with soft Wreaths the ancient *Lares* crown'd.
 In Country Fields the Sheep their Fleeces bear
 The Wooll, the tender Girl's peculiar Care.
 The Distaff fill'd with this, employs the Maid,
 While o'er her Thumb she twirls the twisted
 (Thread:
 And as th' industrious Spinster sings a Song,
 The whirling Reel keeps Measure with her Tongue.
Cupid was born in Country Fields and Meads,
 Where the wild Mare with untam'd Fury treads;
 There exercis'd with uninstructed Bow,
 But, ah! how skill'd! and how experienc'd now!

Nor

Book II. TIBULLUS. 119

Nor Shoots at random Flocks, and Beasts, as then,
But fixes Maids, and tames audacious Men.
He makes the Young Man slight the tempting Gold,
And low-priz'd Riches, he commands the Old. —
Humbly a Woman's haughty Pride to bear,
And speak mean Soothings to appease the Fair ;
Led on by him, the Girl her Plot conceals,
And to th' expecting Youth at Midnight steals.
The doubtful Path her tim'rous Feet essay,
And with her Hand sh' explores the dusky Way.
Wretched are they whom Love with fierce Desires,
Inflames and scorches with enraging Fires.
But blest the Man to whom he gently brings
Calm Love, with waving Plumes and downy Wings.
O! sacred Power the Feasts which we provide
Attend, but lay thy dang'rous Shafts aside ;
Dismiss from Use thy ill-designing Bow,
And far, O ! far, thy flaming Torches throw.

AND you, O celebrate the God with Pray'r,
 And call him loud to mind your Fleecy Care,
 But to your self so low that none may hear :
 Or you may venture to invoke aloud,
 None can distinguish Pray'rs which in the Crowd
 Are by the laughing Sports and Shoutings drown'd,
 And by th' inflated Pipes promiscuous sound.

SPORT on, for coming Night as Day declines,
 Her sable Coursers to her Chariot joins,
 Whilst all the starry shining Train advance,
 And round their Mother's Wheels in *Chorus* dance;
 Then follows silent Sleep, with dusky Wings
 Involv'd, and fleeting Midnight Visions brings.



ELEGY II.

YOU that attend with fav'ring Silence hear,
See at the Altar votive Gifts appear.

Burn pious Incense, burn the rich Perfumes,

Which from the soft *Arabian's* Country comes.

May the kind *Genius* be in Presence here

To view the sacred Rites, and Honours share;

Wearing soft flow'ry Chaplets 'round his Head,

Let Ointments from his Locks their Odours shed :

Offer up plenteous Cates before his Shrine,

And pour Libations out of Purple Wine,

May he propitious be to your Desire,

Grant all your Vows, and give what you require.

Ask briskly, Man, why do you make this stay ?

The *Genius* hears, then why this long Delay ?

I guess your Wish, 'tis that your Wife may prove

A chaste Preserver of unalter'd Love,

The Gods beforehand knew the Wish you move.

This

122 TIBULLUS. Book II.

This you prefer to all the wealthy Soil
 That lab'ring Peasants turn with restless Toil :
 Rather than this you'd all the Gems refuse
 Which Eastern Sands and happy Seas produce ;
 Where first *Aurora* does the *East* survey,
 And spreads her Morning Blushes o'er the Sea.
 Alas, your Prayers are slighted by the Sky,
 Oh ! how I wish that Love would hither fly ;
 Spread out his Plumes, and with a flutt'ring Wing,
 The Marriage Chains, and Golden *Cestus* bring ;
 Chains which for ever bind and ne'er decay
 When Age deforms and spread his feeble Gray,
 May this auspicious Day for ever be
 Attended with the happiest Augury,
 May *Juno* bleſs thee in thy Marriage Joys,
 And give a smiling Race of prattling Boys,



ELEGY

ELEGY III.

DEAR Friend, my Mistress at her Country
(Seat
Enjoys the Hamlets, and the cool Retreat ;
Who that has common Tenderneſs can ſtay
In the dull lonely Town when ſhe's away.
Venus, to taſte the Joys the Country yields,
Sports in the ſmiling Meads, and laughing Fields :
Ev'n Love himſelf about the Meadows plays,
Forgets his own, and learns the ruſtick Phraſe.

AH me ! How would I with a willing Hand
Direct the Hoe, and turn the reſtiſſ Land !
Urge on the crooked Plow, and laſh the Teams,
Nor fear the ſcorching Heat, and ſultry Beams ;
Bear all the Hardſhips of the rural Trade,
So I might there enjoy the lovely Maid.

THUS

124 TIBULLUS. Book II.

THUS Great *Apollo* ever young and fair,
 Unbent himself to tend *Admetus*' Care :
 Vain was his Vocal Shell to ease his Grief,
 Nor could his flowing Hair afford Relief,
 Nor healing Herbs could sooth the smarting Pain,
 When Love's the Cause, the med'cinal Pow'rs are
 (vain.

His Sister from her wheeling Orb of Light
 Look'd down, and often blush'd to see the Sight ;
 When lonely thro' the dusky Fields he'd come,
 Wet with the Dew, to drive the Cattle Home.
 Oft in the lowly Vale and watry Ground
 He sung, the hanging Hills return the Sound ;
 While lowing Oxen interrupt the Song,
 And drown the heavenly Accents of his Tongue.
 Oft Princes came, and all th' enquiring Train,
 Trembling at future Fears to seek his Fame ;
 In vain they ask, and offer Rites Divine,
 A solitary Silence fills the Shrine.

With

Book II. TIBULLUS. 125

With Grief *Latona* saw her Off-spring's Head,
With Hair ensharl'd, and matted Tresses spread.
Those heavenly Curls, which round his Shoulders
(flew,
And ev'n from *Juno* claim'd their Praises due.
His uncomb'd Head, and tangl'd Locks, who e'er
Had seen, no more would with *Apollo's* Hair.
Where, *Phæbus*! where are all thy Honours flown
Of *Delos*, and of *Delphick Pytho's* Town?
For Love commands thee to a less Abode,
And in a lowly Hut confines the God.

BLESS'D Times when Gods did *Venus* Laws
(adore,
And own'd in Publick her superiour Power.
'Tis now a Jest, a Jest let me too prove,
Rather than be a God, and not to love.

BUT you whom Love surveys with angry Eye
Attend his Wars, and pitch your Tent with me.

This

126 TIBULLUS. Book II.

This Iron Age for Spoil its Arts employs,
Nor prizes *Venus* and her tender Joys.

Though many Dangers tend the Spoiler's Trade,
And num'rous Ills the daring Man invade;
Spoil sheaths the Warrior Train in hostile Arms,
And hence arose a world of various Harms.

Hence Blood and Murder made their first Essay,
And Death discover'd hence a shorter Way.

Spoil urges on to tempt th' uncertain Main,
And flight the Dangers of the Sea for Gain :
Nay, doubles all the Dangers and the Fear

When threatning Prows and Naval Fights appear.
The Spoiler covets the extended Plain,

Whose Herbage may his num'rous Flocks main-
(tain :

He seeks the Stone in distant Quarries vein'd,
And the huge Column for his Seat ordain'd.

A thousand Yoak of Oxen draw the Freight,
And Crowds surpriz'd, admire the pond'rous
(Weight :

His

Book II. TIBULLUS. 127

His Moles stupenduous, curb th' unmanag'd Sea,
That Fish may winter in the quiet Bay.
But may neat Earthen Vessels serve too thee,
Small chearful Meals in humble Decency.

BUT, Ah! I see! too plainly see! the Fair
Make Wealth and sordid Gain their chiefest Care;
Then Spoils your useful Aid will I employ,
Since Love requires Wealth, that Wealth he shall
(enjoy.

Then, *Nemesis*, by my Profuseness gay,
May through the City and the crowded Way,
Conspicuous in my Gifts, the shining Spoils dis-
(play.)

She shall the Vestments subtle Texture wear,
By Coan Women wrought with artful Care;
Shot thro' with Gold, and tissu'd richly o'er,
Slaves shall be sent for from the Eastern Shore:
The tawny Eunuch shall attend her State,
And Sun-burnt *Indians* shall around her wait.

The

128 TIBULLUS. Book II.

The Dyes shall struggle on her Vestments spread,
 And *Africk's* Violet strive with *Tyrian* Red.
 'Tis Truth I spake, she should a Kingdom sway,
 And Crouds of fetter'd Servants should obey.

BUT you, O Harvest, which detains my Dear,
 May the unfertile Earth for Plenty bear
 The small Produce of an ungrateful Year.
 And you kind Foster of the Vineyard Store,
 Soft *Bacchus* fill thy much-lov'd Vatt no more.
 'Tis wrong the Fair should lie in Fields obscure,
 Joys less than them even thy own Wines procure.
 Perish the Fruit, and fade the rural Field,
 Rather than beauteous Maids be there conceal'd.
 Let Mast, as once it did, supply the Board,
 And Springs, as once, a Native Drink afford,
 Of Old our Fathers fed on Mast alone;
 Then Love was common, nor was Envy known.
 They always lov'd, they'd nothing else to do,
 Nor Corn had they to reap, nor Fields to plough.
 But

Book II. TIBULLUS. 129

But *Venus* fav'ring those intent on Love,
Led to the shady Vale, and silent Grove.

No Dog was then to fright with op'ning Roar ;
No fasten'd Portal, nor obstructing Door.
How happy wou'd it be should Fates ordain
Those quiet Days, and pleasing Rules again !

OH ! perish all the Forms of study'd Dress
Of Woman's Pride, and polish'd Artfulness.
Would that as in the former Times each Maid
Was meanly dress'd, and carelessly array'd ;
Since *Nemesis* lies hid in Privacy,
Since very rarely I, the Maid can see.
Wretch ! that I am, what serves it me to wear
A gay Attire, or show a courtly Air ?

BRING me where I may *Nemesis* obey,
Where I may see her, and allow her Sway :
I'll plough the Land, so I may view the Maid,
Nor scorn the Hardships of the rural Trade.

K

ELEGY

ELEGY IV.

I Have my Mistress, and my Chains in view,
 My Native much-lov'd Liberty adieu.
 To me a cruel Servitude's assign'd,
 In Givcs constrain'd, in heavy Chains confin'd;
 Fetters, with cruel *Love*, will ne'er unbind:
 And whether I deserve the fatal Ill,
 If culpable, or no, *Love* rages still.

I burn, I burn, Oh! far thy Eyes remove,
 Too cruel Maid, the Torches of my Love;
 Oh! that incapable of Grievs like these,
 Or that Insensibility were Ease.
 Ah! how much rather on some Mountain's Brow
 I'd stand a Stone o'erspread with Drifts of Snow.
 Or that a Rock expos'd to Storms I stood
 Lash'd by the Waves, and by th' outrageous Flood:
 Now bitter is the Day, bitter the Light,
 More bitter still the lonely Shades of Night.

O'er

Book II. TIBULLUS. 115

O'er every Hour is Bitterness diffus'd,
In every Cup is bitter Gall infus'd;
Nor Elegies avail with moving Vein,
Nor *Phæbus*, Author of the Vocal Strain;
For only Gifts can please the greedy Maid,
I must to Presents have recourse for Aid:
Hence then ye Muses, and the Vocal Train,
If helpless you to ease a Lover's Pain.
I not invoke you to inspire my Lays,
To sing of Wars, or sound the Warrior's Praise;
Nor trace the radiant Circuit of the Sun,
Nor mark when he his wheeling Course has done,
The oblique Journey of the silent Moon,
All the Advantage I by Verse would find,
Is but Access to find my Mistress kind:
If useless you a boon like this to gain;
Begone, ye Muses, hence, your Powers are vain.

BUT I by Blood or Rob'ry must prepare
Dishonest Presents to oblige the Fair;

132 TIBULLUS. Book II.

That I no more may stretch'd, and weeping wait
 A prostrate Suppliant at th' obdurate Gate;
 Or I must steal the Gods suspended Signs,
 Their Altars rob, and pilfer from their Shrines;
 But most from *Venus*' sacred Trophies tear,
 She of the Rapine claims the largest Share.
 'Tis she compells me to the wicked Deed,
 'Twas she, the mercenary Maid decreed.

OH! may the Wretch eternally be curst
 Who dug for Gems, and found green Em'ralds
 (first.
 Who fram'd the glowing Robe for Woman's Pride,
 And snowy Wool in *Tyrian* Purple dy'd:
 He gave the greedy Mind, the maid he dress'd
 In the thin Texture of the Cœan Vest.
 The Pearl with lucid Orb the shining Stores,
 He cull'd from ruddy Seas, and shelly Shores.
 Hence Ills arose, then Doors first knew the Key,
 And Dogs began to guard the fasten'd Way.

But

Book II. TIBULLUS. 133

But bring your Price, come with a Gift prepar'd,
And you may quickly influence the Guard.
The Key no more forbids the op'ning Door,
And ev'n th' obliging Dog will bark no more.

AH! whosoever unthinkingly confin'd,
A heavenly Body, and an earthly Mind,
He with one Good a many Ills conjoin'd.
Hence Chiding first began, and Tears, and Blame,
And Love from this receiv'd an evil Name.

BUT you who aw'd by Interest, sway'd by Gain,
Reject the faithful Vot'ries of your Train;
May greedy Flames, the cursed Wealth devour,
Made fiercer by the Wind's provoking Power;
While Youths behold the Sight in sportive Game,
Smile at the spreading Smoke and rising Flame;
Nor one officious to oppose the Rage
Shall Water throw its Fury to assuage:

118 TIBULLUS. Book II.

Or seiz'd by Death, may not one Friend appear
To close thy Eyes, or weep behind thy Bier;
Nor on thy Pile be one small Present laid
To 'nrich thy Ashes, or oblige thy Shade.

BUT the kind lovely Maid, whose gen'rous Soul
No Wealth can stain, or sordid Bribes controul;
Although a hundred rolling Years are o're
When Age deforms, and Beauty fires no more:
Yet Crowds shall come to view her Obsequies,
And close the flaming Pile with weeping Eyes.

AND some old Man, whose Youth had felt her
(Charms,
Who had been often happy in her Arms,
Shall with a grateful gen'rous Ardour come,
And hang his annual Garland on her Tomb,
With throbbing Heart, and as he comes away,
With Sighs and longing Eyes reverted say;

Oh!

Book II. TIBULLUS. 119

Oh! silent may'st thou sleep in pleasing Rest,
And the light Turf lay easie on thy Breast.

'Tis Truth, but Truth, alas, affords no Aid,
For arbitrary Love will be obey'd.
Let *Nemesis* desire, at her Command,
I'd sell my Seat and old paternal Land;
Nay, let her all the pois'nous Simples brew,
That ever *Circe* or *Medea* knew:
Cull all the Drugs around the pontick Shore,
And deadlier Poisons in the Mixture pour.
Let her but with a Smile present the Cup,
And willingly I'll quaff the Potion up.

ELEGY V.

P*HÆBUS*, within thy awful Fane is
(plac'd
A Priest with holy Robes and Titles grac'd.
Propitious God! thy Lyre and Verses bring,
And with thy Finger strike the Vocal String:

136 TIBULLUS Book II.

And may your heavenly Song, and charming Lays,
Incline with mine to swell th' intended Praise :
While we with pious Toil before thy Shrine,
Thy Altars heap, and offer Rites Divine :
Do thou accept the Off'ring, and be there,
Confess'd with Laurel foliage round thy Hair :
But with illustrious Pride attend the Show,
And loosely let thy graceful Vestments flow ;
Array'd as when old *Saturn* fled above,
You sang the Victor God, the pow'rful *Jove*.

With piercing View you see the Years to come,
And tell in present Answers future Doom.
The Augur taught by thee with artful Care,
Knows what the diff'rent Flight of Birds declare.
Thou know'st the more exalted Fates of Kings,
Then when th' Aurespex reaking Entrails brings :
He through thy Aid can in the Charger see
Surprizing Fates, and strange Events to be.

To

Book II. TIBULLUS. 137

To *Sybill* you unveil'd the future Days,
Who sung Prefages dark in uncouth Lays.
The wise prophetick Dame yet never fail'd,
But if she promis'd Pow'r, the *Romans* still pre-
(vail'd.

O! teach thy Priest long Volumes to revolve,
And sacred, tho' surprizing Doubts resolve.
Unveil'd the dark mysterious Truth conceal'd,
And be what seems obscure, by thee reveal'd.

THE future Fate she of *Aeneas* told,
And did important Truths to come unfold:
After he, on his Back, sustain'd a Weight
Father and Lares, a religious Freight;
Disclos'd a mighty Empire fix'd by Fate,
And all the Glories of the *Roman* State,
When she saw blazing *Ilium's* Light aspire,
Her Glories, Fanes, and Gods consum'd with Fire.

She

122 TIBULLUS. Book II.

She told a glorious Empire yet to come,
 E'er *Romulus* design'd eternal *Rome*,
 Or Walls the Cause of *Rhemus*' fatal Doom: }
 For then the lowing Herd on Herbage graz'd,
 Where now stupendious Palaces were rais'd;
 And where *Jove's* Temple shoots its rising Tow'rs,
 Hovels were rear'd, and Shepherds lowly Bow'rs.
 There *Pan* beneath a Tree his shady Shrine,
 Possess'd, with sprinkled Milk and Rites divine:
 And Fram'd of Wood, the Goddess of the Field,
 In her right Hand a homely Cyckle held:
 There on some shady Tree's extended Boughs,
 Hung warbling Pipes, the Signs of offer'd Vows.
 By straying Shepherds hung Reads with Decrease,
 With Wax conjoin'd, and gradually less.
 And where *Velabria* spreads his war'ry Store,
 A little Wherry swam with silent Oar.
 O'er this (design'd the Farmer's Wife) the Maid
 Was on some solemn Holy-Day convey'd,

And

Book II. TIBULLUS. 123

And brought back Presents of the Country Cheese,
Or else a sporting Lamb with snowy Fleece.

BROTHER of winged Love, *Aeneas* hail,

Who with thy Gods directs the flying Sail.

See *Jove* assigns thee *Laurentines* Abodes,

And calls to Hospitable Fields thy Gods.

The *Trojan* then with Wonder fill'd shall say

'Twas not in vain he came so long a Way;

There sacred Thou, by Old *Numicus*' Floods,

Shalt from a Heroe mingle with the Gods.

See as thy tir'd Fleet inclines to Shore,

Victoria flies, and haughty now no more,

Sits on thy Sails, and stoops to *Trojan* Power.

I see, I see *Rutilian* Fires alight,

The horrid Camp now shines before my Sight:

And thee proud *Turnus* with a Soul elate,

I see thy speedy Death, and dangerous Fate.

Laurentum's Camp I view before my Eyes,

I see *Lavinum*'s Walls attempt the Skies,

And *Alba Longa* lofty Tow'rs arise.

The

140 T. I B U L L U S. Book II.

Thee *Ilija* next I see, as from afar,
 Destin'd to please the mighty Pow'r of War.
 I see thee leave the Fires and hallow'd Place,
 Now view the private Theft and close Embrace.
 Thy purple Fillets flying loose abroad,
 And on the Banks the scatter'd Trophies strow'd,
 And cumb'rous Weapons of the eager God.
 Now while you may, ye Oxen, graze your fill,
 And crop the Grass from every rising Hill:
 For on these Hills, and on this quiet Green,
 E're long a mighty City shall be seen.
Rome, awful Name, design'd from mighty sway,
 Fatal to Nations, destin'd to obey:
 Where e'er from Heaven bright *Ceres* views her
 (Ground,
 And spicy Fields, with yellow Harvests crown'd:
 Where first the Morning Sun the *East* surveys,
 And where declining to the *Western* Seas;
 He wheels his Chariot swiftly down, and laves
 His neighing Horses in the beating Waves.

Pro-

Book II. TIBULLUS 141

Prophetick Truths I sing, so safely may,
I eat the Laurel Leaves I first display,
And may my Virgin Honour ne'er decay.

THUS sang the Maid, and call'd thee *Phæbus*
(near,

She giddy writh'd her Neck, and wildly rold
(her Hair;

What e'er *Amalthea*, what *Marpessia* said,
Herophile, *Apollo's* fav'rite Maid:

Or what the fam'd *Albana* understood,
Who lay conceal'd beside Old *Tybur's* Flood,

THESE sang of Comets blazing in the Air,
The dire Portents of an impending War.
And how the rough Artillery of the Sky,
Huge ponderous Stones came rattling from on
(high.
In Clouds they heard the Arrow's whizzing Noise,
And the loud sounding Trumpet's brazen Voice.

126 TIBULLUS. Book II.

In sacred Groves strange Noise the Ear invades,
 And Fates were told from Woods and gloomy
 (Shades.
 The Sun deficient view the dusky Day,
 And his pale Steed reflect a dying Ray.
 Warm Tears down the Gods Marble Statues roll'd,
 And Vocal Oxen coming Fates foretold.

WITH these Portents the former Times were
 (scar'd,
 But *Phœbus* kindly better Fates award:
 These Prodegies avert and turn away,
 Imers'd beneath the Surges of the Sea.
 May crackling Laurel in the Flame declare,
 The *Omen* of a sacred happy Year.
 The Laurel gives the Sign, rejoice thou Swain,
Ceres will swell the Field with kindly Grain;
 Now stain'd with Must, the Clown shall Clusters
 (tread,
 And cheerfully the pleasing Labour speed.

The

Book II. TIBULLUS. 127

The Shepherd then inspir'd with generous Wine,
Shall keep *Palilian* Feasts and Rites Divine,
Then, O ye Wolves, desist to tear the Kine.

He warm'd with Wine, shall light up Straw in
(Heaps,

And thrice surround the Fire with sporting Leaps.

The Wife shall then her num'rous Off-spring see,

And Infants play around their Father's Knee :

The Grandfire's Care shall be to tend the Child,

And the old Woman lisp out Soothings mild.

Then shall the sacred rural Rites be paid

By Country Youth, with careless Limbs display'd

On rising Grass, beneath some spreading Shade ;

Or else with their united Garments spread,

They'll form a cooling Umbrage over Head,

Deck'd with soft Flow'rs, in Bandage hanging
(down,

With glowing Flow'rs, the brimming Goblets
(crown.

Soft Grass-turfs on the verdant Altars lay,

And on the Seats the easy Turf display.

Here

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Here warm'd with Wine, and with o'er burden'd
 (Head,
 The Youth shall insolently scoff the Maid,
 Yet sober, with th' opprobrious Words unsaid.
 When he reflects, himself he'll often blame,
 And swear his Words and Thoughts were not the
 (same.
 O *Phæbus*, neither suffer Shafts nor Bow,
 Let Love unarm'd around the Meadows go.
 Shooting was first an advantageous Art,
 Till *Cupid* stretch'd the Bow, and us'd the Dart.
 Alas, the Time he ever knew the Skill,
 Knowledge, productive of a world of Ill,
 And most to me who by his Arrow's slain,
 Indulge my Illness, while I love the Pain.
 I scarcely now of *Nemesis* can sing,
 Without whose Name I can no Measure bring.
 But you, my Dear, your sacred Poet spare,
 For Poets are the Gods peculiar Care,
 Then I of *Messalinus*, great in War,
 Shall sing, and Nations shown before his Car;
 And

I. Book II. TIBULLUS. 145

And pleas'd shall with the glad Spectators stand,
Waving the Laurel Branches in my Hand;
My self a Soldier too with Laurel crown'd,
Shall shout glad to triumph all around;
Then my *Messala*, as the Show goes on,
The glorious Father of so great a Son,
Shall view the Sight with a rejoicing Eye,
And praise the Victor as he passes by.

O! *Phœbus*, hear the Pray'rs I now prefer,
So may you ever wave your flowing Hair;
So ever may your Sister's spotless Fame
Preserve the Lustre of a Virgin Name.

ELEGY VI.

MACE R intends the Camp, and seeks
(the Foe,
What then, alas, will softer *Cupid* do.
Shall he attend to join the Warrior Trade,
And welm the Helmet o'er his little Head?

L

Shall

146 TIBULLUS. Book II.

Shall steely Jav'lins gall his tender Hands,
 And shall he follow thee o'er Seas and Lands ?
 No, rather, O my Boy, thy Torch apply,
 And Fire the Wretch who dares thy Service fly ;
 Who dares with haughty Insolence disdain
 Thy pleasing Leisure, and thy easie Reign :
 Bring back the bold Defenter from afar,
 Beneath thy Banners, and thy softer War.
 If Soldiers you indulge, then I'll be one,
 Tho' low in Place, inglorious and unknown.
 Come on, to Wars, fair *Venus* now adieu,
 And all ye beauteous Maids, farewell to you :
 I've Strength and Vigour, am estrang'd to fear,
 And sounding Trumpets most delight my Ear.
 How boasting are my Words ! and how elate !
 Yet let my Mistress but confine the Gate,
 My Thoughts all sink at the opposing Door,
 And this affected Courage is no more.
 How oft have my Resentments made me swear
 No more to seek the Threshold of the Fair :

Yet

Book II. TIBULLUS 147

Yet spite of all I swear, of all I say,
My treach'rous Feet again explore the Way,
O! Love, I wish thy Arrows broken now,
Exinct thy Torches, and unstrung thy Bow:
You Fire me, you occasion my Despair,
Provok'd by you, I rave, and impious swear
Mad in my Rage, impatient of my Wrong,
You force those Imprecations from my Tongue.

DEATH long ago had giv'n my Grief allay,
But flatter'ing Hope still urges on Delay,
And says to Morrow'll bring a better Day.
Hope cheers the Peasant, when he turns the Soil,
And bids him hope a Harvest from his Toil,
Hope bids the toilsome Fowler Springes lay,
And without fail expect the wish'd-for Prey.
The patient Angler stretching out his Reed,
Silent and watchful hopes the Finny Breed.
The Slave in hopes of Liberty remains,
His Songs keep Measure with his ratt'ling Chains.

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Hope flatters me that *Nemesis* is mine,
 Yet still the Maid does all my Suit decline :
 Ah ! cease, too cruel Maid, this high Disdain,
 Nor let the Goddess give her Word in vain.
 Spare, cruel Fair-one, I conjure you, spare,
 If e'er thy Sister's Memory was dear ;
 By her cold Ashes Pride to Pity turn,
 So may the Earth lay light upon her Urn.
 I reverence her as sacred to her Tomb,
 Loaded with Gifts and flow'ry Wreaths I'll come ;
 Upon her Grave the blooming Chaplets rear,
 And every Flower make Dewy with a Tear.
 Distracted to her Tomb I'll fly alone,
 There sit a pensive Suppliant near the Stone,
 And tell the silent *Manes* all my Moan.
 She will not let her Client thus complain,
 Nor for thy sake express his Grief in vain :
 That you would favouring to your Votary be,
 Was her Request, and that I urge to thee.

Be-

Book II. TIBULLUS. 149

Beware lest angry the neglected Shade,
With frightful Dreams thy Midnight Hours invade;
Lest thy pale Sister, to thy troubled Sight,
Appear before thy Bed in silent Night;
In their same direful Form, as when of late,
She from the Window fell by hapless Fate;
There found her Death, and all distain'd with Blood,
Went to the lower Realms and Stygian Flood.
I wou'd not strive to wake your buried Cares,
Had I the Pow'r, I then had sav'd your Tears:
Nor is it fit that Sorrow's sad Disguise,
And falling Tears should swell those speaking Eyes.
I cease to urge thy Grief, nor further go,
Thou'rt kind, my Dear, but *Phryne* is my Foe;
That mercenary Jade denies Access
To me, yet others secret Messages.
She in her Bosom bears with private Care,
And carries Answers from my heedless Fair;
Oft when before th' obdurate Gate I walk,
And hear the Musick of my fair One's Talk:

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I rap, and strait this shameless Jade will come,
 And bear me down, her Mistress is from Home.
 Oft times when we appoint the happy Night,
 And I impatient wait the dear Delight.
 She that She's Sick will oftentimes perswade,
 Or scare with trifling Fears my tim'rous Maid :
 Then how I die with anxious Fancy tost,
 I strait imagine that the Fair is lost ;
 Or think who now enjoins the treach'rous Maid,
 'And Image how the fatal Theft is paid.
 Then how I curse thee thou procuring Whore,
 And wish the Furies had thee in their Pow'r :
 In Mis'ry may thy wretched Life be spent,
 And may the Gods, to what I wish, assent.





NOTES

ON THE

SECOND BOOK.

ELEGY I.

IN this Elegy **TIBULLUS** curiously describes the religious Rites of the *Ambervale*; and after invoking *Mes- sala's* Favours, gives a beautiful Land- scape of the Country; and by a fine Transition, hints at the Power and Evils of Love.

Lustrations we for Fields and Fruits prepare.
The *Ambervale* was so call'd, says *Servius* in his Notes on *Virgil*, from the Victim's walking round the Field. This *Virgil* hints at *Ecl.*

*Hæc tibi semper erunt, & cum sollemnia vota
Reddemus Nymphis, & cum lustrabimus agros.*

Where *Lustrare* signifies *Circuire*, says *Rosin*. They led the Victim three times round the Field, all the Crowd of *Villagers*'s following; of which one wearing a Chaplet of Oak Leaves, in a solemn Dance, sung the Praises of *Ceres*; and afterwards making a Libation with Wine and Milk, they slew the Victim, which was either a Swine, a Lamb, or a Bull, whence these Sacrifices were *Suovetaurilia*. Vid. *Rosin*. L. 4. there is a full Description of this Ceremony in *Virgil*. *Geor.* L. 1.

With each a flow'ry Garland on his Head.]

It was usual, at the Time of these Sacrifices, to dress the Cattle with Garlands who were to have Respite from Labour. Vid. *Ovid Fast.* L. 1. V. 663. & L. 6. v. 311. And in the Feast of *Diana* — *Statius Silv.* L. 3. crowns the Hounds in the same manner. Vide *Turnebus Adversar.*

Li. 23 C. 26.

Shall slender Twigs in little Hovels twine.]

Before the Shrines of the Lares, they made little Houscs; a Boyish Play, like our Children building with Cards, and making Castles of Clay.

This *Hor.* alludes to.

Edificare casas, plostello adjungere mures.

— See

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— See in glad Bowls they bear

[The Entrails: see, the Gods accept our Pray'r.]

After the Beast was cut up, the *Haruspices* inspected the Entrails; and from the Observation made, judg'd of fortunate or unhappy Events: The Parts they most consulted were, the Liver, the Lights, the Milt, the Heart, the Bowels, the Kidneys; as to the First, a double Liver was reckon'd an ill View; This happen'd immediately before the Death of *Marcellus*. Vid. *Val. Max.* L. 1. C. 6. but if it seem'd large and swell'd, and of a florid Colour, it was reckon'd a favourable one: Thence they proceeded to inspect the Heart; if it beat much, or leap'd, or was lean, or small, it was a dangerous Sign; but if it was intirely wanting, nothing could be a worse *Omen*; this happen'd in two Oxen together, which *Julius Caesar* sacrific'd a little before his Murder. Vid. *Cic. de Divin.* L. 1. *Val. Max.* L. 1. C. 6. And in one offer'd by *Pertinax* the Emperor, a little before his Death, the Liver and Heart were both wanting. Afterwards they proceeded to the Lights, the Milt, the Gall, and the Bowels, and from them drew their different Conjectures.

Now bring me Old Falernian Wine to raise

My Mirth, Wine seal'd in ancient Consul's Days.]

Of the *Falernian* Wine, mention was made in Notes on El. 9. of Book 1. they counted the Age of their Wine from some particular Consulages. Thus *Hor.* L. 3. Od. 21.

Parcis

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Parcis deripere horreo

Cessantem Bibuli Consulis amphoram.

Et L. 3. Od. 8.

Hic dies anno redeunte festus

Corbicem adstrictum pice admovebit

Amphora summum bibere instituta

Consule Tullo,

See likewise L. 1. Od. 20.

Full with the Chion Store.]

The *Chion* was reckon'd the finest of the Greek Wines, this was mix'd with the *Falernian*, as *Torrentius* supposes in his Notes on *Hor. Sat. 10. L. 1. V. 24.*

At sermo lingua concinnus utraque

Survivor: ut Chio nota si comista Falerni est.

Which *Plin.* seems to make clearer; L. 14. C. 15.

*Quid, non & Caesar Dictator Triumphis sui cœna
vini Falerni amphoras, Chii cados in convivio di-
stribuit? Idem Hispaniensi triumpho Chium &
Falernum dedit. Broukhus.*

To shake the Acorns down for humane Food.]

The general Food, before *Ceres* invented Agriculture, was Malt, Acorns, and Cornel-berries, or what else the Woods produc'd; this is almost every where mention'd: *Virg. Geo. L. 1. Ovid Met. L. 1. and Lucret. L. 5. Quintil. Declam. 12.*

First

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First taught by them, their lowly Bow'rs they
(made

Of winding Willows, with a Leavy Shade.]

The early Inhabiters of the World dwell in Caves and Dens like wild Beasts, 'till they invented Coverts of Trees, thick set, and the Branches interwove like Bow'rs, which are common even now in some Parts of the World. And I have some where read, that in the early Times of Christianity here in *Britain*, their Churches were of the like Materials and Workmanship.

And Joyous roars out rude impolish'd Lines.]

He here seems to give the first Invention of Poetry to the Husbandman, which *Scaliger*, Poet, L. 1. C. 4, attributes to *Shepherd's*. To this Opinion of our Poet, *Hor.* joins L. 2. Epist. 1.

The Country Farmer painted o'er with Red,
To Bacchus first the artless Chorus read.]

In those Dances the Peasants painted their Faces with Red, in Imitation of the Rural Deities, who were so represented: Thus *Virg.* Ecl. 10.

Pan Deus arcadiae venit : quem vidimus ipsi
Sanguineis Ebulis baccis minioque rubentem.



ELEGY

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ELEGY II.

HE celebrates the Birth-Day of *Cerintus*; of whom see the Life.

You that attend with fav'ring Silence hear.]

Twas the Custom to enjoin Silence at all religious Invocations: the Priest began with the known Expression of *Favete linguis*, lest any ill ominous Words should injure the Sacrifice: Thus *Hor.*

*Odi prophanum vulgus, & arceo
Favete linguis.*

And *Virg. Æ. Lib. 5.*

Ore favete omnes & cingete tempora ranis.

May the kind Genius be in Presence here.]

Of the *Genius*: See Notes on the Seventh Elegy of the First Book.

ELEGY III.

THIS Elegy is writ to *Cornutus*, a Friend of our Poet; what he was is a Question, for there were several of that Name, one of which was Prætor of *Rome* in the Cons. of *Hirtius* and *Pansa* AV. DCCX. of him Mention is made by *Cicero*, Lib. 10. *ad Famil.* Epist. 12. and Ep. 16. and *Phillipp* 14. C. 14. He therefore to this Friend rails at the Country, whither his Mistress had

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had retir'd for the Summer Season ; boasts of the Hardships of servile Toil he would undergo (Imitation of *Apollo's* Example) so he might be there with her ; which finding impossible, rails at it, wishes the early Innocence of the World, and Simplicity of Manners, when Love was free and easy to every one ; blames the Luxury of Women, which must be maintain'd by the repeated Inconveniencies of War and Rapine ; which Difficulties he professes he would run through to maintain his Mistress's Pride so he might engage her Love.

*Thus great Apollo, ever Young and Fair,
Unbent himself to tend Admetus' Care.]*

Admetus was King of *Thessaly*. 'Tis fabled, that when *Apollo* was degraded by *Jupiter* for the Death of the *Cyclops*, he kept the Herd of this Prince for Nine Years ; but the more probable Story is, that he was enamour'd of *Alceste*, the Wife of *Admetus* ; which Story *Ovid* mentions, *Art. Am. L. 2.*

*Cynthia Admeti vacas paviſſe Pheræi
Fertur, & in parva delituiſſe caſa.
Quod Phœbus decuit, quem non decet? exue ſaſus,
Curam manſuri quiſquis amoris habes.*

Fame ſays that *Phœbus* kept *Admetus's* Herd,
And couſly in an humble Cottage ſar'd :
No ſervile Offices the God deny'd ;
Learn this, ye Lovers, and reject your Pride.

MR. DRYDEN.

This

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This *Apollo* himself mentions in *El. 4. L.* the thought is taken from *Callimachus* Hymn to *Apollo*, V. 49.

When Love's the Cause, the Med'nal Pow'rs are vain.] *Apollo* was the God of Physick; but with all his Skill, could find no Medicine for Love, as himself owns. *Ovid Met. L. i.*

*Inventum medicina meum est; Opiferque per orbem
Dicor, & herbarum subjecta patientia nobis.
Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis:
Nec prosunt domino quæ prosunt omnibus artes.*

There follow these four Verses in the *Latin*.

*Ipse Deus solitus stabulis expellere vaccas,
Et potum fessas ducere fluminibus
Et miscere novo docuisse coagula lacte,
Lacteus & mistis obriguisset liquor.*

Which in Opinion of *Scaliger*, were inserted in by some other Hand, as being unworthy the Thought or Measure of *Tibullus*: And I confess I am of the same Opinion, and have omitted translating them as the two following.

*Tunc fiscella levi detexta est vimine junci,
Raraque per nexus est via facta sero.*

Which though not disputed as the former, nor so different from the Style of our Author as to be so; yet I have taken the Liberty to omit, as thinking the

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the Connexion better without them; perhaps by reason of some other Lines adjoining to them, now wip'd out by Time.

*Where Phœbus! Where are all thy Honours flown
Of Delos? —*

Delos is an Island in the *Egean* Sea, the Chief of the *Cyclades*, where *Latona* brought forth *Apollo* and *Diana*; he is thence call'd *Delius*. This Island was held in a very religious Esteem by the Ancients. *Delphis* and *Pytho* are frequently taken for the same Place. *Pytho* was a Town near the Foot of *Parnassus* in *Phocis*, and sacred to *Apollo*.

'Tis now a Jest, a Jest let me too prove.]

A Jest, or Redicule: This Expression is commonly made use of when Persons are in Love: Thus *Hor. Epod. 11.*

*Heu me per urbem! nam pudet tanti Mali
Fabula quanta fui.*

And *Tibullus*, in *Eclogy 4.*

*Parce puer quæso ne turbis fabula fiam,
Cum mea ridebunt vana magisteria.*

This Iron Age for Spoils its Arts employs.]

The Transition here seems to be a little strain'd, whether mis plac'd by the different Editors, or by Loss of some Part I know not, or whether to introduce the Dangers and Difficulties, that he might have the Opportunity of assuring *Nemesis*, that those

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those Difficulties, great and many as they were by him represented, he would willingly undergo to pleasure her, as he had before assur'd her, that the Toils of the Country would be nothing to him so he might see her.

His Moles stupendous curb'd the unmanag'd Sea.

That Fish may winter in the quiet Bay.]

The Extravagance of the Romans in making large Moles into the Sea, for the ready Advantage of the Fish in Winter, is a Part of the Luxury *Horace* so much blames in them, *Od.* 15. *L.* 2. and *L.* 3. *Od.* 1.

Then Nemesis.] Of her, see the Life.

She shall the Vestments subtle Texture wear,

By Cœan Women wrought with artful Care.]

The Cœan Vestments were so call'd from Cos an Island in the *Egean* Sea. The first Inventress of that Habit was *Pamphilia*, according to *Arist. Hist. Anim.* *L.* 6. they were a light Summer wear; and are often mention'd as in *Ovid Art. Am.* *L.* 2. And the next Elegy of this Book, this curious Silk was, I suppose, of different Colours; for *Horace* mentions as Purple, *L.* 4. *Od.* 13. but in this Place it seems shot with an Eye of Gold; we may gather from what *Horace* mentions of it, *Sat.* 2. *L.* 1. that the Slowness and Thinness of it, made it no very great Sign of modest Dress to wear it.

And Africk V'let strive with Tyrian Red.]

These Colours are by some equally call'd Purple; but

but the first was in the Opinion of some of a Violet,
the other of a Scarlet.

ELEGY IV.

HE complains of the Hardships of Love,
and of the mercenary Temper of his
Mistress; whom nothing but Gifts could please.

And hang his annual Garland on her Tomb.
A Custom among the Romans, mention'd by
Pliny.

O silent may'st thou sleep in pleasing Rest.
A Wish usual among them, and to be met with
on several Inscriptions, express'd by these Letters,
H. R. I. P. Hic requiescat in pace.

And the light Turf lie easy on thy Breast.
Nothing is more commonly met with than this
Wish, *Sit tibi terra levis* STTL.

ELEGY V.

MARCUS Val. Messalinus being chose one
of the *Quindecemvir*, who had the Keeping
of the *Sybilline Oracles*: *Tibullus* invokes *Apollo*
to favour him, and unveil the Mysteries contain'd
in those Books; from which Hint he takes Oc-

M

casion

casion to lay open and describe the Original of the *Roman* Power, and the Prodigies then lately seen and heard before the Murder of *Cæsar*; and implores from *Apollo* better Omens; describes the Country's Religious Diversion, and closes it with a Compliment to *Messalinus*. This *Messalinus*, who was the Son of *Messala*, and Consul with *L. Corn. Lentulus Getulicus* A.V. D C C L. was remarkable for this easy Wit and Eloquence: For *Tacit* Hist. L. 3. C. 34. speaking of him, says, *Mox Valerius Messalinus, cui Patrens Messala, ineratque imago paternæ facundiæ, respondit.*

Phæbus within thy awful Fane.] He invokes *Apollo*, being the Power presiding over all who prophecy'd, and in whose Temple the *Sybilline Oracles* were kept according to *Suetonius*. *Aug.*

Array'd as when Old Saturn fled above.] *Saturn's* being expell'd Heaven is a known Fable; which see exploded *Macrob. in somn. Scip.* L. 1. C. 2.

To Sybill you unveil'd the future Days.] Of the *Sybills* there were several, but the Number is doubted; some counting Nine, among whom is *Suidas*; some Four, as *Ælian*; some Three, and some one (*Plin.* L. 3. C. 33.) only; tho' according to *Varro* there were Ten: To recount the Names given of them is needless; and the Story of bringing the Books to *Tarquin*, is by most known; which however I shall set down: One of these Women, (that here particularly meant) by some, said to be the *Cumæan*, brought to *Tarquinus Priscus*

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Priscus Nine Books, for which she demanded three hundred Pieces of Gold: The King being amaz'd at the extravagant Demand, she went away and burnt, at two several times, Six of the Nine, demanding the same Price for the remaining Three; which purchas'd, were found to contain in Heroick Verse, the Fates of the *Roman* State; these were held in great Esteem, 'till according to *Solinus*, they were burnt in the Conflagration of the Capitol, the Year before *Sylla's* Dictatorship, notwithstanding which some other Fragments and Transcripts of their Writings were collected. These Writings were kept by Fifteen Priests, call'd the *Quindecemvir*, of which Number *Messalinus* was chose one; they consulted those Writings upon all important Occasions, 'till as *Dempster* observes, on *Rosin. Cap. 24.* in the Time of *Thodasus* the Elder, when most of the Senate were Converts to Christianity; they began to slight them, as fabulous Trifles, 'till lastly *Stilicus* burnt them under *Honorius*; *Dempster* closes with a Quotation from *Rutilius* his Itin. upon the Madness of this Action.

Or Walls the Cause of Rhemus fatal Doom.]

Rhemus, when his Brother *Romulus* was building the Walls of *Rome*, in Sport and Redicule of the Design, leap'd over them; for which he was, according to *Livy*, slain by Order of his Brother *Romulus*.

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*By straying Shepherds hung Reeds which de-
(crease
With Wax conjoin'd, and gradually less.]*

Of the hanging up several Instruments of the different Arts, in which they excell'd to the different Powers presiding over those Arts; Mention is made in Notes on E. of the First Book. The Form of the Shepherd's Pipe here given, is in a curious Manner likewise given by *Ovid Met. L. 8.* describing the Form of *Dedalus* Wings.

*Ponit in ordine pennas,
A minima captas, longam brevior sequenti:
Ut clivo crevisse putes. sic rustica quondam
Fistula disparibus paullatim surgit avenis.*

For various Feathers now his Hands dispose,

Beginning with the least in artful Rows:

A short Succeeding still, the longer Quill

Show'd like the gentle Rising of a Hill.

By such Degrees the rural Pipe arose,

Whose curious Frame unequal Reeds compose.

MR. SEWELL.

And where Velabria spreads his wat'ry Store.]
Velabria was a Place in the Eleventh Division of the City; between the *Forum* the *Palatium* and *Aventine Mount*; and as *Varro* observes, formerly by several Lakes and Floods of Water, separated

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separated the rest of the City, from coming to sacrifice in the Temple of *Diana*; the *Latins* therefore were Ferry'd over here. *Silvius*.

Brother of winged Love, Æneas hail.] He begins the Prophecy of the *Sybill*; he is call'd the Brother of *Cupid*; the one being Son of *Venus*, by *Anchises*, and the other by *Mars*.

See Jove assigns thee Laurentines Abodes.] Part of *Latium*, so call'd from *Laurentum*, a City there.

There sacred thou from Old Numicus' Floods, Shalt from a Heroe mingle with the Gods.] *Numicus* was a Flood in *Latium*, in which the Body of *Æneas* was found after his Death; the Manner of which is variously reported; some say he fell in and was drown'd, flying *Mezentius* King of the *Etrurians*, some *Messapus*: *Ascanius* afterwards built a Temple to him with this Inscription, says *Dion. Halicarn. L. i. C. 140.*

PATRI DEO: INDIGETI
QVI NVMICI. AMNIS
VNDAS TEMPERAT

I see! I see! Rutilian Fires alight.] The *Rutilians* were the ancient Inhabitants of *Italy*, whom *Turnus* headed against *Æneas*. See *Virgil Æn.*

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[*I see Lavinum's Walls attempt the Skies.*]
Lavinum was a City of *Latium*, built by *Aeneas*;
 and so call'd for his Wife *Livinia*.

[*And Alba Longa's lofty Tow'rs arise.*] *Alba Longa*, a City of *Latium*, built by *Ascanius*, Son of *Aeneas*.

[*Thee Ilia next I see.*] *Ilia*, otherwise call'd *Rhea*, or *Silvia*, Daughter of *Numitor*, was a Vestal Virgin, on whom *Mars* afterwards begat *Romulus* and *Rhemus*: *Tibullus* here mentions the Story, as if there was the Consent of *Ilia*; but *Ovid* as if she was compress'd by the God, when asleep, whom *Statius* likewise follows.

— *Sic victa sopore doloso*
Martia fluminea posuit latus Ilia ripa.

But *Virgil* takes no Notice of either, *Æ.*
 L. 1,

— *Regina sacerdos*
Marte gravis geminam partu dabit Ilia prolem.

Prophetick Truths I sing, so safely may
I eat the Laurel Leaves —]

The eating of Laurel Leaves was common among the Prophets, Priests and Poets, as thinking they aided Inspiration: Of the Prophets or Priests *Tibullus* here speaks; Of the Poets, *Juvenal*, Sat. 7,

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*Nemo tamen studiis indignum ferre laborem
Coeter posthac, nectit quicumque canoris
Eloquium vocale modis, laurumque momordit.*

What Ær Amalthea.] Amalthea, one of the Sybills, the same with the Sybilla Cumana, according to Varro. and Lanctan. Divin. Instit. L. 1. C. 6. says that Amalthea, the Sybilla Cumana was likewise call'd Demophile, and Herophile; but this place seems to contradict that, Herophile being mention'd separately.

What Marpeſſia ſaid.] Another of the Sybills, whom Achilles Statius will have call'd Marneſſia, or Marmeſſa, ſo call'd from the Place of her Birth.

Herophile, Apollo's Favorite Maid.] She is here call'd Grata Phæbo, being Priestreſs to Apollo Smintheus, ſhe in her inspir'd Flights, not only calling her ſelf Herophile, but ſometimes Diana, and in other places the Siſter, Wife, and Daughter to Apollo; ſhe died in Phrygia, and was buried in the Grove of Smintheus, with Elegies engraven on a Column, which Pausanius, L. 10. recites.

Or what the ſam'd Albuna underſtood.] Albuna, or Tiburtina, another of the Sybills.

They ſung of Comets blazing in the Air.] He here alludes to the Prodigies ſeen before the Murder of Jul. Cæſar, which Virgil has mention'd, Georg. L. 1.

168 NOTES on the

*Non alius cælo ceciderunt plura sereno
Fulgura: nec diri toties arserunt comete.*

Red Meteors ran a-croſs th' *Ætherial* ſpace,
Stars diſappear'd, and Comets took the Place.

MR. DRYDEN.

Huge ponderous Stones came rattling from on high.
Several Inſtances of this frequently occur in Hiſtory, *Livy*, *Valerius Maximus*, and others; this *Silvius* takes to be no other than large Hail Stones.

In Clouds they heard the Arrows whizzing
(Noiſe,

And the loud ſounding Trumpets brazen Voice.)

The Noiſe of Trumpets, and Armour clashing in the Air *Virgil* makes another Fore-runner of *Cæſar's* Murder.

Armorum ſonitum toto germania cælo

Audit. —

What Clanks were heard, in *German* Skies afar,
Of Arms and Armies ruſhing to the War!

Which *Suetonius* likewise relates, and *Plin.* L. 2. C. 57. mentions the ſame in the *Cimbrian* War; as does *Ovid Met.* L. 15.

Arma

SECOND BOOK. 169

*Arma ferunt inter nigras crepitantia nubes,
Terribilesque tubas, auditaque cornua celo
Præmonuisse nefas.*

In Clouds were Weapons heard with clashing
(Noise,
And warlike Musick, and the Trumpet's Voice
Foretold the dire Event.

*And Fates were told from Woods and gloomy
Shades.]* This Prodigy *Virgil* likewise mentions
upon the same Account.

*Vox quoque per lucos vulgo exaudita silentis
Ingens.*

Voices were heard of more than mortal Men
From silent Groves,

To this agrees *Ovid Met. L. 15.*

— *Cantusque feruntur
Auditi, sanctis & verba minacia lucis.*

And *Livy, L. 2. C. 7.*

*The Sun deficient view'd the dusky Day,
And his pale Steeds reflect a dying Ray.]*

This Palencis, which continu'd a whole Year, was
another Fore-runner of *Cæsar's* Death, mention'd
by *Virgil*.

Ille

176 NOTES on the

*Ille etiam extincto miseratus Casare. Romam,
Cum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine textit,
Impiaq; eternam timuerunt secula noctem.*

He first the Fate of *Cæsar* did foretell,
And pity'd *Rome*, when *Rome* in *Cæsar* fell,
In Iron Clouds conceal'd the publick Light,
And impious Mortals fear'd *Æternal Night*.

MT. DRYDEN.

This *Plin.* mentions, L. 2. C. 33. *Fuunt prodigiosi & longiores solis defectus: qualis occiso dictatore Casare, & Antoniano bello, totius pene anni pallore continuo.* *Lucan* mentions another before the breaking out of the Civil Wars, L. 1. and the like happen'd of late Times, before the Battle between the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth, and *John Frederick* of *Saxony*.

And Tears down the Gods Marble Statues roll'd,
Another Prodegy mention'd by *Virgil*.

Et maestum inlacrimat templis ebur, æraq; sudant,

The weeping Statues did the Fates foretell,
And holy Sweat from brazen Idols fell.

This is frequently mention'd by the Poets, *Ovid*, *Lucan*, &c. by *Livy*, L. 43. C. 13. where, after mentioning

172 NOTES on the

With glowing Flowers the brimming Goblets crown.] To crown or bind the Cups with Chaplets of Flowers, was customary among the Ancients. Thus *Virgil*, *Æn.* L. I.

Crateras magnas statuunt & vina coronant.

And L. 3.

Tum pater Anchises magnum cratera corona,

Induit implevitq; mero.

Sometimes they strow'd Flowers in the Liquor with a gay Wantonness, and sometimes drank them. Of the First *Tertullian*, *de carnis resurrectione*, takes notice. And *Pliny* tells us, that when *Anthony*, upon his *Ælian* Expedition, jealous of *Cleopatra*, would eat nothing at her Entertainments without a Taster, she thus mock'd his Fear: In the midst of their Mirth she invited him to drink their Garlands (having before dip'd the Tips of her own in Poison) which being pluck'd in Pieces, and put into the Bowl; as he offer'd to drink she laid hold of it, and upbraiding him with his Fear and Suspicion of her, sent for a Captive, who being commanded to drink it, died presently.

And Nations shown before his Car.] In the Triumphs the Conquer'd were led before the Chariot, and the Representations of the Nations conquer'd, Rivers, and Mountains; this *Livy* mentions, and says, that *Scipio Asiaticus* had the Representation of 137 Cities carried in Triumph: And

SECOND BOOK. 173

And *Tacitus Annal.* L. 2. that the Spoils, Captives, and Representations of Mountains, Rivers and Battles were carried: *Vid. Sylvius.* *Ovid* means this Custom, *Art. Am.* L. 1. in his Advice to the Lover upon sitting by his Mistress to see one of those Entries.

*Spectabunt leti Juvenes mistæq; puellæ,
Diffundetque animos omnibus ista dies.
Atque aliqua ex illis cum regum nomina queret,
Quæ loca qui montes, quæque ferantur aquæ
Omnia responde: nec tantum si qua rogabit,
Et quæ nescieris, ut bene nota refer, &c.*

On such a Day, if thou, and next to thee,
Some Beauty sits, the Spectacle to see
If she enquire the Names of conquer'd Kings,
Of Mountains, Rivers, and their hidden Springs;
Answer to all thou know'st, and if need be,
Of things unknown, seem to speak knowingly.

MR. DRYDEN.

To which we may add the Figures of great Men slain in Battles, or who fell by their own Hands; these likewise grac'd the Sight; and to this the Ingenious Mr. *Pope* alludes in his Prologue to *Cato*.

Waving the Laurel Branches in my Hand.]
The Pomp of the Triumphant Entries among the
Romans

Romans is describ'd by *Plutarch*, in *Vita Æmiliij*, and ridicul'd by *Cicero*, *Orat* in *L. Pisonem*. C. 25. And *Juvenal*, *Sat.* 10. the Custom of Souldiers bearing Laurel in their Hands, *Festus Pompejus* explains, *Laureati milites sequebantur currum triumphantis, & quasi purgati a cede humana intrarent urbem.*

ELEGY VI.

IN this Elegy he endeavours to dissuade his Friend from the Wars, desires *Nemesis* to favour his Love, and rails at the Treachery of her Woman.

Macer intends the Camp.] *Æmylius Macer Veronensis*, was a famous Poet of that Time, and Friend to *Tibullus*; him *Ovid* mentions, *Trist.* L. 2.

Nor let the Goddess give her Word in vain.] The Goddess *Spes*, so call'd, or *Hope*, sacred among the *Romans*, and was imagin'd to have a Beginning with the Birth of every Man, and to be present with the good *Genius*; therefore sometimes call'd *Spes Genialis*; she had several *Fanes* at *Rome*.

In that same Form.] The Notion the Ancients had of Apparitions was, that they were like the Persons at the Time of their Deaths. Thus *Virgil* describing the Apparition of *Hector*,
and

SECOND BOOK. 175

and Ovid that of *Rhemus*, *Fast.* L. 5. But what was most remarkable, is that of *Ceyx* to *Halcyone*, *Met.* L. 11.

*Ille volat, nullos strepitus facientibus alis,
Per tenebras : intraque moræ breve tempus in urbem
Pervenit Hæmoniam : positisque e corpore pennis
In faciem Ceycis abit : formaque sub illa
Luridus, exsanguis similis, sine vestibus ullis,
Conjugis ante torum misere stetit. uda videtur
Barba viri, madidisque gravis fluere unda capillis.
Tum lecto incumbens, fletu super ora refuso,
Hæc ait : Agnoscis Ceyca, miserrima conjux ?
An mea mutata est facies nece ? respice ; nosces :
Inveniesque tuo pro conjuge conjugis umbram.*





THE
WORKS
OF
A. TIBULLUS.

BOOK III.

ELEGY I.



THE Feast of *Roman Mars* is
(drawing near,

Which to our Ancestors be-
(gan the Year;

And Presents now are carry'd
(up and down,

From House to House, throughout the joyful Town.

Say ye, *Pierian Nine*, what to my Fair

Neera shall I send? What Gift prefer?

N

That

178 TIBULLUS. Book III.

That She, who I am fond of calling Mine,
If false, yet fair, and to my Thoughts divine.

THE mercenary Maid delights in Gold,
The Fair in Verse, to have her Praises told ;
And my *Nemra* Prides her in my Days,
And Joys to find her Beauties merit Praise.
Then let the Book be bound with curious Art,
And neatly beautify'd in every Part ;
And in the Front with painted Pride declare
The Name in curious Letters of my Fair.

AND, O ! ye Nine, by whom inspir'd I sing,
By your *Castalian* Shades and sacred Spring ;
Hence I conjure you to my much-lov'd Fair,
The polish'd Piece, and curious Volume bear,
E're soiling Hands the shining Lids invade,
Or the gay Leaves, and gilded Edges fade.
And let her then resolve me if her Flame
Of Love, and mine, are equal, and the same :

Or

Book III. TIBULLUS. 179

Or whether she retains the smallest Part,
Or if 'tis quite extinguisht in her Heart:
And after due Respect obsequious paid,
Thus with submissive Voice address the Maid.

NEERA chaste! he who a Husband's Name
Once hop'd, now claims a Brother's chaster Flame,
This trifling Present with Submission sends
To her, on whom his Hope and Fear attends;
He swears he loves you dearer than his Life,
Whether his future Sister, or his Wife:
But rather as his Wife, which earnest Vow
Will last 'till he shall view the Shades below.

ELEGY II.

FIERCE was the Man who durst Loves Rites
(invade,
And part the Youth from the desiring Maid;
Or his malicious subtle Arts employ,
To part the Maid from her enamour'd Boy:

180 TIBULLUS. Book III.

And he was stupid, who unmov'd could bear
 To live divided from the much-lov'd Fair:
 I own my self unable to sustain
 A Grief like this, or bear the racking Pain.
 Sorrow, an Ill no Courage can controul,
 Divides the Heart, and quite unnerves the Soul.
 I freely own the Ills to Love I owe,
 A Life of Trouble, and a Scene of Woe.
 Therefore when Death shall this fair Form invade,
 And I shall shrink into an empty Shade,
 When rising Flames have sunk the Funeral Pile,
 And my white Bones the Load of Ashes Soil:
 Before the Fire *Neera* shall repair,
 And weep around with long dishevel'd Hair;
 With her, her Mother'll weeping come, the one
 Shall mourn a Lover, t' other mourn a Son.
 But first the Mother, and the sobbing Maid
 Shall often call me, and invoke my Shade;
 And having laid me decent on the Bier,
 Wash my pale Corps with a religious Care.

Then

Book III. TIBULLUS. 181

Then while the Fire lies smould'ring on the Ground,
 My Bones, the All of me, can then be found;
 Array'd in Mourning Robes, the sorrowing Pair
 Shall gather all around with pious Care;
 With Ruddy Wine the Relicks sprinkle o'er,
 And snowy Milk on the Collections pour;
 Then with fair Linnen Cloths the Moisture dry,
 In-urn'd in some cold Marble Tomb to lie;
 With them inclose the Spices, Sweets, and Gums
 And all that from the soft *Arabia* comes,
 And what *Affyria's* wealthy Confines send,
 And Tears, an Off'ring to my Mem'ry lend;
 In such a Manner let me be intomb'd,
 When shrunk to Ashes, and to Dust consum'd;
 Then let some Elegy in Letters fair,
 The mournful Cause that wrought my Death de-
 (clare,
 Let Characters upon the Marble tell
 In this sad Verse, the Reason why I fell.

182 TIBULLUS. Book III.

*Lygdamus lies within this silent Tomb,
Grief, and Neera wrought the fatal Doom;
Soon as his Mistress had her Faith betray'd,
He dy'd, and could not live without the Maid.*

ELEGY III.

IF you, *Neera*, ask the Reason why
I load with Pray'rs, and od'rous Smoak, the
(Sky;
Not for a Palace built with *Parian* Stone, its built
To hold my Greatness, and to make me known;
Nor vast extended Tracts of Land to plough,
Nor yet for wealthy Harvests tends my Vow.
Not these, but that indulgent Heaven would bless
Me and *Neera* with a Life of Ease;
That I may find my Age in your Embrace,
And thence set out to run th' Infernal Race;
A shudd'ring Fare, to fill the Boat below,
And see the irremeable Waters flow.

For

Book III. TIBULLUS 183

For what avails a Palace Rich and Great,
 With *Phrygian* Columns to support the Weight:
 Admit the shady Vista's that surround
 The Dome, appear like consecrated Ground,
 A Fence enclos'd with holy Groves around;
 Where Floors of polish'd Marble level lie,
 And Roofs of fretted Gold to daze th' erected Eye.
 Or what the Pearls cull'd from the Eastern Shore,
 The Beamy Diamond, and the shining Store;
 Or Vests that glow with rich *Sidonian* Dyes,
 Or all that the mis-judging Vulgar prize:
 Not any thing, for Envy sullies these,
 They're the mistaken Goods which generally please;
 The poor Possessor strives, but strives in vain
 With these, to sooth his Care, and ease his Pain;
 For Fortune rules with arbitrary Sway,
 And what she gives, he fears she'll take away.
 If I may claim a Blessing to my Share,
 Let me be poor, so I enjoy my Fair:

184 TIBULLUS. Book III.

But without you, I Will no other Thing,
 No, not the Name and Ensigns of a King.
 When will the happy Morning be display'd,
 That will restore to me the lovely Maid?
 Thrice, four times blest be that auspicious Light!
 That brings *Neera* to my longing Sight!
 For this, if any God will hear my Pray'r;
 If any God propitious lends an Ear,
 I'll neither Kingdoms ask, nor *Lydia's* Strand,
 Splendidly rich, with all its golden Sand;
 Nor all the Wealth the extended Earth contains,
 Let others earnestly desire their Gains,
 Let me in humble Quiet spend my Life,
 Blest'd in my Country Farm, and lovely Wife.
Saturnia! favouring hear my trembling Vow!
 And Queen of Love! thou *Cyprian* Goddess thou!
 But if the Sister-Fates the Task decline,
 To draw a Day like this in future Twine;

Now

Book III. TIBULLUS. 185

Now let 'em cut; and may I summon'd go
To view the Wastes, and the pale Floods below,
Where livid *Stryx* rolls on his lazy Tide,
By dreary Confines bound on every Side.

ELEGY IV.

MAY Heaven send better Visions to my
(View,

And grant those hateful Dreams may not be true,
Which did last Night my troubled Thoughts molest,
Disturb'd my Mind, and broke my quiet Rest :
Hence ye delusive Visions, far away,
No more ye vain fantastick Spectres play.
Think not that I can any Credence give,
Or in such idle Fancies place Belief.
Important Truths the Oracles declare,
And Truth attends the Auruspices' Care :
But Dreams fallacious fill the dreary Night,
And scare the tim'rous Mind with vain Affright.

And

186 TIBULLUS Book III

And Men lest these their quiet Slumbers break,
 Make Off'rings of the Salt and Barley Cake;
 But whether 'tis for our own good design'd,
 Or whether to confuse the doubtful Mind:
 The Fears which threaten me I think are vain,
 If no ill Acts my guiltless Mind distain,
 Nor impious Words have 'scap'd my Tongue
 (prophane.)

NIGHT with her *Ebon* Wheels had left the Sky,
 To wash her Chariot in the Azure Sea;
 When yet no Sleep my weary Eye-lids clos'd,
 No soothing Sleep my troubled Soul compos'd,
 At length when *Phæbus* rose to view the *East*,
 Slow Sleep inclin'd my weary Eyes to rest.
 When, lo! a Youth appear'd before my Bed,
 His lovely Temples with chaste Laurel spread:
 No Youth so lovely grac'd the Times that were,
 Nor present Days behold a Face so fair:

His

Book III. TIBULLUS. 187

His Length of Hair in lovely Ringlets flew,
With Odours sweet, and of an Amber Hue;
His Body fair, as *Cynthia* Silver bright,
And purple Blushes grac'd the snowy White:
Such glowing Blushes stain the modest Maid,
When to the eager am'rous Youth convey'd,
And the new Pleasures of the Bridal Bed,
Such blended Beauties Girls in Garlands bind
With Flow'rs of different Hues together twin'd,
Twisting the Lilly pale with snowy Head,
And scarlet *Amaranthus* glowing Red;
A Hue like this, when ting'd by Autumn's Pride,
Reddens the Apple on the sunny Side.
About his Feet a *Palla* graceful flow'd,
For such a Vestment did his Body shroud.
A sounding Lyre design'd by curious Art,
And labour'd o'er with Skill was every Part;
With Pearls, and shining Gold diversify'd,
The curious Piece hung careless at his Side.

With

188 TIBULLUS. Book III.

With Iv'ry Bow he wakes the trembling Strings,
And tunes his Voice, and thus melodious sings ;
His flying Fingers stop the Notes around,
And these sad Words he sung with sweetest Sound.

HAIL ! Care of God, for by a Rite divine,
The Gods assist the Bard in each Design.
Phæbus and *Bacchus*, and the sacred Nine.
But neither *Bacchus*, nor the learned Throng,
Can speak what Fate, next Hour, will bring along.
To me, alone the Laws of future Doom
Jove gave, and View of Ages yet to come:
Then take these Warnings which a God reveals ;
Believe a God, and hear what *Cynthia* tells.
She who was always thy peculiar Care,
Then whom not Daughters, Mothers held so dear:
Not with such Passion eagerest Youths are mov'd,
Nor with such Passion tenderest Maids belov'd ;
For whom you weary all the Gods with Pray'r.
And every Day is spent in Fear for her :

And

Book III. TIBULLUS. 189

And when still Sleep his Sable Mantle throws,
To veil your Eyes, and urge a still Repose,
She in your Sleep arises to your Sight,
And fills with vain fantastick Dreams, the Night.
That she who in thy Verse is made divine,
Neera nam'd in every sounding Line:
That celebrated she, with all her Charms,
Begins to languish for another's Arms.
Thy former Passion to her Mind is lost,
That Mind is now with different Passions tost;
She fir'd with other Flames, about does rove,
Detests her quiet House, and seeks another Love.
Ah! cruel Sex, a Name to Faith unknown,
May they be curs'd who any have undone.
But she may change, the Sex for Change is fam'd,
By Faith and stretch'd out Arms she'll be reclaim'd;
For cruel Love instructs us to sustain
Vast Toils, and slight the Labour and the Pain.
He! cruel Love, directs us by his Care,
His Lash, and smarting Scourge content to bear.
There's

190 TIBULLUS. Book III.

There's more than Fiction in the Tale you've heard
 Of me, how once I kept *Admetus*' Herd.
 My Vocal Shell could then no Pleasure bring,
 Nor sang I measure to the sounding String;
 But with an Oaten Pipe was wont to rove,
 Ev'n I, *Latona's* Son, and Progeny of *Jove*.
 Fond Youth! you know not Love if e'er you fear
 A Mistress' Frowns, and heavy Yoak to bear.
 Nor doubt that tender Blandishments will fail.
 O'er steely Breasts, oft soothing Prayers prevail.
 What others do from Oracles believe,
 Do thou more sure from my own Lips receive;
 For *Delius* says, *Neera* will be kind,
 Nor more with various Passions change her Mind
 For different Men: When this the God had said
 I woke, and from my Eyes the Slumbers fled.

Ah! little did I dream of such a Time,
 Or think that Breast could harbour such a Crime;

For

Book III. TIBULLUS. 191

For thou'rt descended of a humane Birth,
 No rapid Pontick Ocean brought thee forth;
 No fierce *Chimera* breathing fiery Death,
 No Hellish *Cerberus* with triple Breath :
 Nor did'st from *Scylla* barking Womb proceed
 With Dogs enclos'd, nor from the Lyon's Breed :
 Nor was thy Birth on barbarous *Scythias* Land,
 Nor on the dangerous Shoals of *Africk's* Sand.
 But of a Noble House, and lovely Pair,
 Thy Father gen'rous, and thy Mother fair.
 With Dreams like these may *Phæbus* fill my Mind
 No more, but throw the Visions in the Wind.

ELEGY V.

YOU to th' *Etrurian* pleasing Baths retreat;
 Baths dangerous in the sultry Summer's
 (Heat,
 But now prefer'd to *Baja's*, when his Wing
 The Winter spreads, and yields to purple Spring.

FOR

192 TIBULLUS. Book III.

FOR me, *Persephone*, with doubtless Power,
 Denounces Death, and marks th' oblivious Hour.
 Spare! Goddess, spare! and grant a longer Date
 To Youth unworthy of so hard a Fate.
 The Rites for *Ceres*, and for thee ordain'd,
 Were never by my daring Tongue prophan'd:
 My Hands ne'er charg'd the Cup with deadly Juice,
 No Land gave pois'nous Simples for my Use;
 Nor did I ever impious raise my Hands
 To fire the sacred *Fanes* with flaming Brands.
 Nor have my Thoughts injurious Ills design'd,
 Nor meditated Mischiefs stain'd my Mind.
 No Blasphemies did e'er my Lips distain,
 Nor has my Tongue been us'd to talk prophane.
 I'm Young, nor do my Jetty Locks give way
 To the fair Hue of venerable Grey;
 Nor bending Age has made me stoop as yet,
 Nor giv'n his staggering Motion to my Feet.

What

Book III. TIBULLUS. 193

What Pleasure is there in the rash Design,
Of plucking unripe Clusters from the Vine?
Or with rough Hands the Apple-tree invade,
Soon as the Fruit is set, and Blossoms fade?
Spare, O! ye Pow'rs, who hold the livid Floods,
Tenants of dusky Shades, and gloomy Woods,
You to whom Lots decisive did ordain
The third Division, and Infernal Reign.
May I to Meads below my Journey take,
To fill the Boat, and cross the dreary Lake;
When Age has rifled my becoming Grace,
And scatter'd Paleness o'er my wrinkl'd Face.
When I, an ancient Sire, shall teach the Young,
And talk pass'd Actions to the list'ning Throng.

PRAY Heaven these Apprehensions may be vain,
Though I have languish'd fifteen Days in Pain.

BUT you the sacred Deities revere,
And Nymphs who make the *Tuscan* Baths their
(Care;
O And

194 TIBULLUS. Book III.

And swimming while at Ease, your Limbs you lave
 With easy Hands, disturb the smiling Wave;
 Live happy, and your Days in Pleasure spend;
 Always remembering of your absent Friend;
 Whether we live and breath the Vital Air,
 Or whether Fates will have it said we were;
 Mean while, in Hopes my Illness may decrease,
 Offer to *Dis* a Sheep with Sable Fleece,
 And for Libation give the Pow'r divine,
 A Bowl of snowy Milk, and ruddy Wine.



O
 ELEGY

ELEGY VI.

BACCHUS attend! So sacred be the Vine;
 So may cool Ivy round thy Temples twine.
 To heal my Grief thy generous Blessing pour:
 Love oft has fled at thy superior Power.

Boy! Let the Glasses crown'd with Liquor stand,
 And pour *Falernian* with a ready Hand:
 Ye melancholy Train of Cares, away!
 Let *Phæbus* shine on this auspicious Day,
 And his white Steeds diffuse a lively Ray.

You, my dear Friends, the cheerful Banquet
 (join,
 Nor baulk your Glass while I dispose the Wine,
 He that to join the drinking Match declines,
 And shuns the Flavour of the generous Wines;
 Him may his Favourite Girl with Wiles deceive,
 Oft blind her Crimes, and he as oft believe.

IV Y G E E

THE jolly God can Chearfulness impart,
 Enlarge the Soul, and raise the joyful Heart;
 He brings the stubborn underneath his Rein,
 Disarms the Lover of his high Disdain,
 And send him suppliant to the Fair again;
 Th' *Armenian* Tyger with his spotted Pride,
 The furious Lyon with his tawny Hide
 He overcomes, their Anger can assuage,
 Soften their Breasts, and quell their cruel Rage.
 Love has an equal Power o'er things like these, I
 Nay can do greater Wonders if he please;
 But what is that to us, let us attend
 The Gifts that *Bacchus* does so freely send;
 Come drink around, and let the Liquor pass;
 Which of you loves to see an empty Glas?
 'Tis just, nor *Bacchus* does the Rule decline,
 That they who worship him should drink his
 Wine.

Book III. TRIBULLUS. 197

E're long he comes too fierce, and too severe;
Let him drink on who does his Anger fear.

How dire his Punishment, his Pow'r how great,
Agave's Rage will prove, and *Pentheus* Fate.

But hence those Fears; let her who strives with
(Fraud

To veil her Baseness, dread the angry God.

Alas, what do I wish with thoughtless Mind?

May all those Pray'rs be scatter'd in the Wind.

For still believe me my ungenerous Fair,

Though I, neglected, am not worth your Care;

Yet I shall my unweary'd Pray'rs raise,

That you may spend a Life of prosperous Days.

BUT while I talk I trifle Time away;

Come let's repeat the circling Glass, I pray,

And after many Dark, enjoy one lightsome Day.



ELEGY VII.

AH me! How hard it is to imitate
False Mirth, and mimic Chearfulness
(create!

When the uneasy Mind enjoys no Rest,

How forc'd the Laughter seems! how dull the Jest!

Ill suits the Mouth, the Smile when ill design'd,

Nor drunken Words express a chearful Mind.

Why do I thus complain? Vile Cares be gone!

Bacchus detests the melancholly Moan.

Fair *Ariadne* by false Vows betray'd,

While *Theseus* treacherous Tongue deceiv'd the
(Maid:

Unheard you mourn'd, and unobserv'd you wept,
Upon a lovely desert Island left.

Thus Learn'd *Catullus*, in his moving Strain,
Repeats the Crimes of that ungrateful Man.

BUT such Examples being known, take Care,
And by another's Grief their Ills beware;

ELEGY

No 3

Book III. TERULLIANUS 199

Let none deceive thee, tho' she Fondness shows,
Though round your Neck her winding Arms she
(throws;

Nor let her seize thee with her Syren's Song,
Nor all the sordid Flatteries of her Tongue :
Though by her Eyes she swears, thy Mind to move,
By her own *Juno*, and the Queen of Love.

There's nothing in it, *Jove* at Lovers Vows
Laughs, and in Air the idle Perj'ries throws.
Then why to such Complainings am I led ?
Why dwell so long on one perfidious Maid ?
Leave me, ye melancholly Words, I pray,
And hence ye dull Reflections far away.
How could I, blest with thee, long Nights employ ?
And how with thee the longest Day enjoy :
Perfidious Maid ! I ne'er deserv'd this Ill ;
False as you are, ——— tho' false, yet lovely still,

Bacchus the *Naïd* loves, why do you stay ?
With *Tibers* Flood the raging Wine allay.

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The hum'rous the fantastick Maid denies

Her Presence, and conceal'd in Secret lies

Shall I all Night intreat, and beg and pine?

Not I; here, Boy, come give me stronger Wine.

While round my Locks the *Tyrian* Odours shed,

I ought with glowing Flow'rs to bind my Head.



Tell me, my Boy, what's the name of the Maid?

She's the same that I love, and she's the same

That I love, and she's the same that I love

And she's the same that I love, and she's the same

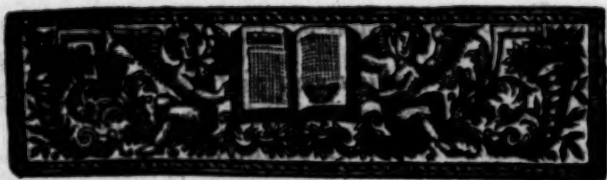
That I love, and she's the same that I love

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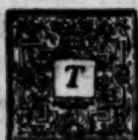


NOTES

ON THE

THIRD BOOK.

ELEGY I.



THE Feast of Roman Mars is drawing near. Romulus divided the Roman Year into ten Months, of which March was the First in respect of Mars his Father. Thus Ovid speaking of Romulus, *Sanguinis auctori tempora prima dedit.* or from the Readiness of the People to War, as says Varro.

The first Ovid further confirms,

*At te principium Romano ducimus Anno
Primus de patrio nomine mensis erat.*

To

To the Second *Festus* agrees, when he says,

Martius mensis initium anni fuit & in Latio, & post Romanam conditam eo quod gens erat belliciosissima. Vide Macrob. & Solinus.

On this Day therefore Presents were made between Relations, not unlike our Custom on the first Day of our Year; it was a general Festival, when Visits were paid, and Rejoycings made throughout *Rome*.

Neera, Of her, see the Life,

Then let the Book be bound with curious Art.] *Tibullus* describes the Ornaments of Books in his Time, which I have taken Liberty to modernize,

ELEGY II.

TIBULLUS finding his Endeavours unsuccessful to gain the Love of *Neera*, by means of some Obstacle, professes, that under such a Disappointment nothing but Death can afford him Ease.

Shall gather all around with pious Care.] Of the *Offilegium*, or gathering up the Ashes of the Dead, Mention has been made in Notes on First Book, the Custom is in this Elegy curiously describ'd.

The *Romans* Habit of Mourning is here expressly said to be Black; yet we may gather from *Plutarch*,

torch, that in the Times of the Commonwealth, White was generally the Habit upon these Occasions.

ELEGY III.

AFTER repeated Prayers and Sacrifices to the Gods, he asks his Mistress, to what Purpose he thought those Prayers design'd? And then assures her, that he had no happy Desires in View but for her; and that if they could not be granted, then that Death would release from farther vain Petitions.

A shuddring Fare to fill the Boat below.]
The Ferry of Charon, a known Fable.

With Phrygian Columns to support the Weight.]
The finest Marble was brought from Phrygia, according to Strabo, L. 12. Thus Hor. L. 3. Od. 1.

*Quod si dolentem nec Phrygius lapis,
Nec purpurarum sidera clarior
Delenit usus.*

Admit the shady Vistas.] For so the Word *Nemora*, signifies, tho' they are by several Writers confounded with Woods; but take the Distinction of Servius's Notes to *Æn.* L. 1. V. 314. *Interest autem inter nemus & Sylvam, & lucum. Lucus enim est arborum multitudo cum religione; nemus*

*nemus vero composita multitudo arborum; Sylva
diffusa & inculta.*

Or Vests that glow with rich Sydonian Dyes.]
Sidon was a City in *Phœnicia*, by the Sea side,
where Purple was made, as at *Tyre*, with which
City this contended for Antiquity and Dignity; it
is now call'd, *Said*, and by some *Saida*.

With all its Golden Sand.] Pæctolus, a River
in *Lydia*, of which the Sand was Gold.

Cyprian Goddess:] Venus, so call'd from
Cyprus, where she was chiefly worship'd, and
had the first Temple.

Where liv'd Styx.] Styx, the River surround-
ing Hell.

ELEGY. IV.

APOLLO appears to him, and tells him of
the cold Indifference of *Neera*, and that
her Affections were bent upon another.

Make Offerings of the Salt and Barley Cake.]
The Custom of preventing troublesome Dreams,
by offering the salted Meal: *Tibullus* before
says, he follow'd, for his Mistress *Delia*, *El. 5.*
L. r. And *Virgil, Æ. L. 5.* speaking of *Æneas*,
after seeing his Father *Anchises* in his Sleep, says,

Hec

*Hæc memorans cinerem & sopitos suscitât ignis;
Pergamæumque Larem & cæcæ penetralia Vestæ
Farre pio & plena supplex veneratur acerra.*

He said, and rose : As holy Zeal inspires

He rakes hot Embers, and renews the Fires.

His Country Gods and *Vestæ*, then adores
With Cakes and Incense ; and their Aid implores.

His lovely Temples with chaste Laurel spread.]
Lawrel the Favourite Plant of *Apollo*, into which
his *Daphne* was turn'd. See *Ovid Met. L. 1.*

*Complexusque suis ramos ut membra Lacertis,
Oscula dat ligno : refugit tamen oscula lignum.
Cui Deus, at conjux quoniam mea non potes esse,
Arbor eris certe, dixit mea. Semper habebunt
Te comia te citharæ, te nostræ, laure, pharetræ.*

For Arms he clasp'd the spreading Bough in his ;
Then kiss'd the Tree, the Tree still flies his Kiss ;

To whom the God, tho' you refuse to be

My Mistress, you shall be my Favourite Tree.

Thy Boughs, O Lawrel ! I will ever wear

To grace my Lyre and Shafts, and bind my Hair.

As Cynthia Silver bright.] A Simile frequently us'd by the Poets ; and the Royal Poet,

" Solo-

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Solomon, describing his Spouse, makes Uses beautifully of the same, Cantic. C. 6. "Who is she that
"looketh forth as the Morning, fair as the Moon,
"clear as the Sun, and terrible as an Army with
"Banners? *Broukhus*.

The Amaranthus glowing Red.] The *Amaranthus* was had in great Esteem for the Beauty and Continuance of its Colour: The Gods were fabled to wear Crowns of it, which Hint *Milton* has taken to Crown his Angels.

It is a Plant frequent in the Gardens of the Curious; there are two Sorts, the *Tricolor*, from the Variegation of its Leaves; and the *Coccineus*, so call'd from its Colour, which is this here mention'd; it grows to about three Foot in Height, producing a Bloom like large Tassels of Silk, of a bright Scarlet, sometimes inclin'd to a Purple, and sometimes of a paler Red.

About his Feet a Palla graceful flow'd.] The *Palla* was a Habit among the *Romans*, peculiar to the Women; for so *Horace*, L. 1. Sat. 2.

Ad talos stola demissa & circumdata palla.

Yet this Habit, or long Robe, we find frequently us'd by the Professors of Poetry and Musick; of both which, this Deity was accounted Patron. Thus *Ovid* dresses *Arion* Fast. L. 2.

Capit ille coronam;
Que possit crimes, Phæbe decere tuos.

Induerat

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Induerat Tyrio bis tinctam murice pallam:

Reddidit icta suos pollice chorda sonos.

He winds the twisted Chaplet round his Hair,

A Wreath which *Phæbus* need not scorn to wear;

Assumes the Purple *Palla* flowing loose,

Twice ting'd, and glowing with the *Tyrian* Juice,

Struck by his Hand the trembling Strings resound.

Those worn by Poets were White, according to
Val. Flaccus; *Argonaut*, L. 1. speaking of *Mop-*
sus the Poet.

Puniceo cui circumfusa coturno

Palla imos ferit alba pedes, vittataque frontem

Cassis, & in summo laurus Peneia cono.

A Milk-white *Palla* flowing all around,

Shaded his Legs in Purple Buskins bound;

His Temples were with holy Fillets brac'd,

And on his Head a Laurel Crown was plac'd.

Phæbus is sometimes arrayed in a Purple Habit
of this Kind, sometimes of Gold: Of the First,
see *Metam.* L. 11. Of the Second, *Am.* L. 1.
El. 8.

With Gold adorn'd with Pearls diversify'd.]

The Lyre was sometimes adorn'd with Ivory,
sometimes Gold, sometimes Jewels, and some-
times Pearl: Of the First, see *Hor.* L. 2. Od. 11.

Of

Of the Second, *Ovid Met. L. 8.* in the Story of *Nisus, Sylla, and Callim.* Hymn to *Apollo*: Of the Fourth, *Ovid Met. L. 11.* and of the Last, this Place.

Hail! Care of Gods.] Poets were always esteem'd the immediate Care of Gods, which *Tibullus* mentions in another place: And *Ovid* in the Elegy upon his Death,

At sacri vates & divum cura vocatur;

Sunt etiam qui nos numen habere putant.

But of what Kind these Favourites must be, the Word Chast implies.

And when still Sleep his Sable Mantle throws.] The God *Somnus*, or Sleep, among the Ancients, was call'd Brother of Death, and Son of the Night, he is describ'd by *Baron Spanheim*, in a Piece from *Pigbius* to *Callim.* Hymn to *Apollo*, like *Cupid* with large Wings, leaning upon a Torch revers'd, and having over his Right Arm a Robe, or Mantle.

See Notes on *El. 6.* of *L. 2.*

Nor fierce Chimæra.] A Mountain in *Lycia* sending forth Flames; the upper Part of it inhabited by Lyons, the middle Pasture gromed, and the Foot abounding with Serpents; whence came the Fiction of a Monster Vomiting Flames at its Mouth, having the Head and Breast of a
Lyon,

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Lyon, the Body of a Goat, and the Tail of a Dragon. *Lucret.*

Prima leo postrema draco, media ipsa Chimæra.

Nor Barking Scylla.] *Scylla* was belov'd by *Glaucus*, who slighting *Circe*, she in Revenge, mix'd several Magick Herbs in the Fountain, where *Scylla* repair'd to Bathe; who upon entering the Water, had her lower Parts transform'd into Dogs, and other Monsters; upon which, being affrighted and confus'd, she threw her self in the Sea, and was chang'd into a Rock. The Fable is taken from the Danger of the Sea, being full of Rocks; upon which the Waves breaking make a Noise, fancy'd like the Barking of Dogs.

ELEGY V.

TIBULLUS writes to his Friends at the Baths in *Etruria*, tells them he had been Fifteen Days sick at *Rome*; and importunes *Proserpina* not to cut short his Years, for that he was Young and Religious.

You to th' Etrurian, &c.] The Baths in *Etruria*, here mention'd, are by some taken for the Mineral Waters at *Clusium*, but by Mistake, as *Broukhus* has observ'd; for those Waters would hardly have been mention'd in Competition with the Baths of *Baja*, when their Qualities are so very different;

P

the

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the Latter being warm, and the First cold, as *Hor.* tells us, L. 1. Ep. 15. And *Varro* mentions those Baths in *Etruria* as warm, L. 8. De lingua latina, sic aquæ calidæ à loco, & quæ ibi scaturent. cum verò colerentur, & venissent in usum nostris, tam aliæ ad alium morbum idoneæ visæ sunt hæ cum plures essent, ut *Puteolis* & in *Thuscis*, quibus utebantur, multitudinis potius, quam singulari vocabulo appellarunt: And those, as all other warm Mineral Waters are, were reckon'd pernicious to use in the Heat of Summer.

But now prefer'd to Baja.]

Baja, so call'd from *Bajus*, a Companion of *Ulysses* there buried; a pleasant City in *Campania*, situate near the Sea side, and noted for its Mineral Baths: Thither the *Romans* repair'd for Health and Pleasure, it being the Seat for Luxury and Diversion, as well as Health, and frequented upon both Accounts, as our City of *Bath*; the Building sumptuous; the fine Walks, and Temperature of the Air, conjoin'd to make it the pleasantest Place of the *Romans* Retirement, of which they had several; some suited to the Winter and Spring, and some to the Summer, among the First, this is mentioned by *Horace*.

*Vester Camænæ, vester in arduos
Tollor, Sabinos: seu mihi frigidum
Præneste, seu Tibur supinum,
Seu liquide placuere Baje.*

Yours

THIRD BOOK. 211

Yours Muses yours, where e'er my Feet

I bend, if to sharp Sabine Air,
Or seek *Præneste's* cool Retreat ;
Or to soft *Tybur's* Shades repair,
Or pleasing *Baja's* happy Seat.

And in *L. i. Epist. i.*

Nullus in orbe sinus Bajas prælucebat amœnis.

You'll find no Place, tho' you the World survey,
So fair as *Baja's* Coast, and winding Bay.

And *Martial, L. ii. Ep. 81.*

*Litus beatæ Veneris auræum Bajas,
Bajas superbæ Claudia dona naturæ,
Ut mille laudem, Flacce versibus Bajas ;
Laudabo digne non satis tamen Bajas.*

Baja, blest'd *Venus's* fav'rite Shore ;
Baja, proud Nature's shining Store :
Shou'd I a thousand Verses raise,
They'd all come short of *Baja's* Praise.

The *Romans* call'd all their Baths from the
Name of this Place, in which Sense the Ori-
ginal is to be taken, and not that the *Etrurian*
Waters were preferable to those of *Baja* ; but
that in the Spring only they were more salubri-
ous than any other.

Persephone.] She was reckon'd to have the Power of inflicting Diseases, and shortening the Life of Man; she is sometimes call'd *Persephone*, sometimes *Proserpina*. Ovid *Ep. Cydippæ*.

*Et mihi conjugij tempus crudelis ad ipsam
Persephone nostras pulsat acerba fores.*

This Power Mr. *Prior* finely expresses in his Poem on Col. *Villars*.

For restless *Proserpine* for ever treads
In Paths unseen, o'er our devoted Heads;
And on the spacious Land, and liquid Main,
Spreads slow Disease, or darts afflictive Pain,
Variety of Deaths confirms her endless Reign.

The Rites for Ceres, and for thee ordain'd.] The Secrets of *Ceres* and *Proserpina*, the divulging which was reckon'd the Height of Impiety. Vid. *Hor. L. 3. Od. 1. Cic. Acc. 4. in Verr. L. 41.*

Nor bending Age has made me stoop as yet.] Thus *Umbricius* in *Juvin. Sat. 3.*

*Dum nova canities, dum prima & recta senectus,
Dum superest Lachesi quod torqueat & pedibus me
Porto meis, nu'lo dextram subeunte bacillo.*

While Snow is thinly scatter'd o'er my Head,

While *Lachesis* has Wooll to stretch my Thread;
While

THIRD BOOK. 213

While Age is upright, and my Feet essay,

Unaided by a Staff their steddý Way.

There follow two Lines, of which the latter is allow'd to be foisted in by some officious Person, and the first of it self useless; tho' I am apt to think neither of them genuine, the Sense being convey'd much better without them. See the Life.

[Offer to Dis a Sheep with Sable Fleece.] That a Weather, with a black Fleece, was the Offering to the Infernal Powers, is observ'd in Notes on the First Book: They offer'd also Milk and Wine, sometimes Honey.

ELEGY VI.

HE invokes *Bacchus*, and urges his Companions to Wine and Mirth.

Bacchus.] Is frequently represented crown'd with Ivy, for which there are several Reasons assign'd, either signifying his perpetual Youth, it being ever Green, or for that a Favourite of his was turn'd into that Plant, or from the Notion that it prevented the Prevalence of the Fumes of Wine: This kind of Chaplet was likewise made use of by the Poets. *Virg. Ecl. 7.*

*Pastores, hedera crescentem ornate Poëtam,
Arcades.*

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Agave's Rage will prove, and Pentheus' Fate.]
Agave was Daughter of *Cadmus*, and Mother of *Pentheus*, who for refusing to drink Wine, and join the Rites of *Bacchus*, was torn in Pieces by his Mother, and other *Bacchanalians*.

ELEGY VII.

HE complains of the Treachery of Women, and particularly of *Neera*, and at last resolves to drown the Thoughts of them in Wine and Chearfulness.

Ariadne.] Being deserted by *Theseus* upon the Island *Naxos*, is a known Story; where after complaining of his Baseness, *Bacchus* marry'd her.

Thus Learn'd Catullus in his moving Strain.]
Catullus Veronensis, a famous Poet, contemporary with *Virgil*; he is call'd by *A. Gellius* the most neat and elegant Poet among the *Romans*; and by most who have mention'd him, the Learned *Catullus*.

Thus *Ovid* in his Elegy on the Death of our Poet.

*Obvius huic venies hadera Juvenilia cinctus
 Tempora: cum Calvo, docte Catulle, tuo.*

And *Martial*, L.7. Epig. 98.

Nec Marso nimium minor est, doctoque Catullo.

And

THIRD BOOK. 215

And L. 8. Ep. 73.

*Fama est arguti Nemesis formosa Tibulli,
Lesbia dictavit, docte Catulle, tibi.*

The Complaint of *Ariadne* here mention'd, is in the sixty fourth Poem of *Catullus*, on the Marriage of *Peleus* and *Thetis*.

Tho' by her Eyes she swears.] The Custom of Swearing by their Eyes among the *Roman* Lovers: See in *Ovid Am.* L. 2. El. 16.

*At mihi te comitem juraras usque futuram,
Per me, perque oculos sidera nostra tuos.*

The Tyrian Odours shed.] The *Romans* in their Feasts and Entertainments us'd to bath their Locks in Oil and Perfumes. *Hor.* L. 2. Od. 7.

— Funde capacibus

- Unguenta de conchis. —

I ought with glowing Flow'rs to bind my Head.] When the Ancients sat down at their Feasts and Entertainments, first in early Times, they us'd any Bandage round their Heads, to resist the Fumes of the Wine, as Fillets, or Linnen; afterwards they crown'd their Heads with Garlands of Herbs, or Flowers and those of different Sorts; sometimes of Parsly or Smiallage; sometimes Ivy; sometimes Parsly and Ivy together; as in *Theoc. Eid.* 3. sometimes Myrtle, sometimes Lillies, but the most common was Roses.

*Neu distint epulis rosa,
Neu vivax apium, neu breve lilium.*

—— *Quis udo*
Deproperare apio coronas,
Curtave myrto?

—— *Est in horto*
Phili, nectendis apium coronis:
Est edere vis
Multa, qua crimeis religata fulges.

As for Parsly and Myrtle, some have observ'd that they were us'd likewise in Cases of Grief, and that Tombs were frequently dress'd with them; from which they conjecture, that the Use of them at Banquets, was to put them in Mind of Death: But that I cannot think the Reason, since it seems rather that Parsly was us'd for its cooling refreshing Quality, therefore call'd *Vivax*, and *Myrtle*, from its being sacred to *Venus*. As for Ivy, it was us'd for the Quality it had of resisting the Fumes of Wine, and cooling the Head; and Roses were us'd for the same Reason, and preventing Intoxications, as *Philostatus* says. This Custom of Ointments and Chaplets, and the Feasting Luxury of the Heathen, is finely describ'd by the Son of *Sirach*, *Wisd.* 2, 27. " Let us fill our selves
 " with costly Wine and Ointments, and let no
 " Flower of the Spring pass by us; let us crown
 " our selves with Rose-buds before they are wither'd.





THE
WORKS
OF
A. TIBULLUS.

BOOK IV.

A PANEGRICK TO MESSALA.



ESSALA, Thee, I sing, al-
(though thy Name,

Thy well-known Merit, and
(thy spreading Fame

Startle me, lest I feebly should
(repeat

A Verse inferior to Desert so great ;

But tho' unequal to the Theme I raise,

Yet I'll attempt at least to sing thy Praise :

I, the

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I, the Designer of an humble Verse,
 Since none with Justice can thy Praise rehearse,
 Unless he had thy Language to express,
 And cloth thy mighty Deeds with manly Dress;
 A Task superior to my trifling Skill,
 Yet take (if the Performance fails) the Will;
 Let that suffice, nor thou the Gift refuse,
 The humble Tribute of an humble Muse.

Thus *Phæbus* kind receiv'd with smiling Chear
 The little Gift the *Cretan* could prefer.
 Thus *Icarus*, by his Coelestial Guest,
Bacchus, was far prefer'd before the rest,
 As those bright Signals in the Heavens declare,
 Fair *Virgo*, and the scorching *Syrian* Star:
Alcides destin'd for unbounded Pow'r,
 Oft visited the poor *Molorchus*' Bow'r.
 The Gods above do not mean Off'rings scorn,
 Nor always claim the Ox with gilded Horn;

So

Book IV. TIBULLUS. 219

So may this humble Verse, so small it be,
Come an accepted Off'ring due to thee;
That I encourag'd may, in time repeat
A Verse more worthy, and thy Praise more
(great.

OTHERS inspir'd with a sublimer Flame,
May sing the vast Creation's wond'rous Frame;
And how the Earth is press'd with Air around,
And how the circling Sea confines the Ground;
And how the fluid Body of the Air
Is mov'd with constant Motion here and there;
And lightly wafting upwards does aspire,
To join the high and pure Æthereal Fire,
And lastly, how different those Bodies lie
Enclos'd with the vast Concave of the Sky.

BUT I, if my Verse can well express thy Praise,
Or (what's a desperate Thought) can higher raise:

Or

220 TIBULLUS. Book IV.

Or if it cannot to thy Name be just,
But sinks below thy Worth, as sure it must,
Whatever Thoughts are spread in every Line,
Whate'er I sing, the votive Verse be thine.

You, tho' your Race illustriously are known,
Unsatisfy'd with Honours handed down ;
Still follow Glory with a steady Pace,
And emulate the Greatness of your Race ;
Thus all those Merits which your Fathers knew,
Your Sons may see again reviv'd in you.

NOR shall an empty Title hold thy Fame,
But endless Volumes shall record your Name :
Crowds shall contend to have thy Worth declar'd,
The Orator, Historian, and the Bard :
But may the Task at length on me be laid,
That so my Name may with thy Deeds be read.

FOR

Book IV. TIBULLUS. 221

FOR who can greater Cause for Praises yield
Than you? Or in the Forum or the Field,
With equal Worth you claim a just Renown,
Brac'd in the Helmet, or the peaceful Gown.
The spreading Lawrels lie in equal Scales,
And neither Pendant Hemisphere prevails :

YOU if the giddy Vulgar rise to Rage,
Appease their Fury, and their Heat assuage.
Nor *Pylus*, nor could *Ithaca* contain
So great a Worthy in their boasted Train :
Nor *Nestor* noted for his vast Renown,
Nor great *Ulysses* of a little Town ;
Tho' One had seen Three hundred Suns go round
Their Annual Courses, and revive the Ground :
The other all the Cities did explore,
Where e'er the farthest Sea includes the Shore.

HE

HE overcame the *Thracians* fierce in Arms,
 Nor was subdu'd by *Lotophagian* Charms.
 He check'd the one-ey'd Monster's fell Design,
 Making him drunk with *Mænean* Wine.
Æolian Gales he carry'd o'er the Sea,
 And to the *Lastrygonians* took his Way.
 Rough Race! o'er whom *Antiphates* was King,
 Where cool *Artaria* spreads her limpid Spring.
Circe's bewitching Arts by him were known;
 , *Circe*! the pow'ful Daughter of the Sun,
 Who by her Skill in Magick Simples knew
 To change old Nature's Forms to Bodies new:
 Then to *Cimmerian* Caves he took his Way
 Where ever *Phæbus* rous'd the lightsome Day,
 Whether above the Earth, or underneath the Sea }
 He view'd the dark *Plutonian* Coasts below, }
 There saw the Demi-gods, and Heroes go, }
 Mingled among the Spectres too and fro. }

Secure

Book IV. TIBULLUS. 223

Secure his easie Vessel sail'd along,
Unstop'd by the alluring *Syren's* Song :
Him steering 'twixt the Jaws of Death his Course,
Nor *Scylla* could afright with rapid Source ;
Tho' dreadful and tremendously she raves,
Girt round with barking Dogs beneath the Waves :
Nor could *Charybdis*, with tempestuous Sea,
Destroy his Vessel in her usual Way :
Nor when to Heaven uprose the Waves profound,
Nor when Dividing they disclos'd the Ground :
Nor shall I pass Great *Jove's* severe Award,
Declar'd for *Phæbus*' violated Herd :
Nor how at length he fair *Calypso* found
Her generous Love, and hospitable Ground :
Nor how *Phæacia* was the happy Isle
That clos'd his Journey, and reliev'd his Toil.

Now whether these were in the World we
(know,
Or Fables, feign them in some World below ;

Let

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Let him his Labour boast, and hardy Deed,
While you in moving Eloquence exceed.

IN you the ready Skill of War is found,
How to intrench the Camp, and raise the Ground;
And how against the adverse Host oppose,
Defensive Pallisadoes plac'd in Rows,
And where to lead the Ditch, and Ground in-
(close.

And e're you pitch the Camp, to choose that
(Ground

Which does with pure refreshing Springs abound;
Swift through your Troops Communications go,
Which are cut off before they reach the Foe.
You various Sports, and active Games devise
To keep the Troops in Manly Exercise.

WHAT Chief like you can toss the pond'rous
(Spear?

Or send the flying Arrow through the Air?

Or

Book IV. TIBULLUS. 225

Or throw the Jav'lin with an Arm so strong,
To cut the Air, and drive the Clouds along?
Or who direct the fiery Courser's Will?
Or moderate the Rein with greater Skill?
Or ride th' extended Race with swifter Force,
Or wheel the circ'ling Ring, and round repeated
(Course?)
Or who more ready heaves the Shield in Fight?
To guard the Left Side, or secure the Right?
To ward with sure Defence, or here, or there,
And take the Fury of th' invading Spear.

IN Time, when raging *Mars* with Fury glows,
When Ensigns, Ensigns face, and Spears do Spears
(oppose,
Then you in meet Array the Squadrons place,
And fix the Battle with a threat'ning Face,
Whether you join them in a solid Square,
That equal Sides compact, the Foes may dare;
Or into other Forms the Battle fling,
And lead the Souldiers to a spreading Wing;

Q

That

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That either may a mutual Aid dispence,
And guard each other with a joint Defence.

BUT let me not uncertain Trophies raise,
For Wars I sing, and Wars shall firm thy Praise:
Witness th' *Illyrians* taught the *Roman* Sway,
The base *Pannonian* Rebels to obey:
And *Arupimum* taken, which did yield,
One born to Arms, and constant in the Field:
Poor and unknown, him whosoe'er had seen,
Unbroke with Age, and ev'n in Winter green,
With Less Surprise would hear the Story told
Of Rev'rend *Nestor's* Fame, three Cent'ries old;
For tho' since first he had receiv'd his Birth,
A hundred Annual Suns had warm'd the Earth;
He springing in the Saddle press'd the Horse,
And fix'd, he sat him in the swiftest Course:
An able Vet'ran for the dusty Plains,
And a just Moderator of the Reins.

Sub-

Book IV. TIBULLUS. 227

Subdu'd by Thee, when all their Pow'r was vain,
They bent their Necks beneath the *Roman* Chain.

BUT these shall not suffice to speak thy Praise,
Actions to come shall greater Honours raise;
For I have more surprizing Things in View,
From *Omens* sure as e'er *Melampus* knew,
For on that Day when you sublimely Great,
Was cloth'd in Purple, and enrob'd in State;
The Sun above the Ocean rais'd his Head,
And o'er the Earth uncommon Lustre spread:
The Seas with swelling Billows rise no more,
But roll'd their silent Waters to the Shore;
The strugg'ling Winds their noisy Discord cease,
And every whisp'ring Gale lay hush'd in Peace,
No Bird did through the Air his Journey steer,
Or shook his whistling Pinions in the Air:
No Savage Beasts were Grazing in the Shade;
But all stood silent at the Vows you made.

228 TIBULLUS. Book IV.

Jove in his Chariot wafted through the Air,
Left his *Olympus* to receive thy Pray'r;
And seem'd intent to bend a list'ning Ear.
Th' assenting Pow'r to every Word you said,
Gave the Majestick Nod, and wav'd his Head :
Sudden the shining Altars seem'd more bright,
And shooting Flames diffus'd a greater Light.

THE Gods approve! begin the mighty Deed.
For thee uncommon Triumphs are decreed.
Not Neighbouring *Gallia* shall confine thy Course,
Nor vast *Hispania* with its savage Force;
Nor wealthy Confines which the *Tyrians* sow,
Nor where the *Nile* and great *Choaspes* flow :
Nor where swift *Gyndes* does the Land divide,
The lasting Proof of *Cyrus*' foolish Pride :
Nor where the Waters through their sulph'rous Veins,
Diffuse the Heat to *Arcæan* Plains :
Nor that vast Land where *Thomyris* bore Sway,
And swift *Araxes* rolls his rapid Way :

Nor

Book IV. TIBULLUS. 229

Nor vile *Padaens* at the furthest *East*,
Who load their Tables with a hateful Feast:
Nor where the *Hebrus* spreads his Golden Sand,
Nor where the *Tanais* laves the *Scythian* Land.

BUT why should I insist on these alone,
When thy vast Conquest the whole World shall
(own :
For thee Remains the distant *British* Shore,
Unbent by *Roman* Pow'r, a Conquest yet in Store;
For thee remains, the farthest torrid Zone,
Regions remote, and Countries yet unknown.

FOR Air does this terraqueous Globe surround,
And five Divisions in the Orb are found;
Two Parts whereof in chilly Regions lie
Perpetual Frosts, and an inclement Sky.
The Earth is there with Darknes wrap'd around,
And sullen Night sits brooding o'er the Ground :

230 TIBULLUS Book IV.

No living Waters there the Earth divide,
 Nor cheerful Streams in pleasant Wand'rings glide;
 But everlasting Ice the Floods constrains,
 And Drifts of Snow o'erspread the dreary Plains;
 There never did the Sun diffuse a Ray,
 Or give the cheerful Promise of a Day.

THE Middle Regions feel the scorching Sun,
 Whether he nearer brings our Summer on:
 Or when he does a swifter Course display,
 And wheels in Circles short the Wint'ry Day:
 Therefore the Plough is never there in Use,
 No Corn the Fields, nor Herbs the Lands produce;
 No God indulgent makes the Fields his Care,
Bacchus and *Ceres* never visit there,
 No Cattle there can graze the smoaking Ground;
 There nothing that possesses Life is Found.

BETWEEN this freezing Cold, and scorching
 (Heat,

Our temperate Zone is plac'd a happy Seat:

To

Book IV. TIBULLUS 231

To this oppos'd, a fellow Climate lies,
 The same *Meridian* holds, and temp'rate Skies.
 Here first the stubborn Steer to toil was broke,
 And Oxen bent their Neck beneath the Yoke.
 Here Vines were taught their flexile Shoots to ease,
 And hang their Clusters on the neighbouring
 (Trees,
 And Annual Harvest gave a large Increase.
 Here first the Earth receiv'd the vexing Plough,
 And first the Sea was rais'd with brazen Prow:
 Then by degrees at distance Cities rise,
 And swelling Walls and Tow'rs divide the Skies.

THEREFORE where e'er by Fame thy Acts are
 (hurl'd,

They shall be known by all in either World.
 For me, I cannot so much Praise rehearse,
 Tho' *Phæbus* should himself inspire my Verse.
 But *Valgius*, he can swell a Warrior's Name;
Valgius next *Homer* in eternal Fame.

232 TIBULLUS. Book IV.

The Works will not my Leisure Hours decay,
Tho' Fortune vexes me, as is her way.

For I could once command a stately Seat,
Splendidly wealthy, and sublimely great :
And yellow Harvests waving o'er the Plain,
Seem'd to o'ercrowd my Fields with Golden Grain.
When my unnumber'd Flock of Flocks were fled,
And o'er the Hills in crowded Herds were spread :
Sufficient for their Lord my Lambs did stray,
And too, too many for the Beasts of Prey ;
But now of every pleasing View bereft,
Reflection on their Loss is all I've left.
Fresh Grief I feel, and still repeated Cares,
Oft as I cast my Eye on former Years.

BUT tho' the Fates with more severe Decrees,
Shall fix a Train of Heavier Woes than these :
Yet still unwearied with my Misery,
The Muse shall never fail to sing of thee.

NOR

Book IV. TIBULLUS. 233

NOR will the Muse alone suffice to prove
How much I prize my Friend, how much I love.
For thee! I'd run the Hazard of the Sea,
And tempt the roughest of the Waves for thee.
For thee! I singly could whole Troops oppose,
Or throw my self, where flaming *Etna* glows.

AND while I think you but regard my Name,
I neither with the *Lydian* Realms to claim,
Nor the vast Honours of *Gylippus*' Fame :
Nor would I ask *Apollo* to inspire
My Muse with *Homer*'s Strength and lasting Fire;
If but this humble Verse can pleasing be,
No Time shall stop my Tongue from praising thee.

AND when I've suffer'd Fate's unalter'd Doom,
Clos'd in the gloomy Mansion of a Tomb.
If Death in Time shall make his forceful Rape,
Or I survive, tho' in a different Shape :

If

234 TIBULLUS Book IV.

If as a Horse I beat the dusty Plain,
 Or in a Bull's Majestick Form remain ;
 Or if I, as a Feather'd Fowl appear,
 And beat with flutt'ring Wings the Fluid Air,
 Or in a Humane Form increase my Days,
 I'll always fill whole Volumes with thy Praise.

To M A R S.

In Praise of S U L P I C I A. II.

IN all her Charms is fair *Sulpicia* dress'd,
 To grace thy Calends, and attend thy Feast,
 To view the Maid, leave th' Ætherial Height ;
 Indulgent *Venus* will permit the Sight :
 But come prepar'd, lest Beauties' Influence move,
 And sink the gazing Warrior into Love :
 For when the angry God of fierce Desire,
 Intends to set th' immortal Pow'rs on Fire ;
 He, to revive th' extinguisht Torches, flies
 To the bright Lustre of her sparkling Eyes.

HER

HER ev'ry Action, every Motion warms
The Breast, with secret and resistless Charms ;
Insensibly the fires, while Graces gay
Direct her Footsteps, and attend her Way.

IF loose, she waves the Tresses of her Hair,
The easy Negligence becomes the Fair ;
If comb'd, the glossy Locks are ty'd behind,
In Fillets bound, or plated Braids confin'd :
The lovely Maid no less invites the Eye,
With study'd Dress, and artful Decency.
She fires with awful Majesty when dress'd,
In glowing Purple, and the *Tyrian* Vest ;
She fires us, when like soft descending Snows,
Around her Feet the shining *Stola* flows ;
So on *Olympus*, everlasting Rise,
A Thousand Forms the gay *Vertumnus* tries,
Graceful in all, and Bright in each Disguise.

For

236 TIBULLUS. Book IV.

For her, the *Tyrians* fleecy Wooll infuse,
 Twice to imbibe the Dye, and Purple Juice :
 For her, what e'er his od'rous Harvest yields,
 The rich *Arabian* sends from Spicy Fields ;
 For her, the Bord'rer on the Eastern Sea,
 The Tawny *Indian* takes his toilsome Way,
 Along the ruddy Sand, and shelly Shore,
 To find the lucid Pearl, and shining Store,
 Ye Vocal Nine, your tuneful Notes prepare,
 And sing the Praises of the Heavenly Fair :
 Hither Illustrious *Phæbus* come, and bring
 The sounding Shell, and wake the Silver String ;
 And celebrate this Day, when it appears
 In circ'ling Seasons, and revolving Years ;
 No Name like hers, so well becomes your Lays,
 No Maid like her, so well deserves your Praise.



Book IV. TIBULLUS. 237

SULPICIA to CERINTHUS. III.

Whatever Savage Boar shall graze around
The level Plain, or seek the Woodland
(Ground ;

I charge you not to hurt my Favourite Boy,
Nor for the Fight your whetted Tusks employ.
May Guardian Love himself the Youth defend,
Danger avert, and all his Steps attend :
Oh ! may *Diana*, and her Virgin Train,
Forbear the Pastimes of the sportive Plain.
Fade the fresh Verdure of the Forest Grounds,
And fail the opening Dogs, and swift-foot Hounds.

What Madness is it various Toils to lay,
T' enclose the woody Hills, and bushy Way ;
Stretching thy Snares a-cross the rugged Lands,
While clinging Brambles raze thy Blood-stain'd
(Hands ;
Or with a cautious Secrecy explore
The hidden Covert of the foamy Boar ;
Attempt

238 TIBULLUS. Book IV.

Attempt the Thicket which Access denies,
And tear with shaggy Thorns thy snowy Thighs.

BUT yet might I with my *Cerintus* stray,
Might I be Sharer in the dangerous Way.

Your Hunting Toils I jointly would prepare

Throw out the Net, and spread the meshy Snare:

The flying Footing of the Deer I'd trace,

Unlink the Hounds, and cheer them in the Chace;

Then every Shade would please, and all the Plains;

While tender Talk the Minutes entertains;

A fresher Verdure then shall cloth the Groves,

While when the Snares are set, we celebrate our
Loves;

While all the Savage Rangers of the Plain

Shall from our Snares in Safety 'scape again;

Destructive Warching then shall be no more,

Nor *Venus*' eager Sports disturb the Tusky Boar.

BUT when I'm gone let Love desist to play,

Nor *Venus* warm thy Breast when I'm away;

Submit

Book IV. TIBULLUS. 239

Submit thee to *Diana's* chaste Command,
And spread the Nets with an unfully'd Hand;
And may the Maid that violates my Love,
A Prey to fierce and savage Tygers prove.

BUT you, *Cerintus*, leave the Plains a while,
And to thy Father leave the sportive Toil;
And swiftly let me with thy Sight be blest,
To glad my Arms, and warm my impatient Breast.

TO PHOEBUS. IV.

HITHER attend, and by thy healing Aid,
For rough Disease relieve my tender
(Maid;
Hither attend with thy propitious Care
Illustrious *Phœbus* with the flowing Hair:
Auspicious Power! at my Request draw nigh,
Nor scorn, with thy own Hands, the Med'cines to
(apply.
Take heed no hateful palid Hue be spread
O'er her pure Skin, or her fair Limbs invade;
And

240 TIBULLUS. Book IV.

And all she undergoes, and all we fear,
 Throw in the Floods, or scatter in the Air :
 Hither thou sacred Pow'r, and bring the Juice
 Of Herbs, and all the Magick Songs you use,
 Which raise the Spirits when with Pain oppress'd,
 Support the Weak, and give the Wakeful Rest.
 I beg you not to rack the tim'rous Boy,
 Who does innumerable Vows employ
 To ease his much-lov'd Maid, now Pray'rs are giv'n,
 And now he blames the Gods, and rails at Heaven.

CEASE my *Cerintus*, and thy Fears remove,
 The God will never injure those that love :
 Do thou forever love, dismiss thy Fears,
 Thy Maid's secure, then spare these falling Tears ;
 Those Tears reserve, and never let 'em flow
 Till she forgets her Faith, and breaks her Vow.
 But now the lovely Fair is all thy own,
 Her Thoughts and Wishes tend to thee alone ;

While

Book IV. TIBULLUS. 241

While all her Suiters, a deluded Train,
Wait at her Door, and supplicate in vain.

Phœbus be kind! what Praises will be due!

When you by healing One have succour'd Two!
Then thou well pleas'd when we invoke thy Name,
Shalt hear us loudly celebrate thy Fame,
And both appearing at thy hallow'd Shrine,
Return the Dues we owe, and offer Rites Divine;
Then all the *Chorus* of the Gods shall fill
Heav'n with thy Praise, and with thy healing Skill.

SULPICIA on the Birth-Day of CERINTHUS. V.

THIS sacred Day for ever happy be,
Which gave *Cerintus* to the World and
(me;

A Time, which I for ever shall prefer
To all the other Feasts that mark the Year.

R

The

242 TIBULLUS. Book IV.

The fatal Sisters on this glorious Day,
 Sang mighty Conquests, and extended Sway ;
 O'er blooming Maids, and all the tender Train,
 And gave thee an extended Length of Reign ;
 But I am fir'd with a superior Flame,
 Yet pleas'd I own it, nor esteem it Shame,
Cerintus, if thy Bosom feels the same.
 O! may thy Passion equal mine, I pray,
 By all thy am'rous Theft, and tender Play ;
 By those dear Eyes of thine, and by the Pow'r,
 Thy *Genius*, who preserves each circling Hour.

GREAT POW'R to Thee I Spice profusely throw,
 Then hear my Pray'r, and listen to my Vow.
 May the dear Youth, when e'er he hears my Name.
 Glow with a kindly Warmth, and am'rous Flame ;
 But if in Falshood vers'd, and Treachery,
 He sends his Vows to any Maid but me :
 For such ¹⁶³ perfidious Acts, thou Pow'r Divine,
 Desert thy Altars, and forsake thy Shrine.

NOR

Book IV. TIBULLUS. 243

NOR you, O! *Venus*, inauspicious prove,
To let *Cerintus* violate our Love ;
O! grant that we devoted both to thee,
May love alike, or set my Fetters free ;
But rather both in lasting Bonds confine,
Bonds, which nor Time, nor Age may e'er dis-join.
Cerintus' Wishes are the same I know,
While he in Privacy prefers his Vow,
Lest publickly his Cheeks with Blushes glow.

BUT thou ! O ! Genial Pow'r, what he requires
Grant, or his publick, or his close Desires.

To JUNO. VI.

THOU Sacred Power! fav'ring, receive
(whate'er
Of Spices we in od'rous Heaps prefer!
While waiting at thy Shrine *Sulpicia* stands,
And loads thy Altars with her snowy Hands.

244 TIBULLUS. Book IV.

Thee to adore, the due observant Fair,
Is dress'd with curious Art and nicest Care:
Yet though she honours thee with Rites like these,
There's one in secret she desires to please.

AND you, O! Goddess, grant their Flame may
(last,

And equal Fetters to *Cerintus* cast:

With such united Force secure their Love,

That none may th' unalter'd Charm remove:

May no new Beauty influence his Eye,

Nor she for any Youth in secret Sigh;

Deceive the Spy, who every Hour employs

To watch their Ways, and interrupt their Joys,

May Love instruct 'em, in his artful Slight,

And teach a thousand Ways to blind his Sight.

Come, Goddess, come, and grant my earnest
(Pray'r,

In Purple rob'd, and glowing from afar;

While thrice we offer Cates before thy Shrine,

And thrice Libations pour of Purple Wine.

Her

Book IV. TIBULLUS. 245

Her Mother teaches her with pious Care,
For what to make her Vows, and raise her Prayr.
But she, whose Bosom's fir'd with eager Flame,
In secret prays for what she dare not name.
She burns, she glows, with new and fierce Desires
As on the Altars blaze the hasty Fires.
Pleas'd with this Pain, she chooses to endure,
And tho' 'tis in her Power she flights the Cure.
So make *Sulpicia* to *Cerintus* dear,
That in the Circuit of another Year
We may the happy faithful Pair behold
Secure, and Love, in frequent Vows, grown old.

SULPICIA to VENUS. VII.

LOVE smiling comes, whose Power I should
(conceal,
Nor tell those Joys I blush when I reveal.
Him *Cytherea* mov'd by my Request,
Has brought, and lodg'd the Favourite in my Breast:

246 TIBULLUS. Book IV.

'At length the Goddess has inclin'd her Aid,
'And now performs the Promises she made.
Let them who have no Pleasures of their own
Repeat my Joys, and make my Triumphs known;
No Letters shall contain the dear Delight,
No Pen shall such excessive Raptures write,
No one shall know my Joy, 'till me they see,
'And hear the glad Relation told by me :
Sweet is the Crime, yet still the noisy Fame
That Rumour spreads, will set my Checks on Flame;
When every one shall hear the Tale with Joy,
'And speak me worthy of the lovely Boy.

SULPICIA to MESSALA. VIII.

THY Birth-Day comes, but no Diversion
(yields,
In th' unpleasant, lonely Country Fields;
And while my dear *Cerintus* is away,
'Twill prove a dull and an unpleasant Day.

What

Book IV. TIBULLUS. 247

What Place can, like the Town, afford Delight,
Should Maids in Villages be hid from Sight?
Confin'd in cold unpleasant Country Fields,
Nip'd by the Winds bleak *Eretinus* yields;
Rather, *Messala*, in the City stay,
Nor tempt a tiresome incommodious Way;
For I in Town shall leave my Soul behind,
Where'er contrary to my Will, confin'd.

TIBULLUS to MESSALA, on his
Birth-Day. IX.

YOU know *Sulpicia* hates the toilsome
(Way,

Let her in Town observe the joyful Day.

Here we together, will our Mirth renew,

Upon a Day which comes unwish'd by you.



248 TIBULLUS. Book IV.

SULPICIA to CERINTHUS. X.

THE most obliging Carelessness you've
(shown
With conscious Gratitude I freely own ;
To leave my Conduct wholly in my Power,
Nor fear th' Effects of an unguarded Hour :
No, rather let those Fears and Cares be shown
For some mean Prostitute about the Town.
Let the vile common Wretch deserve thy Care,
'And not *Sulpicia*, Noble *Servius*' Heir.
Thy Rivals have my Actions in their View,
'And fear my Slips of Conduct more than you.

SULPICIA to CERINTHUS. XI.

TELL me, *Cerintus*, in whose Love I'm
(blest,
Say does an equal Flame inspire thy Breast
With that which racks my Heart, and breaks my
(Rest :

I would

Book IV. TIBULLUS. 249

I would not wish to be from Illness free,
Unless I thought my Cure would pleasure thee.
But what avails my Cure, or my Relief,
Since unconcern'd you see my Pain and Grief?

SULPICIATO CERINTHUS. XII.

MY Life! may I be less esteem'd by you
Than what I thought my self some Days
(ago?)

If any Fault, if any trifling Crime
Of all my youthful Hours, and foolish Time,
E'er vex'd me more, than what I've lately done
Abruptly, leaving you last Night alone.
Twas Slight; the little Artifice I try'd
To blind my Passion which I strove to hide.



To his Mistress. XIII.

NO Woman shall estrange my Heart from
 (you :
Venus is Witness to our solemn Vow :

Thy pleasing Charms can glad my Eyes alone,
 And besides thee throughout the numerous Town
 I cannot find a Maid deserves my Care,

Or view a Face that's tolerably fair.

And, O ! that fair to me alone you prove,

Let others Scorn make me secure in Love.

Wherefore shou'd I another's Envy raise ?

I slight the Glory of the publick Praise.

Vain Ostentation ! let the Man that's wise

Rejoice in secret, when he gains a Prize :

With thee in lonely Woods I'd spend my Days,

Where never Humane Foot has press'd the Ways :

" Rest of my Cares ! thou can'st the Night exclude,

" And from a Desert banish Solitude.

If from the Heaven should some Coelestial Fair

Be sent, I would not think her worth my Care :

This

Book IV. TIBULLUS. 251

This by thy *Juno's* Pow'r I swear, whom I
Prefer to every other Deity.

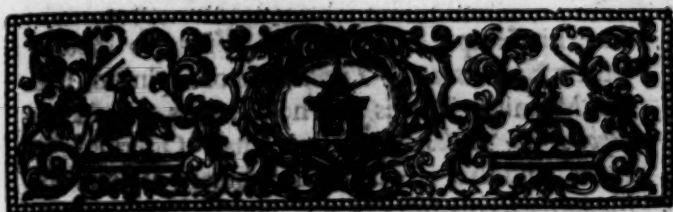
But hold ! unguarded Fool, what is't I do,
To lay the tenderest of my Thoughts to View ?
Now you'll insult me, now your Pow'r is strong,
This Evil comes from my licentious Tongue.
Subservient to your Will your Slave will prove,
Nor quit the Service of the Maid I love :
For I, confin'd by Love, in Magick Bands,
Will sit at *Venus'* Shrine with Fetter'd Hands,
Her Anger does the faithless Train pursue,
And her Assistance aids the suppliant Crew.



On the Baseness of his Mistress. XIV.

REPORT relates the Baseness of my Fair,
 O! I could wish I had no Pow'r to hear,
 Those Crimes with Torture do my Bosom fill;
 Why do you vex me then? Report, be still.





NOTES

ON THE

FOURTH BOOK.

Tis by several Commentators doubted, whether this *Panegyrick* was written by *Tibullus*, and some other Pieces in this Fourth Book; and therefore *Muretus*, in his *Scholia*, mentions but three Books of his Works; and I must own, I think it a Piece inferior to his other Performances: But of this, see more in the Preface; whether it was written by our Author or no: I have translated it, and shall proceed to explain the obscure Places of it.

The little Gift the Cretan could prefer.] The Commentators differ about this Story, which seems obscure: Some (among whom is *Passeratus*) supposing by the *Cretan* is meant *Daedalus*; who, after

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after his Escape, offer'd up his Wings to *Apollo*. Others *Epimenides*. *Turnebus* is of Opinion, that the Meaning is this: The *Cretans* offer'd to *Apollo* at *Delos* annually, small Offerings of Fruits, and that is what is here hinted at, but the Meaning seems still obscure, and 'tis likely will always be so.

Thus Icarus, &c.] *Icarus*, or *Icarius*, Father of *Erigo*, was such a Favourite with *Bacchus*, that he taught him the Use and Culture of Vines; which he afterwards gave to the Shepherds; who being intoxicated with the Liquor, and thinking he had poison'd them, slew him; he had a Dog call'd *Mera*, which directed his Daughter *Erigo* to the Place where his Body lay, who with Grief hang'd her self, and the Dog died immediately; afterwards they were all plac'd in the Heavens, *Icarus* converted into the Star-*Bootes*, *Mera* the lesser Dog-Star, and *Erigo* to the Sign *Virgo*. Upon this *Scaliger* the Elder says, one *Tripbo*, a Poet, wrote a Piece call'd *Erigo*.

Of't visited the poor Molorchus' Bow'r.] *Molorchus*, a Shepherd, who entertain'd *Hercules* when he was sent to slay the *Nemean* Lyon.

The Gods above do not mean Offerings scorn.] The Offering Salt is frequently met with thus; *Hor. L. 3. Od. 23.*

*Immunis aram si tetigit manus,
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia
Mollibit adversos Penates
Farre pio, & saliente mica.*

Nor

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Nor always claim the Ox with gilded Horn.] The Custom of the Romans was to gild the Horns of those Oxen, and other Beasts which they sacrific'd : Thus *Juven.* Sat. 6.

— *Et auratam Junoni cæde Juvencam ?*

And *Livy*, L. 25. C. 12. *Alterum senatus consultum factum est, ut decemviri sacra Græco ritu fecerent, hisque hostiis. Apollini bove aurato, & capris duabus albis auratis, Latonæ bove femina aurata.* And *Plutarch* reports, that at the Triumph of *P. Æmilius*, there were led 120 Oxen, with gilded Horns, and ty'd with Fillets and Garlands. And *Pliny* speaking of the Use of Gold, says, L. 33. *Deorum vero honori in sacris nihil aliud excogitatum est, quam ut auratis cornibus hostiæ, majores duntaxat, immolarentur.* *Broukhuis.*

Nor Pylus, &c.] *Pylus*, a Town in *Arcadia*, where, according to *Strabo*, *Nestor* was born : There are two other Places so call'd, which lay the like Claim to his Birth ; One in *Messenia*, the other in *Elis*.

— *Nor could Ithaca contain.*] *Ithaca*, a City in an Island of the same Name, situate in the *Ionian* Sea. In this City was *Ulysses* born, thence call'd *Ithacus*.

Nor Nestor, &c.] *Nestor*, King of *Pylus*, whom the Poets makes to live Three hundred Years,

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Years, but some are of Opinion, that the Date of his three Ages was 90 Years only, as supposing every thirty Years a different Period of Man's Age; tho' *Ovid* expressly calls them Centuries. *Met. L. 12.*

— *Si quem potuit spatiosa senectus
Spectatorem operum multorum reddere; vixi
Annos bis centum: nunc tertia viviturat.*

He overcame the Thracians fierce in Arms.]
Ulysses was drove upon their Country by a Storm.

Nor was subdu'd by Lotophagian Charms.]
The *Lotophagi*, were a People in *Africa*, who fed upon the Fruit of the *Lotus*, which was of such a bewitching Quality, that Strangers who eat, forgot their Desire of returning to their own Country. To these People *Ulysses* sent Two of his own Men, whom he at length, with much Difficulty, prevail'd upon to return to their Ship.

He check'd the One-ey'd Monster's fell Design.]
Polephemus, the Son of *Neptune*, a Giant, *Fab'd* to have but one Eye, which after *Ulysses* had made him drunk with Wine, he put out, and escap'd from him.

And to the Lastrigons he took his Way.] A Gigantick People of *Italy*, who fed upon Humane Flesh: Of these People *Antiphates* was King, to whom, when *Ulysses* had sent three of his

FOURTH BOOK. 257

his Companions, he devour'd one instantly, and the other Two scarcely sav'd themselves by Flight; and then with his People assailing *Ulysses's* Fleet, threw vast Stones and Trees, and sunk all his Ships, excepting that only in which himself escap'd.

Where cool Artacia, &c.] Artacia, a River in the Country of the Lastrygons.

Circe's bewitching Arts, &c.] Circe, the Daughter of the Sun, who had such a Power in Magick, that she converted Ulysses' Men into Swine.

Then to Cimmerion Caves, &c.] The Cimmerions were a People in Italy, so call'd, near the Lake Avernus and Baja, dwelling in Caves. See Mr. Sandys's Travels.

*Unstop'd by the Alluring Syren's Song.] The Syrens were Monsters Fabl'd to have Heads like Women, and their lower Parts like Fish, who, by their Songs, endeavour'd to allure the Mariners to the Shore, that they might be Shipwrack'd; this Ulysses is said to have prevented, by obliging his Men to stop their Ears with Wax. The receiv'd Notion of their lower Parts being like Fish, is an Error, since according to Hyginus, Fab. 125. the lower Part had the Similitude of a Fowl, not unlike a Hen, as Servius has likewise observ'd, in his Notes on Virg. *Æn.* L. 5. V. 864. where he thus describes them. *Sirenes secundam fabulas, tres parte virgines fuerunt,**

runt, parte volucres, Acheloi fluminis & Calliope muse filia. Harum una voce, altera tibiis, alia lyra canebat. Et primo juxta Pelorum, post in Caphareis insulis habitaverunt, quæ illectos suo cantu in naufragia deducebant; thus Ovid describes them, *Met. L. 5.* and Claudian, *L. 3.* of the Rape of *Proserpine*, and as such they are represented in several *Roman Coins.* *Broukhus.*

Nor Scylla could afright, &c.] *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; the one a Rock in the *Sicilian Sea*, the other, opposite to it, now call'd *Galofaro*; the Passage between was so confin'd, that often, when they endeavour'd to avoid one Danger, they fell into the other, from whence came the Proverb.

Declar'd for Phœbus' violated Herd.] *Lamperia*, the Daughter of the Sun, kept her Father's Cattle in *Sicilia*, several of which *Ulysses'* Men, being constrain'd by Hunger, slew; whereupon *Apollo* made Complaint to *Jupiter*, who being incens'd, burnt *Ulysses'* Ship, himself with much Difficulty, escaping into the Island of *Ortygia*.

Nor how at length he fair Calypso found.] *Calypso* was Queen of *Ortygia*; her entertaining *Ulysses* after his Shipwrack, and falling in Love with him, is a known Story.

Nor how Phœacia was the happy Isle.] *Phœacia*, or *Corcyra*, is call'd, *The End of Ulysses' Travels*; because from thence he sail'd directly home to his own Country *Ithaca*

Witness

Witness the Illyrians, &c.] Japidia, a Country, part of *Illyria*; the People whereof began to rise, A. V. DCCXVIII. and were subdu'd by *Messala*.

And Arupinum taken, &c.] Arupinum was a City in *Japydia*.

From Omens sure as e'er Melampus knew.] Melampus, the famous Physician, Augur and Poet, of whom *Homer* makes mention, *Odysf.* L. 23. so call'd from the Colour of his Feet, it being reported, that his Mother expos'd him to the Air, covering all but his Feet, which were colour'd by the Sun; he is said to understand the Notes not only of all Birds, but of other living Creatures; he had a Temple erected to him, and divine Honours paid him, as *Pausanius* tells us in his First Book.

For on that Day, when you sublimely great.] He here alludes to *Messala's* being Consul, which was A. V. DCCXXII. with *Octavius*.

Not Neighbouring Gallia shall confine thy Course.] Of *Messala's* Conquest in *Aquitain*, mention has been before made.

Nor where the Nile and great Choaspes flow.] *Choaspes*, a River of the *Medes*, flowing into the *Tigris*, the Water of which was so delicious, that the *Persian* Princes drank no other, and carry'd it with them wherever they travel'd.

Nor where swift Gyndes does the Land divide.]

The *Gyndes*, a large River in *Asia*, over which, as *Cyrus* was passing, in his Expedition against the *Scythians*, one of the white Horses of his Chariot, remarkable for its Beauty, was born down by the Violence of the Water, and drown'd; he in a Rage, for the present, stop'd his Expedition, and employ'd all his Soldiers to divert the Course of the River, by cutting it into 360 Channels

And swift Araxes rolls his rapid Way.] *Araxes*,

a River in *Armenia*, coming from the Mountain *Abon*, whence likewise *Euphrates* proceeds, and discharging it self into the *Caspian Sea*: Over this River *Alexander the Great*, and *Augustus Caesar* made Bridges.

Nor vile Padzans at the furthest East.] *Pa-*

deans, a People of *India*, who, when any fell sick among them, they eat them, and likewise those who grew Old.

Nor where the Hebrus spreads his Golden Sand.]

Hebrus, a River in *Thrace*, comes from Mount *Rhodope*, and discharges it self into the *Ægean Sea*.

Nor where the Tanais laves the Scythian Land.]

Tanais, a River of *Scythia*, dividing *Asia* from *Europe*, now call'd *Don*, by the Borderers.

For

FOURTH BOOK. 261

*For thee Remains the distant British Shore,
Unbent by Roman Power, a Conquest yet in*

(Store.)
That *Britain* was only seen, and not conquer'd by
Julius Caesar, nor far enter'd, is plain by this and
several other Places, nor 'till *Claudius's* Time, as
appears from the *Tragedian*.

*Modo cui totus paruit orbis
Ultra oceanum ; cuique Britannia
Terga dedere
Ducibus nostris ante ignoti,
Jurisque sui.*

But *Valgius* he can swell a Warrior's Name.]
T. Valgus Rufus, a famous Poet, to whom
Horace writes ; he wrote several things, now
lost, except a few Fragments, some Pasto-
rals, and some Elegies, as *Servius* has observ'd in
his Notes on *Virgil*, Ecl. 7. *Quale meo Codro.*
Codrus Poeta ejusdem temporis fuit, ut Valgius in
Elegis suis refert. This Poet *Horace* reckons
among the bright Men of his Time.

*Plotius & Varius, Mæcenas, Virgilius que,
Valgius & probet hæc Oëtavius optimus atque
Fuscus & hæc utinam Viscorum candet uterque.*

The *Pythagorean* Notion of the Transmigration
of the Soul. See at large in *Ovid Met.* L. 15.

In Praise of *Suspicia*.] *Broukhus* and others are
of Opinion, that these Poems are not of *Tibullus'*
writing,

writing, but written by some Person who happily imitated his Style. This to *Sulpicia*, *Broukhus* will have to be written about the Time of *Martial*, and that she was Wife to *Calemus*, and the same whom *Martial* celebrates, *L. 10. Ep. 35*, but why he should think so I know not, since there are several Pieces wherein she is said to be a Favourite of *Cerintus* our Poet's Friend, and of *Messala* his Patron: He likewise calls her Daughter of *Servius Sulpicius*, who was Consul some Time before.

To grace thy Kalends, and attend thy Feast.]

The Kalends of *Mars*, of the Custom at this Time we have taken Notice in Notes on Book 3.

Ph.

Thou a thousand Forms the gay Vertumnus tries.]

Vertumnus, a rural Deity, who had the Power of

changing his Shapes: See the Fable of him, and

Pomona *Ovid Met. L.*

and Sulpicia to Cerintus.]

Sulpicia dissuades *Cerintus* from Hunting, intreats the wild Beast not

to injure him, and Love to defend him, professes

her self would join his Toils so she might enjoy

his Love.

Hither attend, and by thy healing Aid.]

Sulpicia being sick, *Tibullus* entreats *Apollo* to re-

store her to Health.

FOURTH BOOK. 263

Nor scorn, with thy own Hands, the Medicines
to apply.] *Apollo* is esteem'd the Patron God of
Physick.

On the Birth-Day of *Sulpicia*, *Tibullus* entreats
Juno to hear her Request, that she might be happy
with *Cerintus*; as the *Genius* was sacrific'd to on
the Birth-Day of Men, so was *Juno* on that of
Women.

Thy Birth-Day's come, but no Diversion yields.]
Sulpicia complains that *Messala's* Birth-Day was
come, which would be unpleasant to her, since
she was oblig'd to go into the Country, and be
there without the Company of *Cerintus*.

And Winds that bleaky *Eretinus* yields.] *Ere-*
tinus, a Track of Land near *Rome*, so call'd from
Eretum, a Town of the *Sabines*, now call'd by
the *Italians*, *Monte-rotondo*.

You know *Sulpicia* hates the toilsome Way.]
Tibullus tells *Messala*, that since *Sulpicia* was un-
willing to go into the Country, they would keep
his Birth-Day at *Rome* together.

Let the vile Prostitute deserve thy Care.] *Sul-*
picia upbraids *Cerintus* with Neglect; and fol-
lowing mean lewd Women.

264 NOTES, &c.

No Woman shall estrange my Heart from you.
Tibullus declares his Sincerity to his Mistress;
 this is by none doubted to be wrote by him, having
 all his Beauties.

F I N I S.



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